



Poetical Works

OF

LORD BYRON



The Works  
OF  
LORD BYRON.

A NEW REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Poetry Vol II

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE M A

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY ALBEMARLE STREET  
NEW YORK CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1899





## PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME



THE text of the present edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is based upon a collation of volume 1 of the Library Edition 1855 with the following MSS (i) the original MS of the First and Second Cantos in Byron's handwriting [*MS M*], (ii) a transcript of the First and Second Cantos in the handwriting of R. C. Dallas [*D*], (iii) a transcript of the Third Canto, in the handwriting of Clara Jane Clairmont [*C*], (iv) a collection of 'scraps' forming a first draft of the Third Canto in Byron's handwriting [*MS*] (v) a fair copy of the first draft of the Fourth Canto together with the MS of the additional stanzas in Byron's handwriting [*MS M*] (vi) a second fair copy of the Fourth Canto as completed in Byron's handwriting [*D*]

The text of the First and Second Cantos has also been collated with the text of the First Edition of the

First and Second Cantos (quarto, 1812), the text of the Third and of the Fourth Cantos with the texts of the First Editions of 1816 and 1818 respectively, and the text of the entire poem with that issued in the collected editions of 1831 and 1832

Considerations of space have determined the position and arrangement of the notes

Byron's notes to the First, Second, and Third Cantos, and Hobhouse's notes to the Fourth Canto are printed, according to precedent, at the end of each canto

Editorial notes are placed in square brackets. Notes illustrative of the text are printed immediately below the variants. Notes illustrative of Byron's notes or footnotes are appended to the originals or printed as footnotes

Byron's own notes to the Fourth Canto are printed as footnotes to the text.

Hobhouse's "Historical Notes" are reprinted without addition or comment, but the numerous and intricate references to classical, historical, and archæological authorities have been carefully verified, and in many instances rewritten

In compiling the Introductions, the additional notes, and footnotes, I have endeavoured to supply the reader with a compendious manual of reference. With the subject-matter of large portions of the three distinct poems which make up the five hundred stanzas of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* every one is more or less

familiar, but details and particulars are out of the immediate reach, of even the most cultivated readers

The poem may be dealt with in two ways. It may be regarded as a repertory or treasury of brilliant passages for selection and quotation or it may be read continuously and with some attention to the style and message of the author. It is in the belief that *Childe Harold* should be read continuously and that it gains by the closest study reassuming its original freshness and splendour that the text as well as Byron's own notes have been somewhat minutely annotated.

In the selection and composition of the notes I have in addition to other authorities, consulted and made use of the following editions of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* —

i *Edition Classique* par James Darmesteter Docteur ès lettres Paris 1882

ii Byron's *Childe Harold*, edited with Introduction and Notes by H F Tozer M A Oxford 1885 (Clarendon Press Series)

iii *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, edited by the Rev E C Everard Owen M A. London 1897 (Arnold's British Classics)

Particular acknowledgments of my indebtedness to these admirable works will be found throughout the volume.

I have consulted and derived assistance from Professor Eugen Kolbing's exhaustive collation of the text of the two first cantos with the Dallas Transcript in

the British Museum (*Zur Textüberlieferung von Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos I, II Leipzig, 1896*), and I am indebted to the same high authority for information with regard to the Seventh Edition (1814) of the First and Second Cantos (See *Bemerkungen zu Byron's Childe Harold, Engl Stud, 1896, xxi 176-186.*)

I have again to record my grateful acknowledgments to Dr Richard Garnett, C B, Dr A S Murray, F R S, Mr R E Graves, Mr E D. Butler, F R G S., and other officials of the British Museum, for constant help and encouragement in the preparation of the notes to *Childe Harold*

I desire to express my thanks to Dr H R Mill, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr J C Baker, F R S, Keeper of the Herbarium and Library of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Mr Horatio F Brown (author of *Venice, an Historical Sketch*, etc), Mr P A Daniel, Mr Richard Edgcumbe, and others, for valuable information on various points of doubt and difficulty

On behalf of the Publisher, I beg to acknowledge the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, in permitting Cosway's miniature of Charlotte Duchess of Richmond to be reproduced for this volume

I have also to thank Mr Horatio F Brown for the right to reproduce the interesting portrait of "Byron at Venice," which is now in his possession

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

April, 1899

## INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS OF *CHILDE HAROLD*

THE First Canto of *Childe Harold* was begun at Janina, in Albania, October 31 1809 and the Second Canto was finished at Smyrna March 28 1810. The dates were duly recorded on the MS. but in none of the letters which Byron wrote to his mother and his friends from the 1st does he mention or allude to the composition or existence of such a work. In one letter, however to his mother (January 14 1811 *Letters* 1898 i 308) he informs her that he has MSS in his possession which may serve to prolong his memory if his heirs and executors think proper to publish them but for himself he has done with authorship. Three months later the achievement of *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva* persuaded him to give 'authorship another trial' and in a letter written on board the *Volige* frigate (June 28 *Letters* 1898 i 313) he announces to his literary Mentor R. C. Dallas who had superintended the publication of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* that he has an imitation of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace ready for Crwthorne. Byron landed in England on July 7 and on the 15th Dallas 'had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel St James's Street (*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron* 184, p 103). There was a crowd of visitors says Dallas and no time for conversation but the *Imitation* was placed in his hands. He took it home read it and was disappointed. Disparagement was out of the question but the next morning at breakfast Dallas ventured to express some surprise that he had written nothing else. An admission or

confession followed that "he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited" "They are not," he added, "worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like" "So," says Dallas, "came I by *Childe Harold* He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses"

Dallas was "delighted," and on the evening of the same day (July 16)—before, let us hope, and not after, he had consulted his "Ionian friend," Walter Rodwell Wright (see *Recollections*, p 151, and *Diary* of H C Robinson, 1872, 1 17)—he despatched a letter of enthusiastic approval, which gratified Byron, but did not convince him of the extraordinary merit of his work, or of its certainty of success It was however, agreed that the MS. should be left with Dallas, that he should arrange for its publication and hold the copyright Dallas would have entrusted the poem to Cawthorne, who had published *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, and with whom, as Byron's intermediary, he was in communication, but Byron objected on the ground that the firm did not "stand high enough in the trade," and Longmans, who had been offered but had declined the *English Bards*, were in no case to be approached An application to Miller, of Albemarle Street, came to nothing, because Miller was Lord Elgin's bookseller and publisher (he had just brought out the *Memorandum on Lord Elgin's Pursuits in Greece*), and *Childe Harold* denounced and reviled Lord Elgin But Murray, of Fleet Street, who had already expressed a wish to publish for Lord Byron, was willing to take the matter into consideration On the first of August Byron lost his mother, on the third his friend Matthews was drowned in the Cam, and for some weeks he could devote neither time nor thought to the fortunes of his poem, but Dallas had bestirred himself, and on the eighteenth was able to report that he had "seen Murray again," and that Murray was anxious that Byron's name should appear on the title-page

To this request Byron somewhat reluctantly acceded (August 21), and a few days later (August 25) he informs Dallas that he has sent him "exordiums, annotations, etc ,

for the forthcoming quarto," and has written to Murray, urging him on no account to show the MS to Juvenal that is Gifford. But Gifford, as a matter of course had been already consulted had read the First Canto and had advised Murray to publish the poem. Byron was or pretended to be furious but the solid fact that Gifford had commended his work acted like a charm and his fury subsided. On the fifth of September (*Letters* 1898 ii 24 *note*) he received from Murray the first proof and by December 14 the *Pilgrimage* was concluded" and all but the preface had been printed and seen through the press.

The original draft of the poem which Byron took out of the little trunk" and gave to Dallas had undergone considerable alterations and modifications before this date. Both Dallas and Murray took exception to certain stanzas which on personal or patriotic, or religious considerations were provocative and objectionable. They were apprehensive not only for the sale of the book but for the reputation of its author. Byron fought his ground inch by inch, but finally assented to a compromise. He was willing to cut out three stanzas on the Convention of Cintra, which had ceased to be a burning question and four more stanzas at the end of the First Canto which reflected on the Duke of Wellington, Lord Holland and other persons of less note. A stanza on Deekford in the First Canto and two stanzas in the second on Lord Elgin, Thomas Hope and the Dilettanti crew were also omitted. Stanza ix of the Second Canto on the immortality of the soul was recast and "sure and certain" hopelessness exchanged for a pious if hypothetical aspiration. But with regard to the general tenor of his politics and metaphysics, Byron stood firm and awaited the issue.

There were additions as well as omissions. The first stanza of the First Canto stanzas xliii and xc which celebrate the battles of Albuera and Talavera the stanzas to the memory of Charles Skinner Matthews nos xci xcii and stanzas ix. xcvi xcvi of the Second Canto which record Byron's grief for the death of an unknown lover or friend apparently (letter to Dallas October 31, 1811) the mysterious Thyrza and others (*ide post* note on the MSS of





form part of the ten additional stanzas which were first published in the seventh edition. There is too, the fragment entitled *The Monk of Athos*, which was first published (*Life of Lord Byron*, by the Hon. Roden Noel) in 1890 which may have formed part of this projected Third Canto.

No further alterations were made in the text of the poem but an eleventh edition of *Childe Harold* Cantos I-II was published in 1819.

The demerits of *Childe Harold* lie on the surface but it is difficult for the modern reader, familiar with the sight if not the texture of the purple patches and unattracted perhaps demagnetized by a personality once fascinating and always 'puissant' to appreciate the actual worth and magnitude of the poem. We are over-informed and as with Nature so with Art the eye must be couched and the film of association removed before we can see clearly. But there is one characteristic feature of *Childe Harold* which association and familiarity have been powerless to veil or confuse—originality of design. By what accident "asks the Quarterly Reviewer (George Agar Ellis) has it happened that no other English poet before Lord Byron has thought fit to employ his talents on a subject so well suited to their display?" The question can only be answered by the assertion that it was the accident of genius which inspired the poet with a new song. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* had no progenitors and with the exception of some feeble and forgotten imitations, it has had no descendants. The materials of the poem—the Spenserian stanza suggested perhaps by Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* as well as by older models—the language—the metaphors—often appropriated and sometimes stolen from the Bible from Shakespeare, from the classics—the sentiments and reflections coeval with reflection and sentiment were a familiar hue but the poem itself a pilgrimage to scenes and cities of renown—a song of travel, a rhythmical diorama was Byron's own handiwork—not an inheritance but a creation.

But what of the eponymous hero—the sated and melancholy 'Childe' with his attendant page and yeoman his backward glances on heartless parasites on laughing dames on goblets and other properties of 'the monastic dome'? Is

Childe Harold Byron masquerading in disguise, or is he intended to be a fictitious personage, who, half unconsciously, reveals the author's personality? Byron deals with the question in a letter to Dallas (October 31) "I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connection with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that." He adds, with evident sincerity, "I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world." Again, in the preface, "Harold is the child of imagination." This pronouncement was not the whole truth, but it is truer than it seems. He was well aware that Byron had sate for the portrait of Childe Harold. He had begun by calling his hero Childe Burun, and the few particulars which he gives of Childe Burun's past were particulars, in the main exact particulars, of Byron's own history. He had no motive for concealment, for, so little did he know himself, he imagined that he was not writing for publication, that he had done with authorship. Even when the mood had passed, it was the imitation of the *As Poetica*, not *Childe Harold*, which he was eager to publish, and when *Childe Harold* had been offered to and accepted by a publisher, he desired and proposed that it should appear anonymously. He had not as yet come to the pass of displaying "the pageant of his bleeding heart" before the eyes of the multitude. But though he shrank from the obvious and inevitable conclusion that Childe Harold was Byron in disguise, and idly "disclaimed" all connection, it was true that he had intended to draw a fictitious character, a being whom he may have feared he might one day become, but whom he did not recognize as himself. He was not sated, he was not cheerless, he was not unamiable. He was all a-quiver with youth and enthusiasm and the joy of great living. He had left behind him friends whom he knew were not "the flatterers of the festal hour"—friends whom he returned to mourn and nobly celebrate. Byron was not Harold, but Harold was an ideal Byron, the creature and avenger of his pride, which haunted and pursued its presumptuous creator to the bitter end.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was reviewed, or rather advertised, by Dallas, in the *Literary Panorama* for March,

1812. To the reviewer's dismay the article which appeared before the poem was out was shown to Byron who was paying a short visit to his old friends at Harrow. Dallas quaked but 'as it proved no bad advertisement he escaped censure. The blunder passed unobserved eclipsed by the dazzling brilliancy of the object which had caused it' (*Recollections* p. 21).

Of the greater reviews the *Quarterly* (No. VIII March 1812) was published on May 12 and the *Edinburgh* (No. 38 June 1812) was published on August 5 1812.

## NOTES ON THE MSS OF *CHILDE HAROLD*.

•••

### I

THE original MS of the First and Second Cantos of *Childe Harold*, consisting of ninety-one folios bound up with a single bluish-grey cover, is in the possession of Mr Murray<sup>1</sup>. A transcript from this MS, in the handwriting of R. C. Dallas, with Byron's autograph corrections, is preserved in the British Museum (Egerton MSS, No 2027). The first edition (4to) was printed from the transcript as emended by the author. The "Addition to the Preface" was first published in the Fourth Edition.

The following notes in Byron's handwriting are on the outside of the cover of the original MS —

"Byron—Joannina in Albania  
Begun Oct 31<sup>st</sup> 1809  
Concluded, Canto 2<sup>d</sup>, Smyrna,  
March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1810 BYRON

1 "The first and second cantos of *Childe Harold* were written in separate portions by the noble author. They were afterwards arranged for publication, and when thus arranged, the whole was copied. This copy was placed in Lord Byron's hands, and he made various alterations, corrections, and large additions. These, together with the notes, are in his Lordship's own handwriting. The manuscript thus corrected was sent to the press, and was printed under the direction of Robt Chas Dallas, Esq, to whom Lord Byron had given the copyright of the poem. The MS, as it came from the printers, was preserved by Mr Dallas, and is now in the possession of his son, the Rev Alex Dallas."

[See Dallas Transcript, p. 1 Mus Brit Bibl. Egerton, 2027 Press 526 H T.]

' The marginal remarks pencilled occasionally were made by two friends who saw the thing in MS sometime previous to publication 1812 "

On the verso of the single bluish grey cover, the lines "Dear Object of Defeated Care" have been inscribed. They are entitled "Written beneath the picture of J U D" They are dated, 'Byron Athens 1811

The following notes and memoranda have been bound up with the MS —

' Henry Drury Harrow Given me by Lord Byron Being his original autograph MS of the *first* canto of *Childe Harold* commenced at Joannina in Albania proceeded with at Athens, and completed at Smyrna

How strange that he did not seem to know that the volume contains Cantos I, II and so written by L<sup>d</sup> B !  
[Note by J Murray]

' SIR,—I desire that you will settle any account for *Childe Harold* with Mr R C Dallas, to whom I have presented the copyright

' Y<sup>o</sup> obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>  
BYRON

To Mr John Murray,  
' Bookseller  
37 Fleet Street  
London, Mar 17 1812

Received April 1st 1812 of Mr John Murray the sum of one hundred pounds 15/8 being my entire half share of the profits of the 1st Edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* 4to

R C DALLAS

£101 15 8 { Mem This receipt is for the above sum  
in part of five hundred guineas agreed to  
be paid by Mr Murray for the Copyright  
of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

The following poems are appended to the MS of the First and Second Cantos of *Childe Harold* —

1 Written at Mrs Spencer Smith's request in her memorandum book—

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone

2 Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulph  
November 14 1809 "

3 "Written at Athens, January 16<sup>1</sup>, 1810—

" 'I he spell is broke, the charm is flown. ' "

4 "Stanzas composed October 11, 1809, during the night in a thunderstorm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, in the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania "

On a blank leaf bound up with the MS at the end of the volume, Byron wrote—

"DLAR D',—This is all that was contained in the MS, but the outside cover has been torn off by the booby of a binder

"Yours ever,  
"B, "

The volume is bound in smooth green morocco, bordered by a single gilt line "MS." in gilt lettering is stamped on the side cover

— — —

## II

### COLLATION OF FIRST EDITION, QUARTO, 1812, WITH MS OF THE FIRST CANTO

The MS numbers ninety-one stanzas, the First Edition ninety-three stanzas

#### OMISSIONS FROM THE MS

- Stanza vii "Of all his train there was a henchman page,"—  
 „ viii "Him and one yeoman only did he take,"—  
 „ xiii "Unhappy Vathek<sup>1</sup> in an evil hour,"—  
 „ xiv "In golden characters right well designed,"—  
 „ xvii "But when Convention sent his handy work,"—  
 „ xxviii "Thus unto Heaven appealed the people  
 Heaven,"—  
 „ lxxviii "There may you read with spectacles on  
 eyes,"—  
 „ lxxxi "There may you read—Oh, Phœbus, save  
 Sin John,"—  
 „ xc "Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,"—

## INSERTIONS IN THE FIRST EDITION

- Stanza i Oh thou ! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth —  
 viii Yet oft times in his maddest mirthful mood —  
 ix And none did love him !—though to hall and  
 hower —  
 xliii Oh Alhuera ! glorious field of grief ! —  
 lxxxv Adieu fair Cadiz ! yea a long adieu ! —  
 lxxxvi Such be the sons of Spain and strange her  
 Fate —  
 , lxxxviii Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead ? —  
 lxxxix Not yet alas ! the dreadful work is done —  
 xc Not all the blood at Talavera shed —  
 xci And thou my friend !—since unavailing woe —  
 xcii Oh known the earliest and esteemed the  
 most ?—

The MS of the Second Canto numbers eighty stanzas  
 the First Edition numbers eighty eight stanzas

## OMISSIONS FROM THE MS

- Stanza viii Frown not upon me churlish Priest ! that I —  
 xiv Come then ye classic Thieves of each degree —  
 xv Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew —  
 lxiii Childe Harold with that Chief held colloquy —

## INSERTIONS IN THE FIRST EDITION

- Stanza viii Yet if as holiest men have deemed there he —  
 ix There Thou ! whose Love and Life together  
 fled —  
 , xv Cold is the heart fair Greece ! that looks on  
 Thee —  
 li Oh ! where Dodona ! is thine agéd Grove ? —  
 lxiii Mid many things most new to ear and eye —  
 lxxx Where'er we tread tis haunted holy ground —  
 lxxxiii Let such approach this consecrated Land —  
 lxxxiv For thee who thus in too protracted song —  
 lxxxv Thou too art gone thou loved and lovely  
 one ! —



- Stanza lxxvi "Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !" —  
 „ lxxvii. "Then must I plunge again into the crowd," —  
 „ lxxviii "What is the worst of woes that wait on  
 Age ?" —

#### ADDITIONS TO THE SEVENTH EDITION, 1814

The Second Canto, in the first six editions, numbers eighty-eight stanzas, in the Seventh Edition the Second Canto numbers ninety-eight stanzas

#### ADDITIONS.

The Dedication, To Ianthe

- Stanza xxvii "More blest the life of godly Eremite," —  
 „ lxxvii "The city won for Allah from the Giaour," —  
 „ lxxviii "Yet mark their mirth, ere Lenten days  
 begin," —  
 „ lxxix "And whose more rife with merriment than  
 thine," —  
 „ lxxx "Loud was the lightsome tumult on the  
 shore," —  
 „ lxxxi "Glanced many a light Caique along the  
 foam," —  
 „ lxxxii "But, midst the throng in merry masquer-  
 ade," —  
 „ lxxxiii "This must he feel, the true-born son of  
 Greece," —  
 „ lxxxix "The Sun, the soil—but not the slave, the  
 same," —  
 „ xc "The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow," —

# ITINERARY

---

1809

## CANTO I

- July 2 Sail from Falmouth in Lisbon packet (Stanza vii Letter 15)
- July 6 Arrive Lisbon (Stanzas xvi - xii Letter 16)  
 Visit Cintra (Stanzas xviii - xvi Letter 18)  
 Visit Mafra (Stanza xix)
- July 17 Leave Lisbon (Stanza xxviii Letter 17)  
 Ride through Portugal and Spain to Seville  
 (Stanzas xxviii - xli Letter 17)  
 Visit Albuera (Stanza xliii)
- July 21 Arrive Seville (Stanzas xli - xlii Letters 17 18)
- July 25 Leave Seville  
 Ride to Cadiz across the Sierra Morena (Stanza li)  
 Cadiz (Stanzas lvi - lxxix Letters 17 18)

## CANTO II

- Aug 6 Arrive Gibraltar (Letters 17 18)
- Aug 17 Sail from Gibraltar in Malta packet (Stanzas xlii - xxviii)  
 Malta (Stanzas xxix - xxxv Letter 130)
- Sept 19 Sail from Malta in brig of war *Spider* (Letter 131)
- Sept 23 Between Cephalonia and Zante
- Sept 26 Anchor off Patras
- Sept 27 In the channel between Ithaca and the mainland  
 (Stanzas xxxiv - xlii)
- Sept 28 Anchor off Prevesa (7 p m) (Stanza xli)

1809

- Oct 1 Leave Prevesa, arrive Salakhora (Salagoura)
- Oct 3 Leave Salakhora, arrive Arta
- Oct 4 Leave Arta, arrive han St Demetre (II Dhimitrios)
- Oct 5 Arrive Janina (Stanza xlii Letter 131.)
- Oct 8 Ride into the country. First day of Ramadan
- Oct 11 Leave Janina, arrive Zitza (" Lines written during  
a Thunderstorm ") (Stanzas xliii.-li Letter  
131 )
- Oct 13 Leave Zitza, arrive Mossiani (Móseri)
- Oct 14 Leave Mossiani, arrive Delvinaki (Dhekinaki)  
(Stanza liv )
- Oct 15 Leave Delvinaki, arrive Libokhovo
- Oct 17 Leave Libokhovo, arrive Cesarades (Kestourataes)
- Oct 18 Leave Cesarades, arrive Ereeneed (Irindi)
- Oct 19 Leave Ereeneed, arrive Tepeleni (Stanzas li.-lii.)
- Oct 20 Reception by Ali Pacha (Stanzas liii.-liiv.)
- Oct 23 Leave Tepeleni, arrive Locavo (Lacovon).
- Oct 24 Leave Locavo, arrive Delvinaki
- Oct 25 Leave Delvinaki, arrive Zitza
- Oct 26 Leave Zitza, arrive Janina
- Oct 31 Byron begins the First Canto of *Childe Harold*
- Nov 3 Leave Janina, arrive han St Demetie
- Nov 4 Leave han St Demetre, arrive Arta
- Nov 5 Leave Arta, arrive Salakhora
- Nov 7 Leave Salakhora, arrive Prevesa
- Nov. 8 Sail from Prevesa, anchor off mainland near  
Parga (Stanzas lxvii, lxviii )
- Nov 9 Leave Paiga, and, returning by land, arrive  
Volondorako (Valandórahon) (Stanza lxi.)
- Nov 10 Leave Volondorako, arrive Castrosikia (Kastro-  
sykia)
- Nov 11 Leave Castrosikia, arrive Prevesa
- Nov 13 Sail from Prevesa, anchor off Vonitsa
- Nov 14 Sail from Vonitsa, arrive Lutraki (Loutráki)  
(Stanzas lxx, lxxii, Song " Tambourgi, Tam-  
bourgi, " stanza written in passing the Ambra-  
cian Gulph Letter 131 )
- Nov 15 Leave Lutraki, arrive Katúna
- Nov 16 Leave Katúna, arrive Makalá (? Machalas)

1809

- Nov 18 Leave Makalá arrive Guna  
 Nov 19 Leave Guna arrive Ætolikon  
 Nov 20 Leave Ætolikon arrive Mesolonghi  
 Nov 23 Sail from Mesolonghi arrive Patras  
 Dec 4 Leave Patras sleep at *Han* on shore  
 Dec 5 Leave *Han* arrive Vostitsa (Gigion)  
 Dec 14 Sail from Vostitsa arrive Larnáki (? Itea)  
 Dec 15 Leave Larnáki (? Itea) arrive Chrysó  
 Dec 16 Visit Delphi the Iythian Cave and stream of  
     Castaly (Canto I stanza 1)  
 Dec 17 Leave Chrysó arrive Arakhova (Rhakova)  
 Dec 18 Leave Arakhova arrive Livadia (Livadhia)  
 Dec 21 Leave Livadia arrive Mazee (Mazi)  
 Dec 22 Leave Mazee arrive Thebes  
 Dec 24 Leave Thebes arrive Skurta  
 Dec 25 Leave Skurta pass Phyle arrive Athens  
     (Stanzas i-xv stanza lxxiv)  
 Dec 30 Byron finishes the First Canto of *Childe Harold*

1810

- Jan 13 Visit Eleusis  
 Jan 16 Visit Mendeli (Pentelicus) (Stanza lxxxii)  
 Jan 18 Walk round the peninsula of Munychia  
 Jan 19 Leave Athens arrive Vari  
 Jan 20 Leave Vari arrive Keratéa  
 Jan 23 Visit temple of Athene at Sunium (Stanza  
     lxxxvi)  
 Jan 24 Leave Keratéa arrive plain of Marathon  
 Jan 25 Visit plain of Marathon (Stanzas lxxviii xc)  
 Jan 26 Leave Marathon arrive Athens  
 Mar 5 Leave Athens embark on board the *Pylades*  
     (Letter 136)  
 Mar 7 Arrive Smyrna (Letters 13 133)  
 Mar 13 Leave Smyrna sleep at *Han* near the river  
     Halesus  
 Mar 14 Leave *Han* arrive Aírsaluk (near Ephesus)  
 Mar 15 Visit site of temple of Artemis at Ephesus (Letter  
     137)  
 Mar 16 Leave Ephesus return to Smyrna (Letter 137)

1810

- Mar 28 Byron finishes the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*  
 April 11. Sail from Smyrna in the *Salsette* frigate (Letter  
           134)  
 April 12 Anchor off Tenedos  
 April 13 Visit ruins of Alexandria Troas  
 April 14 Anchor off Cape Janissary.  
 April 16 Byron attempts to swim across the Hellespont,  
           explores the Troad. (Letters 135, 136)  
 April 30 Visit the springs of Bunarbashi (Bunarbâsi)  
 May 1 Weigh anchor from off Cape Janissary, anchor  
           eight miles from Dardanelles  
 May 2 Anchor off Castle Chanak Kalessia (Kale i  
           Sultaniye)  
 May 3 Byron and Mr Ekenhead swim across the Hel-  
           lespont (lines "Written after swimming," etc)  
 May 13 Anchor off Venaglio Point, arrive Constantinople  
           (Stanzas 1331-1331 Letters 138-145)  
 July 14 Sail from Constantinople in *Salsette* frigate  
 July 18 Byron returns to Athens

## NOTE TO "ITINERARY"

[For dates and names of towns and villages, see *Travels in Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in 1809 and 1810*, by the Right Hon Lord Broughton, G C B [John Cam Hobhouse], two volumes, 1858 The orthography is based on that of Longmans' *Gazetteer of the World*, edited by G G Chisholm, 1895 The alternative forms are taken from Heinrich Kiepert's *Carte de l'Épire et de la Thessalie*, Berlin, 1897, and from Dr Karl Peucker's *Griechenland*, Wien, 1897]

# CONTENTS OF VOL II



## CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

	AGE
Preface to Vol II of the Poems	v
Introduction to the First and Second Cantos	ix
Notes on the MSS of the First and Second Cantos	xvi
Itinerary	xix
Preface to the First and Second Cantos	3
To Ianthe	11
CANTO THE FIRST	15
Notes	85
CANTO THE SECOND	97
Notes	165
Introduction to Canto the Third	211
CANTO THE THIRD	215
Notes	291
Introduction to Canto the Fourth	311
Original Draft etc of Canto the Fourth	316
Dedication	31
CANTO THE FOURTH	327
Historical Notes by J C Hobhouse	465



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

---

- 1 IANTHE (LADY CHARLOTTI HARLEY) FROM  
AN ENGRAVING BY W FINDEN AFTER  
A DRAWING BY R WESTALL R A *Frontispiece*
- 2 THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND FROM A  
MINIATURE BY RICHARD COSWAY IN  
THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRACE THE  
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON A G *To face p* 228
- 3 PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON AT VENICE  
FROM A PAINTING IN OILS BY RUCKARD  
IN THE POSSESSION OF HORATIO I  
BROWN ESQ 326
- 4 THE HORSES OF ST MARK FROM A  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI 338
- 5 S PANTALEON FROM A WOODCUT PUB  
LISHED AT CREMONA IN 1493 340
- 6 THE DYING GAUL FROM THE ORIGINAL  
IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL 43





## CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

### *A ROMAUNT*

L'univers est une espèce de livre dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers parmi lesquels j'ai vécu m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui là je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues. — *Le Cosmopolite ou le Citoyen du Monde* par Fougere de Monbron. Londres 1753



## PREFACE

### [TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS]

THE following poem was written, for the most part amidst the scenes which it attempts<sup>1</sup> to describe. It was begun in Albania and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain Portugal Epirus Acarnania and Greece. There for the present the poem stops. its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East through Ionia and Phrygia. these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece which however makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends on whose opinions I set a high value<sup>2</sup> that in this fictitious character, Childe Harold I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage. this I beg leave once for all to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination for the purpose I have stated.

In some very trivial particulars and those merely local

<sup>1</sup> *Advertisement to be prefixed to y Poem* —[MS B M]

<sup>2</sup> *Professes to describe* —[MS B M]

<sup>3</sup> — *that in the fictitious character of Childe Harold I may incur the suspicion of having drawn from myself. This I beg leave once for all to disclaim. I wanted a character to give some connection to the poem and the one adopted suited my purpose as well as a ny other* —[MS B M]

there might be grounds for such a notion,<sup>1</sup> but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever<sup>1</sup>

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe,"<sup>1</sup> as "Childe Water," "Childe Childer," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night" in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by Lord Maxwell's "Good Night"<sup>2</sup> in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems<sup>3</sup> which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence<sup>1</sup> in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual, as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of the poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most

<sup>1</sup> Such an idea — [MS. B. M.]

<sup>2</sup> My readers will observe that I select the epithet of *Childe* as his own person he assumes a very different tone from that of

"The cheerless thing, the man without a friend,"

at least, till death had deprived him of his nearest connections.

I crave pardon for this Egotism, which proceeds from my not discarding any probable imputation of it to the text. [MS. B. M.]

<sup>3</sup> Some casual coincidence — [MS. B. M.]

<sup>1</sup> ["In the 13th and 14th centuries the word 'child,' which signifies a youth of gentle birth, appears to have been applied to a young noble awaiting knighthood, e.g. in the romances of *Iphomydon*, *Sir Tryamour*, etc. It is frequently used by our old writers as a title, and is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairy Queen*"] (*N. Eng. Diet.*, art. "Childe")

Byron uses the word in the Spenserian sense, as a title implying youth and nobility.]

<sup>2</sup> [John, Lord Maxwell, slew Sir James Johnstone at Achmanhill, April 6, 1608, in revenge for his father's defeat and death at Dryffe Sands, in 1593. He was forced to flee to France. Hence his "Good Night." Scott's ballad is taken, with "some slight variations," from a copy in Glenriddel's MSS — *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1810, 1290-300.]

<sup>3</sup> [Amongst others, *The Battle of Talavera*, by John Wilson Croker, appeared in 1809, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, by Walter Scott, in 1811, and *Portugal, a Poem*, by Lord George Grenville, in 1812.]

successful poets admits of every variety Dr Beattie makes the following observation —

‘ Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination and be either droll or pathetic descriptive or sentimental tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me for if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition <sup>1</sup> Strengthened in my opinion by such authority and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition <sup>2</sup> satisfied that if they are unsuccessful their failure must be in the execution rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto Thomson and Beattie

London February 181.

## ADDITION TO THE PREFACE

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure when perhaps if they had been less kind they had been more candid Returning therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality on one point alone I shall venture an observation Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the vagrant Childe (whom notwithstanding many hints to the contrary I still maintain to be a fictitious personage) it has been stated that besides the anachronism he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love Honour and so forth <sup>2</sup> Now it so happens that the good old

<sup>1</sup> *Satisfied that their failure* — [MS B M]

<sup>2</sup> Beattie's Letters [See letter to Dr Blacklock September 1766 (*Life of Beattie* by Sir W Forbes 1806 i 89)]

<sup>2</sup> [See *Quarterly Review* March 181 vol vii p 191 The moral code of chivalry was not we admit quite pure

times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. II p. 69<sup>1</sup>. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever, and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Couis d'Amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentillesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Rolland<sup>2</sup> on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye.

Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar"<sup>3</sup>

and spotless, but its laxity on some points was redeemed by the noble spirit of gallantry which courted personal danger in the defence of the sovereign of women because they are often lovely, and always helpless, and of the priesthood. Now, *Childe Harold*, if not absolutely craven and recreant, is at least a mortal enemy to all martial exertion, a scoffer at the fair sex, and, apparently, disposed to consider all religions as different modes of superstition. The tone of the review is severer than the Preface indicates. Nor does Byron attempt to reply to the main issue of the indictment, an unknighly aversion from war, but rides off on a minor point, the licentiousness of the Troubadours.]

1 [See *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, par M. De la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, Paris, 1781. "Qu'on lise dans l'auteur du roman de Gérard de Roussillon, en Provençal, les détails très-circonstanciés dans lesquels il entre sur la réception faite par le Comte Gérard à l'ambassadeur du roi Charles, on y verra des particularités singulières qui donnent une étrange idée des mœurs et de la politesse de ces siècles aussi corrompus qu'ignorans" (II 69). See, too, *ibid*, ante, p. 65. "Si l'on juge des mœurs d'un siècle par les écrits qui nous en sont restés, nous serons en droit de juger que nos ancêtres observèrent mal les loix que leur prescrivirent la décence et l'honnêteté"]

2 [See *Recherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames chez les Gaulois sur les Couis d'Amours*, par M. le Président Rolland [d'Erceville], de l'Académie d'Amiens. Paris, 1787, pp. 18-30, 117, etc.]

3 [The phrase occurs in *The Rovers, or the Double*

By the by I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be although very poetical personages and true knights 'sans peur though not 'sans reproche. If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered and knights unhorsed<sup>1</sup>.

Before the days of Bayard and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks<sup>2</sup> (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times) few exceptions will be found to this statement and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day such as he is: it had been more agreeable and certainly more easy to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults to make him do more and express less but he never was intended as an example further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of

*Arrangement (Poetry of the Anti Jacobin 1854 p 199) by J Hookham Frere a skit on the "moral inculcated by the German dramas—the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives. The waiter at the Golden Eagle at Weimar is a warrior in disguise and rescues the hero who is imprisoned in the abbey of Quedlinburgh"]*

1 [ But the age of chivalry is gone—the unbought grace of life the cheap defence of nations etc (*Reflections on the Revolution in France* by the Right Hon Edmund Burke M P 1868 p 89) ]

2 [Passages relating to the Queen of Tahiti in *Hawkes worth's Voyages drawn from journals kept by the several commanders and from the papers of Joseph Banks Esq* (1773 ii 106) give occasion to malicious and humorous comment. (See *An Epistle from Mr Banks Voyager Monster hunter and Amoroso To Oherea Queen of Otaheite* by A B C) The lampoon 'printed at Batavia for Jacobus Opani (the Queen's Tahitian for Banks) was published in 1773. The authorship is assigned to Major John Scott Waring (1747-1819) ]



past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close, for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon,<sup>1</sup> perhaps a poetical Zeluco.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Childish Recollections Poetical Works*, 1893, 1 84, *var* 1 —

“Weary of love, of life, devour’d with spleen,  
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen’]

<sup>2</sup> [John Moore (1729–1802), the father of the celebrated Sir John Moore, published *Zeluco Various views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*, in 1789. Zeluco was an unmitigated scoundrel, who led an adventurous life, but the prolix narrative of his villainies does not recall *Childe Harold*. There is, perhaps, some resemblance between Zeluco’s unbridled childhood and youth, due to the indulgence of a doting mother, and Byron’s early emancipation from discipline and control.]

# CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE



## CANTO THE FIRST



# 10 IANTH<sup>1</sup>

NOT in those climes where I have late been straying  
 Though Beauty long hath there been matchless  
 deemed  
 Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
 Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed  
 Hath aught like thee in Truth or Fane<sup>y</sup> seemed  
 Nor having seen thee shall I vainly seek  
 To paint those charms which varied as they beamed—

1 *To the Lady Charlotte Harley* —[MS M]

1 [The Lady Charlotte Mary Harley second daughter of Edward fifth Earl of Oxford and Mortimer was born 1801. She married in 1823 Captain Anthony Bacon (died July 7 1864) who had followed young gallant Howard (see *Childe Harold* III xxix) in his last fatal charge at Waterloo and who subsequently during the progress of the civil war between Dom Miguel and Maria da Gloria of Portugal (18 8-33) held command as colonel of cavalry in the Queen's forces and finally as a general officer. Lady Charlotte Bacon died May 9 1880. Byron's acquaintance with her probably dated from his visit to Lord and Lady Oxford at Eywood House in Herefordshire in October—November 1812. Her portrait by Westall which was printed at his request is included among the illustrations in *Findens Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron* 11. See *Gent Mag* N S vol xvii (1864) p. 61 and an obituary notice in the *Times* May 10 1880. See, too, letter to Murray, March 29 1813 (*Letters* 1898 11 00).]

To such as see thee not my words were weak ,  
To those who gaze on thee what language could they  
speak ?

Ah ! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy Spring  
As fair in form, as waim yet pure in heart,  
Love's image upon earth without his wing,<sup>1</sup>  
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !  
And surely she who now so fondly rears  
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
Beholds the Rainbow of her future years,  
Before whose heavenly hues all Sorrow disappears

Young Peri of the West ! 'tis well for me  
My years already doubly number thine ,<sup>2</sup>  
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ,  
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ,  
Happier, that, while all younger hearts shall bleed,  
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours  
decreed

<sup>1</sup> [The reference is to the French proverb, *L'Amitie est l'Amour sans Ailes*, which suggested the last line (line 412) of *Childish Recollections*, "And Love, without his pinion, smil'd on youth," and forms the title of one of the early poems, first published in 1832 (*Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 106, 220) ]

<sup>2</sup> [In 1814, when the dedication was published, Byron completed his twenty-sixth year, Ianthe her thirteenth ]

Oh! let that eye which wild as the Gazelles  
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy  
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells<sup>1</sup>  
 Glance o'er this page nor to my verse deny  
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh  
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend  
 This much, dear Maid accord, nor question why  
 To one so young my strain I would commend  
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless Lily  
 blend

Such is thy name<sup>2</sup> with this my verse entwined  
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast<sup>3</sup>  
 On Harold's page Ianthe's here enshrined  
 Shall thus be *first* beheld forgotten *last*  
 My days once numbered—should this homage past  
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the Lyre

<sup>1</sup> *And long as kinder eyes shall deign to cast  
 A look along my page that name enshrined  
 Shalt thou be first beheld forgotten last —[MS]*

<sup>2</sup> [I or the modulation of the verse compare Pope's lines—

'Correctly cold and regularly low  
*Essay on Criticism* line 240

Glow while he reads but trembles as he writes  
*Ibid* line 198]

<sup>3</sup> [Ianthe ( Flower o the Narcissus ) was the name of a Cretan girl wedded to one Iphis (*vid* Ovid *Metamorph* ix 714) Perhaps Byron's dedication was responsible for the Ianthe of *Queen Mab* (1811-1813) who in turn bestowed her name on Shelley's eldest daughter (Mrs Esdaile d 1876) who was born June 8 1813]

Of him who hailed thee loveliest, as thou wast  
Such is the most my Memory may desire ,  
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship  
less require ?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Though more than Hope can claim—Ah ! less could I require ?—*  
[MS]

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## A ROMAUNT

### CANTO THE FIRST



I<sup>1</sup>

OH, thou<sup>1</sup> in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth<sup>1</sup>  
Muse! formed or fabled at the Minstrel's will<sup>1</sup>  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth<sup>2</sup>  
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred Hill  
Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill  
Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *O! thou of yore esteemed* — —[D]

<sup>2</sup> *Since later lyres are only strung on earth* —[D]

<sup>3</sup> *— thy glorious rill* —[D]

or *— loosed thee drank the vaunted rill* —[D]

<sup>1</sup> [The MS does not open with stanza 1 which was written after Byron returned to England and appears first in the Dallas Transcript (see letter to Murray September 5 1811) Byron and Hobhouse visited Delphi December 16 1809 when the First Canto (see stanza lx.) was approaching completion (*Travels in Albania* by Lord Broughton 1858 : 199)]

<sup>2</sup> [For the substitution of the text for *vars* ii iii see letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811 (*Letters*, 1898 ii 43)]



Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still,  
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine

## II

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
 Who ne in Virtue's ways did take delight,  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night  
 Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee,<sup>1</sup>  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight<sup>1</sup>  
 Save concubines and carnal compame,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sore given to revel and to Pigeonry*, —[MS. *erase*]

<sup>11</sup> *He chased the bad, and did the good affright*  
*With concubines* —[MS.]  
*No earthly things* —[D.]

<sup>1</sup> ["We [*ie* Byron and C. S. Matthews] went down [April, 1809] to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments" (letter to Murray, November 19, 1820. See, too, the account of this visit which Matthews wrote to his sister in a letter dated May 22, 1809 [*Letters*, 1898, i, 150-160, and 153, *note*]) Moore (*Life*, p. 86) and other apologists are anxious to point out that the Newstead "wassailers" were, on the whole, a harmless crew of rollicking schoolboys"—were, indeed, of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery." And as to the "alleged 'harem,'" the "Paphian girls," there were only one or two, says Moore, "among the ordinary menials." But, even so, the "wassailers" were not impeccable, and it is best to leave the story, fact or fable, to speak for itself.]

## III

Childe Harold was he hight <sup>1</sup>—but whence his name  
 And lineage long it suits me not to say,  
 Suffice it that perchance they were of fame  
 And had been glorious in another day  
 But one sad losel soils a name for ay  
 However mighty in the olden time  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay  
 Nor florid prose nor honied lies of rhyme <sup>1</sup>  
 Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime

## IV

Childe Harold basked him in the Noontide sun,<sup>11</sup>  
 Disporting there like any other fly,

i *Childe Burun* — —[MS]

ii — — nor honied glose of rhyme —[D pencil]

iii *Childe Burun* — —[MS]

i [Hight is the preterite of the passive hote and means was called Childe Harold he hight would be more correct Compare Spenser's *Faerie Queene* bk. i c ix. 14. 9 She Queene of Faeries hight But hight was occasionally used with the common verbs is was Compare *The Ordinary* 1651, act iii se 1—

the goblin

That is *hight* Good fellow Robin

Dodsley (ed Hazlitt) xii 53]

2 [William fifth Lord Byron (the poet's grand uncle) mortally wounded his kinsman Mr Chaworth in a duel which was fought without seconds or witnesses at the Star and Garter Tavern Pall Mall January 9 1765 He was convicted of wilful murder by the coroner's jury and of manslaughter by the House of Lords but pleading his privilege as a peer he was set at liberty He was known to the country side as the wicked Lord and many tales true

Not deemed before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery  
 But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,  
 Worse than Adversity the Childe befell,  
 He felt the fulness of Satiety  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
 Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

## V

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sighed to many though he loved but one,"<sup>1</sup>  
 And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.  
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste.  
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
 And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
 Not calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste

## VI

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,"<sup>iii</sup>  
 And from his fellow Bacchanals would flee,

<sup>1</sup> For he had on the course too swiftly run —[MS erased]

<sup>ii</sup> Had courted many —[MS erased]

<sup>iii</sup> Childe Byron —[MS]

and apocryphal, were told to his discredit (*Life of Lord Byron*, by Karl Elze, 1872, pp 5, 6)]

<sup>1</sup> [Mary Chaworth (Compare "Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England," *passim* *Poetical Works*, 1898, i 285)]

'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start  
 But Pride congealed the drop within his ee <sup>1</sup>  
 Apart he stalked in joyless reverie <sup>2</sup>  
 And from his native land resolved to go  
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea,  
 With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe  
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades  
 below

## VII

The Childe departed from his father's hall  
 It was a vast and venerable pile,  
 So old, it seem'd only not to fall  
 Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle  
 Monastic dome! condemned to uses vile! <sup>11</sup>  
 Where Superstition once had made her den  
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile, <sup>12</sup>  
 And monks might deem their time was come agen <sup>13</sup>  
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men

<sup>1</sup> *And straight he fell into a reverie* —[ MS ]  
 — *sullen reverie* —[ D ]

<sup>11</sup> *Strange fate directed still to uses vile* —[ MS erased ]

<sup>12</sup> *Now Paphian jades were heard to sing and smile* —[ MS erased ]  
*Now Paphian nymphs — —* —[ D pencil ]

<sup>13</sup> [Compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* Canto I stanza ix 9—

And burning pride and high disdain  
 Forbade the rising tears to flow ]

<sup>2</sup> [ *Hide post stanza xi line 9 note* ]

<sup>3</sup> [The brass eagle which was fished out of the lake at Newstead in the time of Byron's predecessor contained among other documents a grant of full pardon from Henry V of every possible crime which the monks might

VIII<sup>1</sup>

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood

Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The original MS inserts two stanzas which were rejected during the composition of the poem —

*Of all his train there was a herald-war page,  
pleasant                      serene*

*A dapper youth, who loved his master well,  
And often would his princely mate exult  
Harold's*

*Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart out-swelled  
With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell*

*Then would he smile on him, as Robert smiled,  
Robin*

*When aught that from his young lips ardent fell  
Harold's*

*The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled,  
And pleased the Childe appeared, or ere the boy recalled }  
And pleased for a glimpse appeared the woful Childe }*

*Him and one yeoman only did he take  
To travel Eastward to a far country,  
And though the boy was grieved to leave the lake  
On whose firm banks he grew from infancy,  
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily*

*With hope of foreign rations to be sold,  
And many things right marvellous to see,  
vaunting*

*Of which our lying voyagers oft have told,  
From Macdaniel's and scribes of that land old*

or *In tomes pricked out with prints to mould                      sold }  
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old }*

11      *Childe Bunon*                      —[MS]

have committed previous to the 8th of December preceding (*Mundis, per ipsos post decimum nonum Diem Novembriis, ultimo præteritum perpetratis, si quæ fuerint, exceptis*)' (*Life*, p 2, note) The monks were a constant source of delight to the Newstead "revellers" Francis Hodgson, in his "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country" (*Poems*, 1809), does not spare them—

"Hail, venerable pile" whose ivied walls  
Proclaim the desolating lapse of years

As if the Memory of some deadly feud  
 Or disappointed passion lurked below  
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know  
 For his was not that open artless soul  
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow  
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole  
 Whatever this grief mote be, which he could not control

IX<sup>1</sup>

And none did love him!—though to hall and bower<sup>1</sup>  
 He gathered revellers from far and near

<sup>1</sup> Stanza ix was the result of much elaboration. The first draft which was pasted over the rejected stanzas (*vide supra* p. 10 var 1) retains the numerous erasures and emendations. It ran as follows—

*And none did love him! thou h to hall and bower*  
*from 1013*  
*Haughty he gathered revellers from far and near*  
*As if in the just borders of 1013*  
*He knew them flatterers of the festal hour*  
*Curled-o! s! f*  
*The heartless Parasites of present cheer*  
*As if*  
*And deemed it mortal-sigh-as yet*  
*Yea! none did love him not his lemman's dear*  
*To grieve—Da is still—lest he could be dear*  
*He is! But pomp and power alone are Woman's care*  
*But—And where these are let no Possessor fear*  
*The sex are slaves. Maidens like mot's are ever caught by glare*  
*Let sirs be s'te by Van woe & dea-an glare*  
*And Mammon*  
*Tha D mo wins his [MS torn] where Angels miss it despair*

And hail ye hills and murmuring waterfalls  
 Where yet her head the ruin'd Abbey rears  
 No longer now the matin tolling bell  
 Re-echoing loud among the woody glade  
 Calls the fat abbot from his drowsy cell  
 And warns the maid to flee if yet a maid  
 No longer now the festive bowl goes round  
 Nor monks get drunk in honour of their God ]

<sup>1</sup> [The trivial particular which suggested to Byron the

He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,  
 The heartless Parasites of present cheer  
 Yea! none did love him not his lemans dear<sup>1</sup>  
 But pomp and power alone are Woman's care,  
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere,<sup>2</sup>

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might  
 despan

1 *No! none did love him* —[*D pencil*]

friendlessness and desolation of the Childe may be explained by the refusal of an old schoolfellow to spend the last day with him before he set out on his travels. The friend, possibly Lord Delawarr, excused himself on the plea that "he was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping." "Friendship!" he exclaimed to Dallas. "I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and, perhaps, my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me" (Dallas, *Recollections, etc.*, pp. 63, 64). Byron, to quote Charles Lamb's apology for Coleridge, was "full of fun," and must not be taken too seriously. Doubtless he was piqued at the moment, and afterwards, to heighten the tragedy of Childe Harold's exile, expanded a single act of negligence into general abandonment and desertion at the hour of trial.]

1 The word "lemman" is used by Chaucer in both senses, but more frequently in the feminine —[*MS M*]

2 "Feere," a consort or mate. [Compare the line, "What when lords go with their *feres*, she said," in "The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine" (Percy's *Reliques*, 1812, iii. 416), and the lines—

"As with the woful *ferc*,  
 And father of that chaste dishonoured dame"  
*Titus Andronicus*, act iv. sc. 1

Compare, too, "That woman and her fleshless Pheere" (*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, line 180 of the reprint from the first version in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, *Poems* by S. T. Coleridge, 1893, App. E, p. 515)]

## X

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot  
 Though parting from that mother he did shun  
 A sister whom he loved but saw her not<sup>1</sup>  
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun  
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none  
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel  
 Ye, who have known what tis to dote upon  
 A few dear objects will in sadness feel  
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal

<sup>1</sup> *Childe Haron* — — [MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Of friends he had but few embracing none* — [MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Yet deem him not from this with breast of steel* — [MS D]

1 [In a suppressed stanza of Childe Harold's Good Night" (see p. 77 n) the Childe complains that he has not seen his sister for three long years and more. Before her marriage in 1807 Augusta Byron divided her time between her mother's children Lady Chester and the Duke of Leeds her cousin Lord Carlisle and General and Mrs Harcourt. After her marriage to Colonel Leigh she lived at Newmarket. From the end of 1805 Byron corresponded with her more or less regularly but no meeting took place. In a letter to his sister dated November 30 1808 (*Letters*, 1898 i 103) he writes "I saw Col Leigh at Brighton in July where I should have been glad to have seen you. I only know your husband by sight. Colonel Leigh was his first cousin, as well as his half sister's husband and the incidental remark that he only knew him by sight affords striking proof that his relations and connections were at no pains to seek him out but left him to fight his own way to social recognition and distinction. (For particulars of 'the Hon Augusta Byron' see *Letters* 1898 i 18 note.)]

2 [Compare Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* ii 8 1—

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy.]



## XI

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,<sup>1</sup>  
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
 Might shake the Saintship of an Anchorite,  
 And long had fed his youthful appetite,  
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,  
 And all that mote to luxury invite,  
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central  
 line<sup>11 1</sup>

## XII

The sails were filled, and fan the light winds blew,<sup>1</sup>  
 As glad to waft him from his native home,  
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam  
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *His house, his home, his vassals, and his lands* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *The Dahlahs* —[MS D]

*His damsels all* —[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *where brighter sunbeams shine* —[MS erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *The sails are filled* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> ["Your objection to the expression 'central line' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial" (letter to Dallas, September 7, 1811, see, too, letter to his mother, October 7, 1808 *Letters*, 1898, i 193, ii 27)]

<sup>2</sup> [He experienced no such emotion on the resumption of

The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
 One word of wail whilst others sate and wept  
 And to the reckless gales unmanly mourning kept

## XIII

But when the Sun was sinking in the sea  
 He seized his harp which he at times could string  
 And strike albeit with untaught melody  
 When deemed he no strange ear was listening  
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight  
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing  
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight  
 Thus to the elements he poured his last Good Night <sup>1</sup>

his Pilgrimage in 1816 With reference to the confession he writes (Canto III stanza 1 lines 6-9)—

I depart

Whither I know not but the hour's gone by  
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine  
 eye']

1 [See Lord Maxwell's 'Good Night' in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (*Poetical Works* ii 141 ed 1834) 'Adieu madam my mother dear etc [MS]  
 Compare too Armstrong's 'Good Night, *ibid* —

This night is my departing night  
 For here nae langer mun I stay  
 There's nether friend nor foe of mine  
 But wishes me away  
 What I have done thro' lack of will  
 I never never can recall  
 I hope ye're a my friends as yet  
 Good night, and joy be with you all ]

## CHILDE HAROLD'S GOOD NIGHT

## 1

“ Adieu, adieu<sup>1</sup> my native shore  
Fades o’er the waters blue,  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight,  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night<sup>1</sup>

## 2

“ A few short hours and He will rise  
To give the Morrow birth,  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother Earth  
Deserted is my own good Hall,  
Its hearth is desolate,  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,  
My Dog howls at the gate

## 3

“ Come hither, hither, my little page<sup>1</sup>  
Why dost thou weep and wail?

<sup>1</sup> [Robert Rushton, the son of one of the Newstead tenants “Robert I take with me, I like him, because, like

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage  
 Or tremble at the gale?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye  
 Our ship is swift and strong  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly<sup>1</sup>  
 More merrily along<sup>11</sup>

## 4

"Let winds be shrill let waves roll high<sup>1</sup>  
 I fear not wave nor wind  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind,<sup>1</sup>  
 I or I have from my father gone  
 A mother whom I love  
 And have no friend save these alone  
 But thee—and One above

- <sup>1</sup> *Our best gos hawk can hardly fly  
 So merrily alone —[MS]*  
*Our best greyhound can hardly fly —[D erased]*  
<sup>11</sup> Here follows in the MS the following erased stanza —  
*My mother is a high born dame  
 And much must leth me  
 She saith my riot bringeth shame  
 On all my ancestry  
 I had a sister once I seen  
 Whose tears perhaps will flow  
 But her fair face I have not seen  
 For three long years and more*  
<sup>111</sup> *O! master dear I do not cry  
 From fear of wave or wind —[MS]*

myself he seems a friendless animal Tell Mr Rushton his son is well and doing well (letter to Mrs Byron Falmouth June 1809 *Letters* 1898 i 24)

I [Robert was sent back from Gibraltar under the care of Joe Murray (see letter to Mr Rushton August 15, 1809 *Letters* 1898 i 24)]

## 5

' My father blessed me fervently  
Yet did not much complain,  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again ' —  
" Enough, enough, my little lad '  
Such tears become thine eye,  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry

## 6

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,<sup>1</sup>  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?"  
' Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek

## 7

' My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering Lake,

1 [William Fletcher, Byron's valet. He was anything but "staunch" in the sense of the song (see Byron's letters of November 12, 1809, and June 28, 1810 (*Letters*, 1898, i 246, 279), but for twenty years he remained a loyal and faithful servant, helped to nurse his master in his last illness, and brought his remains back to England.]

And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make? —  
 "Enough, enough my yeoman good<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy grief let none gainsay,  
 But I who am of lighter mood  
 Will laugh to flee away

## 8

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
 Of wife or paramour?  
 Fresh feeses will dry the bright blue eyes  
 We late saw streaming o'er  
 For pleasures past I do not grieve  
 Nor perils gathering near  
 My greatest grief is that I leave  
 No thing that claims a tear<sup>1</sup>

- 1 *Enough enough my yeoman good*  
*All this is well to say*  
*But if I in thy sandals stood*  
*I'd laugh to get away —[MS erased D]*  
 11 *For who would trust a paramour*  
*Or e'en a wedded feere—*  
*Though her blue eyes were streaming o'er*  
*And torn her yellow hair!—[MS]*

1 [ I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure I am like Adam the first convict sentenced to transportation but I have no Eve and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab (letter to F Hodgson Falmouth June 5 1899 *Letters*, 1898 1 230) If this *Confessio Amantis* with which compare the Stanzas to a Lady on leaving England is to be accepted as *bona fide* he leaves England heart whole but for the bitter memory of Mary Chaworth ]

## 9

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me?  
 Perchance my Dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands,  
 But long ere I come back again,  
 He'd tear me where he stands."<sup>1</sup>

1 Here follows in the MS, erased —

*Methinks it would my bosom glad,  
 To change my proud estate,  
 And be again a laughing lad  
 With one beloved playmate  
 Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour  
 Without disgust or pain,  
 Except sometimes in Lady's bower,  
 Or when the bowl I drain*

1 ["I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind, and Argus we know to be a fable" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811 *Letters*, 1898, II 44)]

Byron was recalling an incident which had befallen him some time previously (see letter to Moore, January 19, 1815) "When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him" See, too, for another thrust at Argus, *Don Juan*, Canto III stanza xxiii But he should have remembered that this particular Argus "was half a wolf by the she side" His portrait is preserved at Newstead (see *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 280, *Edition de Luxe*)

For the expression of a different sentiment, compare *The Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog* (first published in Hobhouse's *Imit and Transl*, 1809), and the prefatory inscription on Boatswain's grave in the gardens of Newstead, dated November 16, 1808 (*Life*, p 73)]

## 10

With thee, my bark I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine,  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to  
 So not again to mine  
 Welcome welcome ye dark blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight  
 Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!  
 My native Land—Good Night!

## XIV

On on the vessel flies the land is gone  
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay  
 Four days are sped but with the fifth anon  
 New shores descried make every bosom gay  
 And Cintra's mountain<sup>1</sup> greets them on their way  
 And Tagus dashing onward to the Deep  
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay  
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap  
 And steer twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics  
 reap<sup>t</sup>

1 — *where thro' the "rustics reap" — [MS. erased]*

1 [Cintra's "needle like peaks" to the north west of Lisbon, are visible from the mouth of the Tagus]

[Compare Ovid *Amores* i. 15 and Pliny *Hist. Nat.* ii. 22. Small particles of gold are still to be found in the sands of the Tagus, but the quantity is and perhaps always was inconsiderable]



## XV

Oh, Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see  
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land !<sup>1</sup>  
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !  
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !  
 But man would mar them with an impious hand  
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge  
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,  
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen  
 purge "

## XVI

What beauties doth Lisboa<sup>1</sup> first unfold !<sup>11</sup>  
 Her image floating on that noble tide,  
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,"  
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford

<sup>1</sup> *What God hath done* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *Those Lusian brutes and earth from worst of wretches purge* —  
 [MS]

<sup>111</sup> *Ulisipont, or Lisbona* —[MS pencil]

<sup>115</sup> *Which poets, prone to lie, have paved with gold* —[MS]  
*Which poets sprinkle o'er with sands of gold* —[MS pencil]  
*Which fabling poets* —[D pencil]

<sup>1</sup> ["*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. *Ulisipont* is pedantic, and as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not very long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811. *Letters*, 1898, II 44. See, too, *Poetical Works*, 1883, p 5)]

A nation sworn with ignorance and pride<sup>1</sup>  
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword<sup>1</sup>  
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing  
 lord

## XVII

But whoso entereth within this town  
 That sheening far celestial seems to be  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down  
 Mid many things unsightly to strange ee<sup>1</sup>  
 For hut and palace show like filthily<sup>1</sup>  
 The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ne personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surcoat or shirt,  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague unkempt unwashed  
 unhurt

## XVIII

Poor paltry slaves ! yet born midst noblest scenes—  
 Why Nature waste thy wonders on such men ?

<sup>1</sup> *Who loathe the very land that waves the sword*  
*To shield them etc —[MS D]*  
*To guard them etc —[MS pencil]*

<sup>11</sup> *And nay this that grieves both rose and ee —[MS]*  
*Andst may — —[MS D]*

<sup>111</sup> — smelleth filthily —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> — clamm'd with dirt —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [For Byron's estimate of the Portuguese see *The Curse of Minerva* lines 233 234 and note to line 231 (*Poetical Works* 1898 i 469 470) In the last line of the preceding stanza the substitution of the text for *var* 1 was no doubt suggested by Dallas in the interests of prudence]

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervene,<sup>1</sup>  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen  
 Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates  
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken<sup>2</sup>  
 Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates

## XIX

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,<sup>3</sup>  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies unbrowned,  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
 The tender azure<sup>2</sup> of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,<sup>11</sup>  
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow

<sup>1</sup> *views too sweet and vast* —[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *by tottering convent crowned* —[MS erased]  
*Alconogue* —[Note (pencil)]

<sup>111</sup> *The min min that the sparkling torrents keep* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [For a fuller description of Cintra, see letter to Mrs Byron, dated August 11, 1808 (*Life*, p. 92, *Letters*, 1898, i. 237)] Southey, not often in accord with Byron, on his return from Spain (1801) testified that "for beauty all English, perhaps all existing, scenery must yield to Cintra" (*Life and Corr. of R. Southey*, ii. 161)]

<sup>2</sup> "The sky-worn robes of tenderest blue"  
*Collins' Ode to Pity* [MS and D]



Then slowly climb the many winding way  
 And frequent turn to linger as you go  
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey  
 And rest ye at Our Lady's house of Woe <sup>1</sup>  
 Where frugal monks their little relics show  
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell  
 Here impious men have punished been and lo!  
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell  
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell

1 [The convent of Nossa Senora (now the Palazzo) da Pena and the Cork Convent were visited by Beckford (circ 1780) and are described in his *Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal* (8vo 1834) the reissue of his *Letters Picturesque and Poetical* (4to 1783)

' Our first object was the convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha the little romantic pile of white building I had seen glittering from afar when I first sailed by the coast of Lisbon From this pyramidical elevation the view is boundless you look immediately down upon an immense expanse of sea

A long series of detached clouds of a dazzling whiteness suspended low over the waves had a magic effect and in pagan times might have appeared without any great stretch of fancy the cars of marine divinities just risen from the bosom of their element — *Italy etc* p 249

Before the entrance formed by two ledges of ponderous rock extends a smooth level of greensward The Hermitage its cell chapel and refectory are all scooped out of the native marble and lined with the bark of the cork tree Several of the passages are not only roofed but floored with the same material The shrubberies and garden plots dispersed amongst the mossy rocks are delightful and I took great pleasure in following the course of a transparent rill which was conducted through a rustic water shoot between bushes of lavender and roses many of the tenderest green — *Ibid* p 250

The inscription to the memory of Honorius (d 159 æt 95) is on a stone in front of the cave—

Hic Honorius vitam finivit  
 Et ideo cum Deo in cœlis revivit ]

## XXI

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,  
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path <sup>1</sup>  
 Yet deem not these Devotion's offering  
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath  
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath  
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,  
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,  
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife  
 Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life <sup>2</sup>

## XXII

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,<sup>2</sup>  
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair,

<sup>1</sup> "I don't remember any crosses there"—[*Pencilled note* by J. C. Hobhouse]

[The crosses made no impression upon Hobhouse, who, no doubt, had realized that they were nothing but guide-posts. For an explanation, see letter of Mr. Matthew Lewtas to the *Athenæum*, July 19, 1873. "The track from the main road to the convent, rugged and devious, leading up to the mountain, is marked out by numerous crosses now, just as it was when Byron rode along it in 1809, and it would appear he fell into the mistake of considering that the crosses were erected to show where assassinations had been committed"]

<sup>2</sup> [Beckford, describing the view from the convent, notices the wild flowers which adorned "the ruined splendour" "Amidst the crevices of the mouldering walls. I noticed some capillaries and polypodiums of infinite delicacy, and on a little flat space before the convent a numerous tribe of pinks, gentians, and other Alpine plants, fanned and invigorated by the fresh mountain air"—*Italy, etc.*, 1834, p. 229]

The "Prince's palace" (line 5) may be the royal palace at Cintra, "the Alhambra of the Moorish kings," or, possibly, the palace (*vide post*, stanza xxix line 7) at Mafra, ten miles from Cintra.]

But now the wild flowers round them only breathe  
 Yet ruined Splendour still is lingering there  
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair  
 There thou too Vathek ! England's wealthiest son, <sup>1</sup>  
 Once formed thy Paradise as not aware  
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done <sup>11</sup>  
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun

## XXIII

Here didst thou dwell here schemes of pleasure plan  
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow  
 But now as if a thing unblest by Man  
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou !

- <sup>1</sup> *There too proud Vathek—England's wealthiest son* —[MS D]  
<sup>11</sup> *When Wealth and Taste their worst and best have done*  
*Meek Peace pollution's lure voluptuous still must shun* —[MS]  
<sup>12</sup> *But now thou blasted Beacon unto man* —[MS]  
 — *the Beacon unto erring man* —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [William Beckford 1760 (? 1759)–1844 published *Vathek* in French in 1784 and in English in 1787. He spent two years (1794–96) in retirement at Quinta da Monserrate three miles from Cintra. Byron thought highly of *Vathek*. I do not know he writes (*The Giaour* l 13–8 note) from what source the author may have drawn his materials but for correctness of costume and power of imagination it surpasses all European imitations. As an Eastern tale even *Pascelis* must bow before it. His happy valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis. In the MS there is an additional stanza reflecting on Beckford which Dallas induced him to omit. It was afterwards included by Moore among the *Occasional Pieces* under the title of *To Dives a Fragment* (*Poetical Works* 1883 p 548) (For Beckford see *Letters* 1898 i 2 8 note 1 and with regard to the Stanzas on Vathek see letter to Dallas September 6 1811 *Letters*, 1898 ii 47)]

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
 To Halls deserted, portals gaping wide  
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied,<sup>1</sup>  
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

## XXIV

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened<sup>14</sup>  
 Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!  
 With diadem hight Foolscap, lo! a Fiend,  
 A little Fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
 There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by  
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
 Where blazoned glaire names known to chivalry,<sup>11</sup>  
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll,<sup>12</sup>  
 Whereat the Uichin points and laughs with all his soul<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Vain are the pleasaunces by art supplied* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *yclad, and by* —[MS D]

<sup>111</sup> *Where blazoned glaires a name spelt "Wellsley"* —[MS D]

<sup>1v</sup> *are on the roll* —[MS erased, D]

<sup>v</sup> The following stanzas, which appear in the MS, were excluded at the request of Dallas (see his letter of October 10, 1811, *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, pp 173-187), *Letters*, 1898, II 51 —

*In golden characters right well designed  
 First on the list appeareth one "Junot,"  
 Then certain other glorious names we find,  
 (Which Rhyme compelleth me to place below)  
 Dull victors' baffled by a vanquished foe,  
 Wheedled by conyng tongues of laurels due,  
 Stand, worthy of each other in a row—  
 Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hero  
 Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other two*

*Convention is the dwarfy demon styled  
 That foiled the knights in Maria's dome*

## XXV

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled<sup>1</sup>  
 That foiled the knights in Marlborough's dome  
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled  
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom

*Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled  
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom  
 For well I wot when first the news did come  
 That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost  
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room  
 Such Feats teemed for our triumphs at host  
 In Courier Chronicle and eke in Morning Post*

*But when Convention sent his handy work  
 Pens tongues feet hands combined in wild uproar  
 Mayor Aldermen laid down the self-styled fork  
 The Bench of Bishops half forgot to score*

1 [On August 21 1808 Sir Harry Burrard (1755-1813) superseded in command Sir Arthur Wellesley who had on the same day repulsed Junot at Vimiera. No sooner had he assumed his position as commander in chief than he countermanded Wellesley's order to give pursuit and make good the victory. The next day (August 22) Sir Hew Dalrymple in turn superseded Burrard and on the 3rd, General Kellerman approached the English with certain proposals from Junot which a week later were formulated by the so called Convention of Cintra to which Kellerman and Wellesley affixed their names. When the news reached England that Napoleon's forces had been repulsed with loss and yet the French had been granted a safe exit from Portugal the generals were assailed with loud and indiscriminate censure. Burrard's interference with Wellesley's plans was no doubt ill judged and ill timed but the opportunity of pursuit having been let slip the acceptance of Junot's terms was at once politic and inevitable. A court of inquiry which was held in London in January 1809 upheld both the armistice of August and the Convention but neither Dalrymple nor Burrard ever obtained a second command and it was not until Talavera (July 8 1809) had effaced the memories of Cintra that Wellesley was reinstated in popular favour.]



Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,  
And Policy regained what arms had lost

*Stern Cobbett,<sup>1</sup> who for one whole week for bore  
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,  
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore  
With foes such treaty never should be kept,  
While roared the blatant Beast,<sup>2</sup> and roared, and raged, and—slept!*

1 [Sir Hew Dalrymple's despatch on the so-called Convention of Cintra is dated September 3, and was published in the *London Gazette Extraordinary*, September 16, 1808. The question is not alluded to in the *Weekly Political Register* of September 17, but on the 24th Cobbett opened fire with a long article (pp 481-502) headed, "Conventions in Portugal," which was followed up by articles on the same subject in the four succeeding issues. Articles III, IV, V, VI, of the "Definitive Convention" provided for the restoration of the French troops and their safe convoy to France, with the artillery, equipments, and cavalry. "Did the men," asks Cobbett (September 24), "who made this promise beat the Duke d'Abrantés [Junot], or were they like curs, who, having felt the bite of the mastiff, lose all confidence in their number and, though they bark victory, suffer him to retire in quiet carrying off his bone to be disposed of at his leisure? No, not so, for they complaisantly carry the bone for him." The rest of the article is written in a similar strain.]

2 "'Blatant beast'." A figure for the mob. I think first used by Smollett, in his *Adventures of an Atom* †. Horace has the 'bellua multorum capitum' ‡. In England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility has not even one"—[MS]

\* [Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, bk vi cantos III 24, XII 27, sq.) personifies the *vox populi*, with its thousand tongues, as the "blatant beast"]

† [In *The History and Adventures of an Atom* (Smollett *Works*, 1872, VI 385), Foksi-Roku (Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland) passes judgment on the populace. "The multitude, my lords, is a many-headed monster, it is a Cerberus that must have a sop, it is a wild beast, so ravenous that nothing but blood will appease its appetite, it is a whale, that must have a barrel for its amusement, it is a demon to which we must offer human sacrifice. Bihn-Goh must be the victim—happy if the sacrifice of his single life can appease the commotions of his country." Foksi-Roku's advice is taken and Bihn-Goh (Byng) "is crucified for cowardice"]

‡ [Horace, *Odes*, II. III. 34. "Bellua centiceps"]

For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !  
 Woe to the conquering not the conquered host  
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast

## XXVI

And ever since that martial Synod met  
 Britannia sickens Cintra ! at thy name  
 And folks in office at the mention fret  
 And fain would blush if blush they could for  
     shame  
 How will Posterity the deed proclaim !  
 Will not our own and fellow nations sneer  
 To view these champions cheated of their fame  
 By foes in fight o'erthrown yet victors here  
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming  
     year ?

*Thus unto Heaven appealed the people Heaven  
 Which loves the laces of our gracious King  
 Decreed that ere our Generals were forgiven  
 Enquiry should be held about the thing  
 But Mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing  
 And as they spared our foes so spared we them  
 (Wife was the pity of our Sires for Byng ?)  
 Yet leaves not idiots should the law condemn  
 There live ye gallant Knights and bless your Judges phleum !*

1 — at the nether sweat — [MS D]

1 By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot but that Byng [Admiral John Byng born 1704 was executed March 14 1757] might have been spared though the one suffered and the others escaped probably for Candide's reason 'pour encourager les autres' \* — [MS]

[ ' Dans ce pays ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres —Candide xii ]

## XXVII

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he  
 Did take his way in solitary guise  
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,  
 More restless than the swallow in the skies <sup>1</sup>  
 Though here awhile he learned to moralise,  
 For Meditation fixed at times on him,  
 And conscious Reason whispered to despise  
 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim,  
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim <sup>1</sup>

## XXVIII

To horse <sup>1</sup> to horse <sup>1</sup> he quits, for ever quits <sup>2</sup>  
 "A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul <sup>3</sup>  
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl <sup>3</sup>  
 Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal  
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage,

<sup>1</sup> *More restless than the falcon as he flies* —[MS *erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *long foreign to his soul* —[MS *erased*]

<sup>111</sup> *the trumpet and the bowl* —[MS *D*]

<sup>1</sup> [With reference to this passage, while yet in MS, an early reader (? Dallas) inquires, "What does this mean?" And a second (? Hobhouse) rejoins, "What does the question mean? It is one of the finest stanzas I ever read"]

<sup>2</sup> [Byron and Hobhouse sailed from Falmouth, July 2, 1809, reached Lisbon on the 6th or 7th, and on the 17th started from Aldea Galbega ("the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water") on horseback for Seville "The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day" (see letters of August 6 to F Hodgson, and August 11, 1809, to Mrs Byron, *Letters*, 1898, i 234, 236)]

And o'er him many changing scenes must roll  
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage<sup>1</sup>  
 Or he shall calm his breast or learn experience sage

## XXIX

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay<sup>2</sup>

Where dwelt of yore the Lusians luckless queen,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Church and Court did mingle their array  
 And Mass and revel were alternate seen

1 *And countries more remote / is fopes engag* —[MS erased]

2 *Where dwelt of yore the Lusians era y queen* —[MS]  
*Where dwelt of yore Lusania s* — —[D]

1 [Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad and Dr Willis who so dexterously cudgelled kingly pericraniums could make nothing of hers (For the Rev Francis Willis see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 416)]

Maria I (b 1734) who married her uncle Pedro III reigned with him 1777-86 and as sole monarch from 1786 to 1816. The death of her husband of her favourite confessor, Ignatio de San Caetano who had been raised by Pombal from the humblest rank to the position of archbishop *in partibus* and of her son turned her brain and she became melancholy mad. She was only queen in name after 1791 and in 1799 her son Maria José Luis was appointed regent. Beckford saw her in 1787 and was impressed by her dignified bearing. 'Justice and clemency' he writes the motto so glaringly misapplied on the banner of the abhorred Inquisition might be transferred with the strictest truth to this good princess (*Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal* 1834 p 256). Ten years later Southey in his *Letters from Spain*, 1797 p 541 ascribes the gloom of the court of Lishon to the dreadful malady of the queen. When the Portuguese royal family were about to embark for Brazil in November 1807 the queen was once more seen in public after an interval of sixteen years. She had to wait some while upon the quay for the chair in which she was to be carried to the boat and her countenance in which the insensibility of madness was only disturbed by wonder formed a striking contrast to the grief which appeared in every other face (*Southey's History of the Peninsular War*, i 110)]

Lordlings and fieres ill-sorted fry I wcen<sup>1</sup>  
 But here the Babylonian Whore hath built  
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,  
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,  
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt



O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,  
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race<sup>1</sup>)  
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,  
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place<sup>1</sup>  
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,  
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
 And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share



More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
 And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend<sup>11</sup>  
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed<sup>1</sup>  
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
 Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend  
 Flocks, whose rich fleece nigh well the trader knows  
 Now must the Pastor's arm his *lambs* defend  
 For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,  
 And *all* must shield then *all*, or share Subjection's woes

<sup>1</sup> *Childe Brun* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Less swoln with culture soon the vales extend  
 And long horizon-bounded realms appear* —[MS erased]

## XXXII

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet

Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide? <sup>1</sup> •

Or ere the jealous Queens of Nations greet

Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?

Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?

Or fence of art like China's vasty wall?—

Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul <sup>1</sup>

## XXXIII

But these between a silver streamlet glides

And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook

Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides

Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,

And vacant on the rippling waves doth look

That peaceful still twixt bitterest foemen flow

For proud each peasant as the noblest duke

Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know

Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the low <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Say Muse what bounds — — [MS D]*

<sup>1</sup> The Pyrenees — [MS]

<sup>2</sup> [If, as stanza xliii of this canto (added in 1811) intimates Byron passed through Albuera's plain<sup>n</sup> on his way from Lisbon to Seville he must have crossed the frontier at a point between Elvas and Badajoz. In that case the silver streamlet may be identified as the Carr. Beckford remarks on the rivulet which separates the two kingdoms (*Italy etc* 1834 p 291)]

## XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,<sup>1</sup>  
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
 So noted ancient roundelays among<sup>11</sup>  
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
 Of Moor and Knight, in mail'd splendour drest  
 Here ceased the swift then race, here sunk the strong,  
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
 Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed<sup>1</sup>

## XXXV

Oh, lovely Spain ! renowned, romantic Land !  
 Where is that standard<sup>2</sup> which Pelagio bore,<sup>111</sup>  
 When Cava's traitor-sue first called the band  
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?<sup>71</sup>  
 Where are those bloody Banners which of yore  
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,

<sup>1</sup> But ere the bounds of Spain have far been passed —  
 [MS D ]

<sup>11</sup> For ever famed—in many a native song —[MS erased ]  
 a noted song —[MS D ]

<sup>111</sup> which Pelagus bore —[MS D ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, 1 100—

“Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis  
 Scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora voluit”]

<sup>2</sup> [The standard, a cross made of Asturian oak (*La Cruz de la Victoria*), which was said to have fallen from heaven before Pelayo gained the victory over the Moors at Cangas, in A D 718, is preserved at Oviedo Compare Southey's *Roderick*, 111 *Poetical Works*, 1838, 11 241 and *note*, pp 370, 371 ]

And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Red gleamed the Cross, and waned the Crescent pale<sup>1</sup>  
 While Africa's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail

## — XXXVI

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?  
 Ah ! such alas ! the hero's amplest fate !  
 When granite moulders and when records fail  
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date<sup>2</sup>  
 Pride ! bend thine eye from Heaven to thine estate  
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song !  
 Can Volume Pillar Pile preserve thee great ?  
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue  
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee  
 wrong ?

## XXXVII

Awake ye Sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !  
 Lo ! Chivalry your ancient Goddess cries  
 But wields not as of old, her thirsty lance  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies  
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar

<sup>1</sup> — *waxed the Crescent pale* — [MS. *erased*]

<sup>2</sup> — *thy little date* — [MS. *erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [The Moors were finally expelled from Granada in 1492, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella]

<sup>2</sup> [The reference is to the *Romanceros* and *Caballeros* of the sixteenth century]



In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !"  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore ?

## XXXVIII

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?  
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,  
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
 Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves ? the fires of Death,  
 The Bale-fires flash on high from rock to rock !  
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe,  
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,<sup>1</sup>  
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and Nations feel the shock

## XXXIX.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the Sun,  
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon,  
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon  
 Flashing afar, and at his iron feet

<sup>1</sup> *from rock to rock*  
*Blue columns soaring left in sulphury wreath*  
*Fragments on fragments in contention knock* —[MS erased, D]

I "The Siroc is the violent hot wind that for weeks together blows down the Mediterranean from the Archipelago Its effects are well known to all who have passed the Straits of Gibraltar"—[MS D]

Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done,  
 For on this morn three potent Nations meet  
 To shed before his Shrine the blood he deems most  
 sweet

## XL

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see<sup>1</sup>  
 (For one who hath no friend no brother there)  
 Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air !  
 What gallant War hounds rouse them from their lair  
 And gnash their fangs loud yelling for the prey !  
 All join the chase but few the triumph share  
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away  
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array

## XLI

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high

<sup>1</sup> *Their rival scarfs t/ at sh/ is so gloriously* —[MS erased]  
*Their rival scarfs* — —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [The battle of Talavera began July 27 1809 and lasted two days As Byron must have reached Seville by the 21st or 2nd of the month he was not as might he inferred a spectator of any part of the engagement Writing to his mother August 11 he says You have heard of the battle near Madrid and in England they would call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and five thousand men killed all English and the French in as great force as ever I should have joined the army but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean —*Letters* 1898

<sup>1</sup> 41]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Campbells Hohenlinden—

'Few few shall part where many meet']

Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies,<sup>1</sup>  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!  
 The Foe, the Victim, and the fond Ally  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,<sup>2</sup>  
 Are met as if at home they could not die  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools!<sup>1</sup>  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!<sup>3</sup>  
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,  
 The broken tools, that Tyrants cast away

<sup>1</sup> *There shall they rot—while hymners tell the fools  
 How honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!  
 Lies avant!* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *But Reason's elf in these beholds* —[D]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Macbeth*, act 1 sc 2, line 51—

“Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky”]

<sup>2</sup> [In a letter to Colonel Malcolm, December 3, 1809, the Duke admits that the spoils of conquest were of a moral rather than of a material kind “The battle of Talavera was certainly the hardest fought of modern days It is lamentable that, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the Spaniards, the glory of the action is the only benefit which we have derived from it I have in hand a most difficult task . In such circumstances one may fail, but it would be dishonourable to shrink from the task”—*Wellington Dispatches*, 1844, III 621]

<sup>3</sup> Two lines of Collins' *Ode*, “How sleep the brave,” etc., have been compressed into one—

“There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay”

By myriads when they dare to pave their way  
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone  
 Can Despots compass aught that hails their sway?  
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own  
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

## XLIII

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief! <sup>1</sup>  
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed  
 Who could foresee thee in a space so brief,  
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!  
 Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed  
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead  
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng  
 And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient  
 song

- <sup>1</sup> — a sacred throne?  
*As if they compassed I all that hails their sway* — [MS erased]  
<sup>11</sup> — glorious sound of grief — [D]  
<sup>111</sup> A scene for mingling foes to boast and bleed — [D]  
<sup>1v</sup> Yet peace be to the perished — — [D erased]  
<sup>v</sup> And tears and triumph make their memory longer — [D erased]  
<sup>vi</sup> — there sink all other woes — [D erased]

<sup>1</sup> [The battle of Albuera (May 16 1811) at which the English under Lord Beresford, repulsed Soult was somewhat of a Pyrrhic victory. Another such a battle wrote the Duke would ruin us. I am working hard to put all right again. The French are said to have lost between 8000 and 9000 men the English 4158 the Spaniards 1,65.]

<sup>2</sup> [Albuera was celebrated by Scott in his *Vision of Don Roderick*. *The Battle of Albuera* a Poem (anon) was published in October 1811.]

## XLIV

Enough of Battle's minions ! let them play  
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame  
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,  
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name  
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
 Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's good,<sup>1</sup>  
 And die, that living might have proved her shame ,  
 Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued "

## XLV

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way <sup>iii</sup> 1  
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued "  
 Yet is she free ? the Spoiler's wished-for prey !  
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,  
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude  
 Inevitable hour ! 'Gainst fate to strive  
 Where Desolation plants her famished brood  
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,  
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive

<sup>1</sup> *Who sink in darkness* —[MS erased]

<sup>ii</sup> *swift Rapine's path pursued* —[MS D]

<sup>iii</sup> *To Harold turn we as* —[MS erased]

<sup>iv</sup> *Where proud Sevilla* —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [In this "particular" Childe Harold did not resemble his *alter ego* Hobhouse and "part of the servants" (Joe Murray, Fletcher, a German, and the "page" Robert Rushton, constituted his "whole suite"), accompanied Byron in his ride across Spain from Lisbon to Gibraltar (See *Letters*, 1898, i 224, 236)]

## XLVI

But all unconscious of the coming doom <sup>1</sup>

The feast the song the revel here abounds

Strange modes of merriment the hours consume

Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds

Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds

Here Folly still his votaries inthralls,

And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight  
rounds <sup>2</sup>

Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals

Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls

## XLVII

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate

He lurks nor casts his heavy eye afar

Lest he should view his vineyard desolate

Blasted below the dun hot breath of War

No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star

Fandango twirls his jocund castanet <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Not here the Trumpet but the rebeck sounds* —[MS erased]

<sup>2</sup> *And dark-eyed Lewdness* — —[MS erased]

<sup>3</sup> [Byron *en route* for Gibraltar passed three days at Seville at the end of July or the beginning of August 1809. By the end of January 1810 the French had appeared in force before Seville. Unlike Zaragoza and Gerona the pleasure-loving city 'after some negotiations surrendered with all its stores foundries, and arsenal complete and on the 1st of February the king [Joseph] entered in triumph (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* ii 95)]

<sup>2</sup> A kind of fiddle with only two strings played on by a bow said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain

<sup>3</sup> [See *The Walt Poetical Works* 1898 i 49 note 1]

Ah, Monarchs<sup>1</sup> could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,<sup>1</sup>  
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy  
 yet<sup>1</sup>

## XLVIII

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
 Of Love, Romance, Devotion is his lay,  
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?  
 No<sup>1</sup> as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"<sup>2</sup>  
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,  
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy

## XLIX

On yon long level plain, at distance crowned<sup>1</sup>  
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,

<sup>1</sup> *Not in the toils of Glory would ye sweat* —[*MS. erased, D*]

<sup>2</sup> [The scene is laid on the heights of the Sierra Morena. The travellers are looking across the "long level plain" of the Guadalquivir to the mountains of Ronda and Granada, with their "hill-forts perched everywhere like eagles' nests" (Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, 1 252). The French, under Dupont, entered the Morena, June 2, 1808. They stormed the bridge at Alcolea, June 7, and occupied Cordoba, but were defeated at Bailen, July 19, and forced to capitulate. Hence the traces of war. The "Dragon's nest" (line 7) is the ancient city of Jaen, which guards the skirts of the Sierras "like a watchful Cerberus." It was taken by the French, but recaptured by the Spanish, early in July, 1808 (*History of the War in the Peninsula*, 1 71-80).]

Wide scattered hoof marks dint the wounded ground  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest  
Here was the camp the watch flame and the host  
Here the bold peasant stormed the Dragon's nest  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast  
And points to yonder cliffs which oft were won and  
lost

## L

And whomsoever along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet<sup>1</sup>  
Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true  
Sharp is the knife and sudden is the stroke  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue  
If subtle poniards wrapt beneath the cloke  
Could blunt the sabres edge, or clear the cannons  
smoke

## LI

At every turn Morena's dusky height<sup>1</sup>  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load  
And far as mortal eye can compass sight  
The mountain howitzer the broken road

1 [The Sierra Morena gets its name from the classical *Montes Mariani* not as Byron seems to imply from its dark and dusky aspect]



The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,  
 The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,<sup>1</sup>  
 The magazine in rocky durance stowed,  
 The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,<sup>1a</sup>

## LII.

Portend the deeds to come —but he whose nod  
 Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,  
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod,  
 A little moment deigneth to delay  
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way,  
 The West must own the Scourger of the world "  
 Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,  
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,<sup>1b</sup>  
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled

## LIII

And must they fall ? the young, the proud, the brave,  
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign ?<sup>1</sup>  
 No step between submission and a grave ?  
 The rise of Rapine and the fall of Spain ?

<sup>1</sup> *the never-changing watch* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *The South must own* —[MS D]

<sup>111</sup> *When soars Gaul's eagle* —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [As time went on, Byron's sentiments with regard to Napoleon underwent a change, and he hesitates between sympathetic admiration and reluctant disapproval. At the moment his enthusiasm was roused by Spain's heroic resistance to the new Alaric, "the scourger of the world," and he expresses himself like Southey "or another" (*vide post*, Canto III, pp 238, 239)]

And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
 Their doom nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?  
 Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain ?  
 And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal—  
 The Veteran's skill—Youth's fire—and Manhood's heart  
 of steel ?

## LIV

Is it for this the Spanish maid aroused  
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar  
 And all unsexed the Anlace<sup>1</sup> hath espoused  
 Sung the loud song and dared the deed of war ?  
 And she whom once the semblance of a scar  
 Appalled an owlet's larum chilled with dread,<sup>2</sup>  
 Now views the column scattering bay'net jar<sup>1</sup>  
 The falchion flash and o'er the yet warm dead  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to  
 tread

## LV

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale  
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour

<sup>1</sup> — *the column scattering bolt afar*  
*The falchion's flash* — — [MS. erased D]

<sup>1</sup> [ A short two edged knife or dagger formerly worn at the girdle (*N Eng Dict* art 'Anlace') The anlace of the Spanish heroines was the national weapon the *puñal* or *cuchillo* which was sometimes stuck in the sash (*Hand book for Spain* ii 803) ]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Macbeth* act v sc 5 line 10—

The Time has been my senses would have cooled  
 To hear a night shriek ]

Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,  
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase

## LVI.

Her lover sinks she sheds no ill-timed tear.  
 Her Chief is slain she fills his fatal post,  
 Her fellows flee she checks their base career,  
 The Foe retires—she heads the sallying host  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
 Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?"

## LVII

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
 But formed for all the witching arts of love  
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening plate,  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great

## LVIII

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed<sup>1</sup>  
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch  
 Her lips whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such  
 Her glance how wildly beautiful<sup>1</sup> how much  
 Hath Phoebus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek  
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch<sup>1</sup>  
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek?  
 How poor their forms appear<sup>1</sup> how languid wan and  
 weak<sup>11</sup>

## LIX

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud  
 Match me, ye harems of the land<sup>1</sup> where now

- 1 *The seal Love's rosy finger has imprest  
 Of her fair chin denotes how soft his touch  
 Her lips where kisses make ol' pluous nest* —[MS erased]

1 [Writing to his mother (August 11 1809) Byron compares the Spanish style of beauty to the disadvantage of the English. Long black hair dark languishing eyes clear olive complexions and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman. render a Spanish beauty irresistible (*Letters* 1898 i 239) Compare too the opening lines of *The Girl of Cadiz* which gave place to the stanzas *To Inez* at the close of this canto—

Oh never talk again to me  
 Of northern climes and British ladies

But in *Don Juan* Canto XII stanzas lxxv-lxxvii he makes the *amende* to the fair Briton—

She cannot step as doth an Arab barb  
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning

But though the soil may give you time and trouble  
 Well cultivated it will render double ]

I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow,<sup>1</sup>  
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters deign to know,  
 There your wise Prophet's Paradise we find,  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus<sup>1</sup> whom I now survey,<sup>131</sup>  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,<sup>11</sup>  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
 In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty<sup>1</sup>  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave  
 her wing

<sup>1</sup> *Beauties that need not fear a broken vow* —[*MS* erased]  
*a lecher's vow* —[*MS*]

<sup>11</sup> *Not in the landscape of a fabled lay* —[*MS* D]

<sup>1</sup> [The summit of Parnassus is not visible from Delphi or the neighbourhood. Before he composed "these stanzas" (December 16), (see note 13 B) at the foot of Parnassus, Byron had first surveyed its "snow-clad" majesty as he sailed towards Vostizza (on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth), which he reached on the 5th, and quitted on the 14th of December. "The Echoes" (line 8) which were celebrated by the ancients (Justin, *Hist.*, lib. xxiv cap. 6), are those made by the Phædriades, or "gleaming peaks," a "lofty precipitous escarpment of red and grey limestone" at the head of the valley of the Pleistus, facing southwards — *Travels in Albania*, 188, 199, *Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 230.]

## LXI

Oft have I dreamed of Thee ! whose glorious name  
 Who knows not knows not man's divinest lore  
 And now I view thee—tis alas with shame  
 That I in feeblest accents must adore  
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee  
 Nor raise my voice nor vainly dare to soar  
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !<sup>1</sup>

## LXII

Happier in this than mightiest Birds have been  
 Whose Fate to distant homes confined their lot  
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene  
 Which others rave of though they know it not ?  
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his Grot  
 And thou the Muses seat art now their grave,

1 [ Upon Parnassus going to the fountain of Delphi (Castr) in 1809 I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse said they were vultures—at least in conversation) and I seized the omen. On the day before I composed the lines to Parnassus [in *Childe Harold*] and on beholding the birds had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least, had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty). Whether it will last is another matter but I have been a votary of the deity and the place and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf leaving the future in his hands as I left the past (B *Diary* 18 1) ]

Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,  
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the Cave,  
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.<sup>1</sup>

## LXIII

Of thee hereafter. Ev'n amidst my strain  
 I turned aside to pay my homage here,  
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain,  
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,  
 And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear  
 Now to my theme but from thy holy haunt  
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear,"  
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt

## LXIV

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was  
 young,  
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her Priestess sung  
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
 The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,

<sup>1</sup> *And walls with glassy steps o'er Aganippe's wave* —[*MS* erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Let me some remnant of thy Spirit bear*

*Some glorious thought to my petition grant* —[*MS* erased, *D*]

<sup>1</sup> ["Parnassus is distinguished from all other Greek mountains by its mighty mass. This, with its vast buttresses, almost fills up the rest of the country" (*Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 226)]

Nurst in the glowing lap of soft Desire  
 Ah ! that to these were given such peaceful shades  
 As Greece can still bestow though Glory fly her glades

## LXV

Fair is proud Seville, let her country boast  
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days, <sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup>  
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,<sup>1</sup>  
 Calls forth a sweeter though ignoble praise  
 Ah Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !  
 While boyish blood is mantling who can scape<sup>1</sup>  
 The fascination of thy magic gaze ?  
 A Cherub Hydra round us dost thou gape  
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape

## LXVI

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !  
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—  
 The Pleasures fled but sought as warm a clime,  
 And Venus constant to her native Sea  
 To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee  
 And fixed her shrine within these walls of white

<sup>1</sup> *While boyish blood boils gay who can scape  
 The lurk'g lures of thy enchanting gaze* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [In his first letter from Spain (to F Hodgson August 6 1809) Byron exclaims Cadiz sweet Cadiz !—it is the first spot in the creation Cadiz is a complete Cythera See too letter to Mrs Byron August 11 1809 (*Letters* 1898 i 334 339)]



Though not to one dome circumscribeth She  
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
 A thousand Altars rise, for ever blazing bright <sup>1</sup>

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn <sup>2</sup>  
 Peeps blushing on the Revel's laughing crew,  
 The Song is heard, the rosy Garland worn,  
 Devices quaint, and Frolics ever new,  
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns  
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu <sup>1</sup>  
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
 And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *though in lieu*  
*Of true devotion monkish temples share*  
*The hours misspent, and all in turns is Love or Prayer —*  
 [MS closed]  
<sup>11</sup> *or rule the hour in turns — [D]*

<sup>1</sup> [It must not be supposed that the "thousand altars" of Cadiz correspond with and are in contrast to the "one dome" of Paphos. The point is that where Venus fixes her shrine, at Paphos or at Cadiz, altars blaze and worshippers abound (compare *Æneid*, 1 415-417)—

"Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit  
 Læta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo  
 Ture calent aræ"]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1 —

from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve"]

<sup>3</sup> [It was seldom that Byron's memory played him false, but here a vague recollection of a Shakespearian phrase has beguiled him into a blunder. He is thinking of Hamlet's jibe on the corruption of manners, "The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe" (act v sc 1, line 150), and he forgets that a kibe is not a heel or a part of a heel, but a chilblain.]

## LXVIII

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore?  
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn Feast  
 Hark ! heard you not the forest monarch's roar?  
 Crashing the lance he snuffs the spouting gore  
 Of man and steed o'erthrown beneath his horn  
 The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn  
 Nor shrinks the female eye nor ev'n affects to mourn

LXIX<sup>1</sup>

The seventh day this—the Jubilee of man !  
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer  
 Then thy spruce citizen washed artisan  
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air  
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey one horse chair

1 [As he intimates in the Preface to *Childe Harold* Byron had originally intended to introduce variations in his poem of a droll or satirical character. Beattie Thomson Ariosto were sufficient authorities for these humorous episodes. The stanzas on the Convention of Cintra (stanzas xxi-xxviii of the MS) and the four stanzas on Sir John Carr the concluding stanzas of the MS which were written in this lighter vein were suppressed at the instance of Dallas or Murray or Gifford. From a passage in a letter to Dallas (August 21 1811) it appears that Byron had almost made up his mind to leave out the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday (*Letters* 1898 i 335). But possibly owing to their freedom from any compromising personalities or because wiser counsels prevailed they were allowed to stand and continued (wrote Moore in 1837) to disfigure the poem.]

2 [A whiskey is a light carriage in which the traveller is *whisked* along.]

And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,  
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair,  
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.<sup>1</sup>

## XXX

Some o'er thy Thames row the ribboned fair,  
 Others along the safer turnpike fly,  
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,  
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie  
 Ask ye, Bæotian Shades<sup>1</sup> the reason why?<sup>2</sup>  
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And humblest gig* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *And doughty man alights and rears for "Ron an Purl" —*  
 [MS D]  
*for Purl or Purl —[D]*

<sup>111</sup> *Some o'er thy Thames convey* —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [Hone's *Everyday Book* (1827, ii 80-87) gives a detailed account of the custom of "swearing on the horns" at Highgate "The horns, fixed on a pole of about five feet in length, were erected by placing the pole upright on the ground near the person to be sworn, who is requested to take off his hat," etc. The oath, or rather a small part of it, ran as follows "Take notice what I am saying unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that*!" You must acknowledge me [the landlord] to be your adopted father, etc. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown best. You must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both," etc. Drovers, who frequented the "Gate House" at the top of the hill, and who wished to keep the tavern to themselves, are said to have been responsible for the rude beginnings of this tedious foolery"]

<sup>2</sup> A festive liquor so called. Query why "Roman"? [Query if "Roman"? "'Purl Royal,' Canary wine with a dash of the tincture of wormwood" (Grose's *Class Dict*)]

Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery  
 In whose dread name both men and mounds are sworn  
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till  
 morn

## LXXI

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine  
 Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea!<sup>1</sup>  
 Soon as the Matin bell proclaimeth morn  
 Thy Saint adorers count the Rosary  
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrieve them free  
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be  
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare  
 Young old high low at once the same diversion share

## LXXII

The lists are oped the spacious area cleared  
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round

1 [M. Darmesteter quotes a striking passage from Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne* (xv) in appreciation of Cadiz and Byron. L'aspect de Cadix en venant du large est charmant. A la voir ainsi étincelante de blancheur entre lazur de la mer et lazur du ciel on dirait une immense couronne de filigrane d'argent. Le dôme de la cathédrale peint en jaune semble une tiare de vermeil posée au milieu. Les pots de fleurs, les volutes et les tourelles qui terminent les maisons varient à l'infini la dentelure. Byron a merveilleusement caractérisé la physionomie de Cadix en une seule touche.

Brillante Cadix qui t'élèves vers le ciel du milieu du bleu foncé de la mer.]

2 [The actors in a bull fight consist of three or four classes: the *chulos* or footmen, the *banderilleros* or dart throwers,

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
 Ne vacant space for lated wight is found  
 Here Dons, Grandees, but chiefly Dames abound,  
 Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound,  
 None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,  
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery

## LXXIII

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,  
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance  
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
 And lowly-bending to the lists advance,

the *picadores* or horsemen, the *matadores* or *espadas* the executioners. Each bull-fight, which lasts about twenty minutes, is divided into three stages or acts. In the first act the *picadores* receive the charge of the bull, defending themselves, but not, as a rule, attacking the foe with their lances or *garrochas*. In the second act the *chulos*, who are not mounted, wave coloured cloaks or handkerchiefs in the bull's face, and endeavour to divert his fury from the *picadores*, in case they have been thrown or worsted in the encounter. At the same time, the *banderilleros* are at pains to implant in either side of the bull's neck a number of barbed darts ornamented with cut paper, and, sometimes, charged with detonating powder. It is *de rigueur* to plant the barbs exactly on either side. In the third and final act, the protagonist, the *matador* or *espada*, is the sole performer. His function is to entice the bull towards him by waving the *muleta* or red flag, and, standing in front of the animal, to inflict the death-wound by plunging his sword between the left shoulder and the blade. "The teams of mules now enter, glittering with flags and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood, the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace"—*Handbook for Spain*, by Richard Ford, 1898, i 67-76]

Rich are their scarfs their chargers featly prance  
 f in the dangerous game they shine to-day  
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies lovely glance  
 Best prize of better acts ! they bear away  
 d all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay

## LXXIV

costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed  
 But all afoot the light limbed Matadore  
 Stands in the centre eager to invade  
 The lord of lowing herds , but not before  
 The ground with cautious tread is traversed o'er  
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed  
 His arms a dart he fights aloof nor more  
 Can Man achieve without the friendly steed—  
 us ! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed

## LXXV

rice sounds the Clarion lo ! the signal falls  
 The den expands and Expectation mute  
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls  
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute  
 And wildly staring spurns with sounding foot  
 The sand nor blindly rushes on his foe  
 Here there he points his threatening front to suit  
 His first attack wide waving to and fro  
 s angry tail red rolls his eyes dilated glow

## LXXVI

Sudden he stops his eye is fixed away  
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear  
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
 The skill that yet may check his mad career !  
 With well-timed croupe<sup>1</sup> the nimble coursers veer ,  
 On foams the Bull, but not unscathed he goes ,  
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear  
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ,  
 Dart follows dart—lance, lance loud bellowings speak  
 his woes

## LXXVII

Again he comes , nor dart nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ,  
 Though Man and Man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force  
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled coise ,  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseamed appears,  
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ,  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ,  
 Staggering, but stemming all, his Lord unharmed he bears

<sup>1</sup> " The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège "  
 —[MS] [*Croupe*, or *croup*, denotes the hind quarters of  
 a horse Compare Scott's ballad of " Young Lochinvar "—

" So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung "

Here it is used for "croupade," "a high curvet in which the  
 hind legs are brought up under the belly of the horse" (*N*  
*Eng Dict*, art "Croupade")]

## LXXVIII

Foiled bleeding breathless furious to the last  
 Full in the centre stands the Bull at bay  
 Mid wounds and clinging darts and lances brast<sup>1</sup>  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray  
 And now the Matadores<sup>2</sup> around him play  
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand  
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—  
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand  
 Wraps his fierce eye—tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

## LXXIX

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline  
 Slowly he falls amidst triumphant cries  
 Without a groan without a struggle dies  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—<sup>3</sup>

1 — *He lies alone the sand* —[ MS *eras d* ]

11 *The trophy corse is reared—disgristing pride*

or *The corse is reared—spat! no the chariot flies* —[ MS *M* ]

1 [ Brast for burst is found in Spenser (*Faerie Queene* 1 9 21 7) and is still current in Lancashire dialect. See *Lanc Gloss* (E D S brast ) ]

2 [One bull fight one matador. In describing the last act Byron confuses the *chulos* or cloak waving footmen who had already played their part with the single champion the matador who is about to administer the *coup de grace* ]

3 [ Compare Virgil *Æneid* viii 64—

Pedibusque informe cadaver  
 Protrahitur Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo— ]



Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain  
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain  
What private feuds the troubled village stain!  
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,  
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,  
To meditate 'gainst friend the secret blow,  
For some slight cause of wrath, whence Life's war<sup>m</sup> stream  
must flow<sup>1</sup>

## LXXXI

But Jealousy has fled his bars, his bolts,  
His withered Centinel,<sup>2</sup> Duenna sage!  
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,<sup>4</sup>  
Which the stern dotard deemed he could enage,

<sup>1</sup> *And all whereat the wandering soul revolts*  
*Which that stern dotard dreamed he could enage*—[*MS* erased]

<sup>1</sup> "The Spaniards are as revengeful as ever At Santa Otella, I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one, to be sure, which mitigates the offence), and was told, on expressing some small surprise, that this ethic was by no means uncommon"—[*MS*]

<sup>2</sup> [Byron's "orthodoxy" of the word "centinel" was suggested by the Spanish *centinela*, or, perhaps, by Spenser's "centonell" (*Faerie Queene*, bk 1 c 14 st 41, line 8)]

Have passed to darkness with the vanished age  
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen  
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage)  
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green  
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover loving  
 Queen?

## LXXXII

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved  
 Or dreamed he loved since Rapture is a dream  
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved  
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream  
 And lately had he learned with truth to deem  
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings  
 How fair how young how soft soe'er he seem  
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs<sup>1</sup>  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings<sup>2</sup>

## LXXXIII

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deigned to bend her chastely awful eyes  
 But Passion raves herself<sup>1</sup> to rest or flies  
 And Vice that digs her own voluptuous tomb

<sup>1</sup> *Full from the heart of Joy's delicious springs*  
*Some Bitter bubbles & p' a id ever on Roses stings* —[MS]

<sup>2</sup> [The Dallas Transcript reads itself but the MS and earlier editions herself]

Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise  
 Pleasure's palled Victim ! life-abhorring Gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom <sup>1</sup>

## LXXXII

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng,  
 But viewed them not with misanthropic hate  
 Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song,  
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?  
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate  
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the Demon's sway,  
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
 Poured forth his unpremeditated lay,  
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day

<sup>1</sup> *Had buried there his hopes, no more to rise*  
*Dugged with dull pleasure! life abhorring Gloom*  
*Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's wandering doom —*  
[MS erased]  
*Had buried there —[MS D]*

[ 1 [Byron's belief or, rather, haunting dread, that he was predestined to evil is to be traced to the Calvinistic teaching of his boyhood (compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III stanza lxxv lines 8, 9, and Canto IV stanza xxxv line 6) Lady Byron regarded this creed of despair as the secret of her husband's character, and the source of his aberrations. In a letter to H C Robinson, March 5, 1855, she writes, "Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenour of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. 'The worst of it is, I *do* believe,' he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination"]

TO INEZ<sup>1</sup>

## I

Nay smile not at my sullen brow  
 Alas! I cannot smile again  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Shouldst weep and haply weep in vain

## 2

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
 I bear corroding Joy and Youth?  
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
 A pang ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

## 3

It is not love it is not hate  
 Nor low Ambition's honours lost

1 Stanzas to be inserted after stanza 86th in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* instead of the song at present in manuscript —[*MS note to To Inez*]

[The stanzas *To Inez* are dated January 25 1810 on which day Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon. Most likely they were addressed to Theresa Macri the Maid of Athens or some favourite of the moment and not to Florence (Mrs Spencer Smith) whom he had recently (January 16) declared *emerita* to the tune of 'The spell is broke the charm is flown'. A fortnight later (February 10) Hobhouse accompanied by the Albanian Vassily and the Athenian Demetrius set out for the Negroponte. Lord Byron was unexpectedly detained at Athens (*Travels in Albania* i 390) (For the stanzas to *The Girl of Cadi* which were suppressed in favour of those *To Inez* see *Poetical Works* 1891 p 14 and vol iii of the present issue)]

That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most

## 4

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings,  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me

## 5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew Wanderer bore,  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before

## 6

What Exile from himself can flee? <sup>1</sup>  
To zones though more and more remote,<sup>1</sup>  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of Life the Demon Thought <sup>2</sup>

## 7

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake,

<sup>1</sup> *To other zones howe'er remote*  
*Still, still pursuing clings to me* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Horace, *Odes*, II vi 19, 20—

“Patriæ quis exsul  
Se quoque fugit?”]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Prior's *Solomon*, bk iii lines 85, 86—

“In the remotest wood and lonely grove  
Certain to meet that worst of evils—*thought*”]

Oh ! may they still of transport dream  
And ne'er—at least like me—awake !

## 8

Through many a clime tis mine to go  
With many a retrospection curst,  
And all my solace is to know  
Whate'er betides I've known the worst

## 9

What is that worst ? Nay do not ask—  
In pity from the search forbear  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart and view the Hell that's there

Jan 25 1810 —[ 1/3 ]

## LXXXV

Adieu fair Cadiz ! yea a long adieu !  
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood ?  
When all were changing thou alone wert true  
First to be free and last to be subdued <sup>1</sup>  
And if amidst a scene a shock so rude  
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye  
A Traitor only fell beneath the feud <sup>2</sup>  
Here all were noble save Nobility,  
None hugged a Conqueror's chain save fallen Chivalry !

<sup>1</sup> [Cadiz was captured from the Moors by Alonso el Sabio in 1610. It narrowly escaped a siege January—February 1810. Soult commenced a serious bombardment May 16 1811 but, three months later August 24, the siege was broken up. Stanza lxxxv is not in the original MS.]

## LXXXVI

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her Fate '  
 They fight for Freedom who were never free,  
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her vassals combat when their Chieftains flee,  
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery  
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,  
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty  
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!" "<sup>1</sup>

## LXXXVII

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know '  
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife

- 1 *Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
 Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes and War,  
 Go hie ye hence to Pater noster Row—  
 Are they not written in the Book of Carr?*<sup>2</sup>

1 [Charles IV abdicated March 19, 1808, in favour of his son Ferdinand VII, and in the following May, Charles once more abdicated on his own behalf, and Ferdinand for himself and his heirs, in favour of Napoleon. Thenceforward Charles was an exile, and Ferdinand a prisoner at Valençay and Spain, so far as the Bourbons were concerned, remained "kingless," until motives of policy procured the release of the latter, who re-entered his kingdom March 22, 1814.]

2 "Porphyry said that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here, but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome, the first glimpse of the knight was enough"—[MS]

["I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white" (letter to Hodgson, August 6, 1809, *Letters*, 1898, i 235, note)]

Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe  
Can act is acting there against man's life

*Green Erin's Knight and Europe's sidering star!  
Then listen! leaders to the Man of Ink  
Hear what he did and sought and wrote afar  
All those are cooped within one Quarto's brink  
This borrow steal—don't buy—and tell us what you think!*

*There may you read with spectacles on eyes  
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain!  
As if therein they meant to colonise  
How many troops crossed the land's main  
That ne'er beheld the said return again  
How many buildings are in such a place  
How many leaves from this to yonder plain  
How many relics each cathedral grace  
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base*

*There may you read (Oh Placens save Sir John!  
That these my words prophetic may not err)*

1 I presume Marquis and Mr and Pole and Sir A are returned by this time and eke the bewildered Frere whose conduct was canvassed by the Commons —[MS]

[A motion which had been brought forward in the House of Commons February 24, 1809 to inquire into the causes of the late campaign in Spain was defeated but the Government recalled J Hookham Frere British Minister to the Supreme Junta and nominated the Marquis Wellesley Ambassador Extraordinary to Seville Wellesley landed in Spain early in August but a duel which took place September 21 between Perceval and Canning led to changes in the ministry and with a view to taking office he left Cadiz November 10 1809 His brother Henry Wellesley (1773-1847 first Baron Cowley) succeeded him as Envoy Extraordinary If Mr stands for Henry Wellesley Pole may be William Wellesley Pole afterwards third Earl of Mornington]

2 [The base of the Giralda the cathedral tower at Seville is a square of fifty feet The pinnacle of the filigree belfry which surmounts the original Moorish tower is crowned with *El Girardillo* a bronze statue of *La Fe* The Faith Although 14 feet high and weighing 2800 lbs it turns with the slightest breeze —Ford's *Handbook for Spain* 1 174]

3 [vide ante p 78 note 2]



From flashing scimitar to secret knife,  
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need  
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed  
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !

*All that was said, or sung, and lost, or won,  
 By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,<sup>1</sup>  
 He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder,"<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus Poesy the way to grandeur paves—<sup>3</sup>  
 Who would not such diplomatists prefer ?  
 But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,  
 Leave legates to the House, and armies to their graves*

*Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who for the Junta modelled sapient laws,  
 Taught them to govern ere they were obeyed  
 Certes fit teacher to command, because  
 His soul Socratic no Xantippe craves,  
 Blest with a Dame in Virtue's bosom nursed,—  
 With her let silent Admiration pause !—  
 True to her second husband and her first  
 On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst*

<sup>1</sup> By shrivelled Wellesley      --[MS erased]

<sup>2</sup> None better known for doing things by halves  
 As many in our Senate did aver —[MS erased]

<sup>3</sup> Yet surely Vulpes merits some applause —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> "The Needy Knife-grinder," in the *Anti-Jacobin*, was a joint production of Messrs Frere and Canning

<sup>2</sup> [Henry Richard Vassall Fox, second Lord Holland (1773-1840), accompanied Sir David Baird to Corunna, September, 1808, and made a prolonged tour in Spain, returning in the autumn of 1809. He suggested to the Junta of Seville to extend their functions as a committee of defence, and proposed a new constitution. His wife, Elizabeth Vassall, the daughter of a rich Jamaica planter, was first married (June 27, 1786) to Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. Sir Godfrey divorced his wife July 3, 1797, and three days later she was married to Lord Holland. She had lived with him for some time previously, and before the divorce had borne him a son, Charles Richard Fox (1796-1873), who was acknowledged by Lord Holland.]

LXXXVIII<sup>1</sup>

Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead?

Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain

Look on the hands with female slaughter red

Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain

Then to the vulture let each corpse remain

Albeit unworthy of the prey bird's maw,

Let their bleached bones and blood's unbleaching stain

Long mark the battle field with hideous awe

Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

## LXXXIX

Nor yet alas! the dreadful work is done

Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees

It deepens still, the work is scarce begun

Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees

Fallen nations gaze on Spain if freed she frees

More than her fell Pizarros once enchained

Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease

Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained

While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained

1 [Stanzas lxxviii-xciii which record the battles of Barossa (March 5 1811) and Alhuera (May 16 1811) and the death of Byron's school friend Wingfield (May 14 1811) were written at Newstead in August 1811 and take the place of four omitted stanzas (*q v supra*)]

[Francisco Pizarro (1480-1541) with his brothers Hernando Juan Gonzalo and his half brother Martin de Alcantara having revisited Spain set sail for Panama in 1530. During his progress southward from Panama he took the island of Puna which formed part of the province of Quito. His defeat and treacherous capture of Atuahalpa

## XC

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!<sup>1</sup>

## XCI

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe!<sup>2 17</sup>  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—

- <sup>1</sup> *And thou, my friend! since thus my selfish "woe"*  
*Bursts from my heart,* { *to weaken in*  
                                   *however light my strain,*  
                                   *for ever light the* —[D]  
*Had the sword laid thee, with the mighty, low*  
*Pride had forbade me of thy fall to plain* —[MS D]

King of Quito, younger brother of Huascar the Supreme Inca, took place in 1532, near the town of Caxamarca, in Peru (*Mod. Univ. History*, 1763, xxviii 295, *seq.*) Spain's weakness during the Napoleonic invasion was the opportunity of her colonies. Quito, the capital of Ecuador, rose in rebellion, August 10, 1810, and during the same year Mexico and La Plata began their long struggle for independence.]

<sup>1</sup> [During the American War of Independence (1775-83), and afterwards during the French Revolution, it was the custom to plant trees as "symbols of growing freedom." The French trees were decorated with "caps of Liberty." No such trees had ever been planted in Spain. (See note by the Rev E. C. Everard Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1897, p. 158)]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare the In Memoriam stanzas at the end of Beattie's *Minstrel*—

"And am I left to unavailing woe?"

II 63, line 2.]

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain  
 But thus unlaurell'd to descend in vain  
 By all forgotten save the lonely breast  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest<sup>1</sup>  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

## XCII

Oh known the earliest and esteemed the most<sup>1 1 1</sup>  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear<sup>1</sup>  
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here<sup>1</sup>  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier  
 'Till my frail frame return to whence it rose  
 And mourned and mourner lie united in repose

## XCIII

Here is one fytte<sup>2</sup> of Harold's pilgrimage  
 Ye who of him may further seek to know

<sup>1</sup> ——— *belov'd the most* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> ——— *where o'er so long was dear* —[MS D]

<sup>111</sup> *And fancy follow to* ——— —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [With reference to this stanza Byron wrote to Dallas October 25 1811 (*Letters* 1898 ii 58 59) I send you a conclusion to the *whole* In a stanza towards the end of Canto I in the line

Oh known the earliest and *beloved* the most

I shall alter the epithet to *esteemed* the most ]

Fytte means part —[*Note erased*]

Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble mee  
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so  
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands, where he was doomed to go  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were  
quelled.

NOTES  
TO  
CHILDE HAROLDS  
PILGRIMAGE  
CANTO I



I

Yes ' sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine  
Stanza i line 6

THE little village of Castri stands partially on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain from Chryso are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock —

One said the guide of a king who broke his neck hunting. His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement.

A little above Castri is a cave supposed the Pythian of immense depth the upper part of it is paved and now a cowhouse.

On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery some way above which is the cleft in the rock with a range of caverns difficult of ascent and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the 'Dews of Castalie'.

[Byron and Hobhouse slept at Crissa December 15 and visited Delphi December 16 1809—*Travels in Albania* 1 199-209]

2

And rest ye at Our Lady's house of Woe  
Stanza xx line 4

The convent of Our Lady of Punishment *Nossa Senhora de Pena* on the summit of the rock. Below at some

distance, is the Cork Convent, where St Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view —[*Note to First Edition*] Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by W Scott, July 1, 1812] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena* It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word with it, *Peña* signifies a rock, without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted I do not think it necessary to alter the passage, as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there —[*Note to Second Edition*]

## 3

Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life  
Stanza XXI line 9

It is a well-known fact that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal, in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished !

## 4

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !

Stanza XXIV line 1

The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra He has, indeed, done wonders, he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessor

["The armistice, the negotiations, the convention, the execution of its provisions, were commenced, conducted,

concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra with which place they had not the slightest connection political military or local. Yet Lord Byron has sung that the convention was signed in the Marquis of Marialva's house at Cintra (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* 1 161). The suspension of arms is dated Head Quarters of the British Army August - 1808. The Definitive Convention for the Evacuation of Portugal by the British Army is dated Head Quarters Lisbon August 30 1808 (See Wordsworth's pamphlet *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal etc* 1809 App pp 199- 01. For sentiments almost identical with those expressed in stanzas xxiv, xxv see *ibid*, p 49 *et passim*.)

## 5

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay

Stanza xxiv line 1

The extent of Mafra is prodigious it contains a palace convent and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld in point of decoration we did not hear them but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

[Mafra was built by D João V. The foundation stone was laid November 7 1717 and the church consecrated October 22 1730. (For descriptions of Mafra see Southey's *Life and Correspondence* II 113 and *Letters* 1898 1 37.)]

## 6

Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the low

Stanza xxxiii lines 8 and 9

As I found the Portuguese so I have characterised them. That they are since improved at least in courage is evident.

[The following Note on Spain and Portugal part of the original draft of Note 3 (p 86) was suppressed at the instance of Dallas. We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue yet would it were hed time Hal and all were well! They must fight a great many hours by Shrewsbury clock before the number



of then slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'Caçadores,' and what not I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal, for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors, for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these *θρασύδειλοι*<sup>1</sup> (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans), and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A to diffident Z, and *£1 is od* from 'An Admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes, and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*), in the 'bed of honour,' which, as Serjeant Kite says [in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, act 1 sc 1], is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,'<sup>2</sup> and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels, and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry

1 [*Vide post*, p 196, note 1]

2 [In a letter to J B S Morritt, April 26, 1811, Sir Walter Scott writes, "I meditate some wild stanzas referring to the Peninsula, if I can lick them into any shape, I hope to get something handsome from the booksellers for the Portuguese sufferers. 'Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have I will give unto them.' My lyrics are called *The Vision of Don Roderick*."—Lockhart's *Mem. of the Life of Sir W Scott*, 1871, p 205]

into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this best of all possible worlds [Pangloss in *Candide*] So sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera and a victory it surely was somewhere for everybody claimed it The Spanish despatch and mob called it *Cuesta's* and made no great mention of the Viscount the French called it *theirs* (to my great discomfiture—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette just as I had killed Sebastiani' in buckram and King Joseph 'in Kendal green)—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it or *whose* for certes it was none of our own Howbeit Massena's retreat [May 1811] is a great comfort and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past no wonder we are a little awkward at first No doubt we shall improve or if not we have only to take to our old way of retrograding and there we are at home —*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron* 184 pp 179-185]

## 7

When Cava's traitor sire first called the band  
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore  
Stanza xxxv lines 3 and 4

Count Julian's daughter the Helen of Spain Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias and the descendants of his followers after some centuries completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada

[Roderick the Goth violated Florinda or Caba or Cava daughter of Count Julian one of his principal lieutenants In revenge for this outrage Julian allied himself with Musca the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa and countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans commanded by Tarik from whom Jebel Tarik Tarik's Rock that is Gibraltar is said to have been named The issue was the defeat and death of Roderick and the Moorish occupation of Spain A Spaniard according to Cervantes may call his dog but not his daughter Florinda (See *Vision of Don Roderick* by Sir W Scott stanza iv note 5)]

1 [François Horace Bastien Sebastiani (177-1831) one of Napoleon's generals defeated the Spanish at Ciudad Real March 17 1809 In his official report he said that he had sabred more than 3000 Spaniards in flight At the battle of Talavera July 27 his corps suffered heavily but at Almonacid August 11 he was again victorious over the Spanish]

## 8

No ' as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey ' "  
 Stanza xlviii line 5

"Vivā el Rey Fernando ' " Long live King Ferdinand ' is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Príncipe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc, etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

[Manuel de Godoy (1767-1851) received the title of *Príncipe de la Paz*, Prince of the Peace, in 1795, after the Treaty of Basle, which ceded more than half St Domingo to France. His tenure of power, as prime minister and director of the king's policy, coincided with the downfall of Spanish power, and before the commencement of the Peninsular War he was associated in the minds of the people with national corruption and national degradation. He was, moreover, directly instrumental in the betrayal of Spain to France. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau, October 27, 1807, Portugal was to be divided between the King of Etruria and Godoy as Prince of the Algarves, Portuguese America was to fall to the King of Spain, and to bring this about Napoleon's troops were to enter Spain and march directly to Lisbon. The sole outcome of the treaty was the occupation of Portugal and subsequent invasion of Spain. Before Byron had begun his pilgrimage, Godoy's public career had come to an end. During the insurrection at Aranjuez, March 17-19, 1808, when Charles IV abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand VII, Godoy was only preserved from the fury of the populace by a timely imprisonment. In the following May, by which time Ferdinand himself was a prisoner in France, he was released at the instance of Murat, and ordered to accompany Charles to Bayonne, for the express purpose of cajoling his master into a second abdication in favour of Napoleon. The remainder of his long life was passed, first at Rome, and afterwards at Paris, in exile and dependence. The execration of Godoy, 'who was really a mild, good-natured man,' must, in Napier's judgment, be attributed to Spanish venom and

Spanish prejudice The betrayal of Spain was he thinks the outcome of Ferdinand's intrigues no less than of Godoy's unpatriotic ambition Another and perhaps truer explanation of popular odium is to be found in his supposed atheism and well known indifference to the rites of the Church which many years before had attracted the attention of the Holy Office The peasants cursed Godoy because the priests triumphed over his downfall (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* 18 Southey's *Peninsular War* 185 note 93-15 '80)

## 9

Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet  
Stanza 1 lines 2 and 3

The red cockade with Fernando Septimo in the centre

## 10

The ball piled pyramid the ever blazing match  
Stanza 11 line 9

All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville

## 11

Foiled by a woman's band before a battered wall  
Stanza 14 line 9

Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado decorated with medals and orders by command of the Junta

[The story as told by Southey (who seems to have derived his information from *The Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza* by Charles Richard Vaughan M.B. 1809) is that Augustina Zaragoza (*sic*) a handsome woman of the lower class about twenty two years of age a vivandiere in the course of her rounds came with provisions to a battery near the Portello gate The gunners had all been killed and as the citizens held back Augustina sprang over the dead and dying snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty six pounder then

jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege"

After the retreat of the French, "a pension was settled upon Augustina, and the daily pay of an artilleryman. She was also to wear a small shield of honour, embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with 'Zaragoza' inscribed upon it" (Southey's *Peninsular War*, II 14, 34)

Napier, "neither wholly believing nor absolutely denying these exploits," which he does not condescend to give in detail, remarks "that for a long time afterwards, Spain swarmed with Zaragoza heroines, clothed in half-uniforms, and theatrically loaded with weapons"

A picture of "The Defence of Saragossa," painted by Sir David Wilkie, which contained her portrait, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1829, and was purchased by the king (Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, I 45, *Life of Sir D Wilkie*, by John W Mollett, 1881, p 83) Compare, too, *The Age of Bronze*, VII lines 53-56—

" the desperate wall  
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall,  
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid  
Waving her more than Amazonian blade"

## 12

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed  
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch  
Stanza LIII lines 1 and 2

"Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo  
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem"

Aul Gel

[The quotation does not occur in Aulus Gellius, but is a fragment in iambic metre from the Papiæ papæ περὶ ἐγκυρίων of M Terentius Varro, cited by the grammarian Nonius Marcellus (*De Comp Doct*, II 135, lines 19-23) *Sigilla* is a variant of the word in the text, *laculla*, a diminutive of *lacuna*, signifying a dimple in the chin *Lacillum* is not to be found in Facciolati (*Vide Riese, Varro Satum Menipp Rel*, 1865, p 164)]

## 13

Oh, thou Parnassus !

Stanza LV line 1

These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακούρα (Liakura), Dec [16], 1809

## 14

Fair is proud Seville let her country boast  
 Her strength her wealth her site of ancient days  
Stanza lxx lines 1 and 2

Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans

## 15

Ask ye Bæotian Shades ! the reason why ?  
Stanza lxx line 5

This was written at Thebes and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question not as the birthplace of Pindar but as the capital of Bæotia where the first riddle was propounded and solved

[Byron reached Thebes December 27 1809 By the first riddle he means of course the famous enigma of Œdipus—the prototype of Bæotian wit]

## 16

Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings  
Stanza lxxxii line 9

Medio de fonte leporum  
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipseis floribus angat  
Lucr iv 1133

## 17

A Traitor only fell beneath the feud  
Stanza lxxxv line 7

Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano the governor of Cadiz in May 1808

[The Marquis of Solano commander in chief of the forces at Cadiz was murdered by the populace The Supreme Junta of Seville had directed him to attack the French fleet anchored off Cadiz and Admiral Purvis acting in concert with General Spencer had offered to co operate but Solano was unwilling to take his orders from a self constituted authority and hesitated to commit his country in war with a power whose strength he knew better than the temper of his countrymen His abilities courage and unblemished character have never been denied —Napier's *War in the Peninsula* i. o. 21]

## 18

"War even to the knife"'

Stanza XXXVI line 9

"War to the knife" Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza

[Towards the close of the first siege of Zaragoza, August 5, 1808, Marshal Lefebvre (1755-1820), under the impression that the city had fallen into his hands, "required Palafox to surrender in these words 'Quartel-general, Santa Engracia La Capitulation'" ['Head-quarters, St Engracia Capitulation'] The reply was, 'Quartel-general, Zaragoza Guerra al cuchillo' ['Head-quarters, Zaragoza War at the knife's point']" Subsequently, December, 1808, when Monecy (1754-1842) again called upon him to surrender, he appealed to the people of Madrid "The dogs," he said, "by whom he was beset scarcely left him time to clean his sword from their blood, but they still found their grave at Zaragoza" Southey notes that "all Palafox's proclamations had the high tone and something of the inflection of Spanish romance, suiting the character of those to whom it was directed" (*Peninsular War*, II 25, III 152, *Narrative of the Siege*, by C R Vaughan, 1809, pp 22, 23) Napier, whose account of the first siege of Zaragoza is based on Caballero's *Victories et Conquêtes des Français*, and on the *Journal of Lefebvre's Operations* (MSS), does not record these romantic incidents He attributes the raising of the siege to the "bad discipline of the French, and the system of terror established by the Spanish leaders" The inspirers and proclaimers of "war even to the knife" were, he maintains, Tío or Goodman Jorge (Jorge Iboit) and Tío Murin, and not Palafox, who was ignorant of war, and who, on more than one occasion was careful to provide for his own safety (*History of the War in the Peninsula*, I 41-46)]

## 19

And thou, my friend! etc

Stanza XCI line 1

The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811) I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine In the short space of one month I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made

that being tolerable To me the lines of Young are no fiction—

Insatiate archer I could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice and thrice my peace was slain

And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn

*Night Thoughts The Complaint Night 1*

(London 18, p. 3)

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews Fellow of Downing College Cambridge were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind shown in the attainment of greater honours against the ablest candidates than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was required while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority. [To an objection made by Dallas to this note Byron replied "I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pygmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better he was the earliest and the dearest and one of the few one could never repent of having loved but in ability—ah! you did not know Matthews!"—*Letters* 1898 ii 8. [For Charles Skinner Matthews and the Honourable John Wingfield see *Letters* 1898 i 150 note, 180 note. See too *Childish Recollections Poems* 1898 i 96 note.]





# CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE



## CANTO THE SECOND

CHIMDI HAROLD

Canto 2

Byron    Journeying in Albania

Begun Oct 31 1809

Concluded Canto 2    Smyrna

March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1810        [ 175 D ]

## CANTO THE SECOND



1<sup>1</sup>

COME blue eyed Maid of Heaven !—but Thou alas !  
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—

1 [Stanzas 1–xv form a kind of dramatic prologue to the Second Canto of the *Pilgrimage*. The general meaning is clear enough but the unities are disregarded. The scene shifts more than once, and there is a moral within a moral. The poet begins by invoking Athena (Byron wrote Athenæ) to look down on the ruins of her holy and beautiful bouse and bewails her unreturning heroes of the sword and pen. He then summons an Oriental a Son of the Morning Moslem or light Greek possibly a *Cinis veneticus* the discoverer or vendor of a sepulchral urn and with an adjuration to spare the sacred relic points to the Acropolis, the cemetery of dead divinities and then once more to the urn at his feet. Vanity of vanities—all is vanity! Gods and men may come and go but Death goes on for ever. The scene changes, and he feigns to be present at the rifling of a barrow the tomb of the Athenian heroes on the plain of Marathon or one of the lonely tumuli on Sigeum and Rhœteum the great and goodly tombs of Achilles and Patroclus ( they twain in one golden urn ) of Antilochus and of Telamonian Ajax. Marathon he had already visited and marked the perpendicular cut which at Fauvel's instigation had been recently driven into the large barrow and he had perhaps read of the real or pretended excavation by Signor Ghormezano (1787) of a tumulus at the Sigean promontory. The mind's eye which had conjured up the shattered heaps images a skull of one who kept the world in awe and after moralizing in Hamlet's vein on

Goddess of Wisdom ' here thy temple was  
 And is, despite of War and wasting fire,<sup>1</sup>  
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire  
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow<sup>2</sup>  
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion due  
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts  
 bestow

## II

Ancient of days ' august Athena ' where,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that  
 were "  
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
 They won, and passed away is this the whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ancient of days ' august Athena ' where* —[MS D ]

<sup>2</sup> *Gone—mingled with the waste* —[MS erased ]

the humorous catastrophe of decay, the poet concludes with the Preacher "that there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave" After this profession of unfaith, before he returns to Harold and his pilgrimage, he takes up his parable and curses Elgin and all his works

The passage as a whole suggests the essential difference between painting and poetry As a composition, it recalls the frontispiece of a seventeenth-century classic The pictured scene, with its superfluity of accessories, is grotesque enough, but the poetic scenery, inconsequent and yet vivid as a dream, awakens, and fulfills the imagination (*Travels in Albania*, by Lord Broughton, 1858, i 380, ii 128, 129, 138, *The Odyssey*, xiv 74, sq See, too, Byron's letters to his mother, April 17, and to H Drury, May 3, 1810 *Letters* 1898, i 262 )]

The Warrior's weapon and the Sophist's stole<sup>1</sup>  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower  
 Dim with the mist of years gray sits the shade of  
 power<sup>2</sup>

## III

Son of the Morning rise ! approach you here  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless Urn  
 Look on this spot—a Nation's sepulchre !  
 Abode of Gods whose shrines no longer burn  
 Even Gods must yield—Religions take their turn  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other Creeds  
 Will rise with other years till Man shall learn  
 Vainly his incense soars his victim bleeds  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death whose hope is built on  
 reeds<sup>3</sup>

## IV

Bound to the Earth he lifts his eye to Heaven —  
 Is t not enough Unhappy Thing ! to know  
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given  
 That being thou wouldst be again and go

i ——— *gray sits the Ghost of Power* —[MS D erased]

ii ——— *whose altars cease to burn* —[D]

iii ——— *whose Fust is built on reeds* —[MS D erased]

i [ Stole apart from its restricted use as an ecclesiastical vestment is used by Spenser and other poets as an equivalent for any long and loosely flowing robe but is perhaps inaccurately applied to the short cloak (*tribon*) the habit of Socrates when he lived and after his death the distinctive dress of the cynics ]

Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so <sup>1</sup>  
 On Earth no more, but mingled with the skies?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future Joy and Woe?<sup>1</sup>  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies  
 That little urn saith more than thousand Homilies

## V.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound,  
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps <sup>3</sup>"  
 He fell, and falling nations mourned around,  
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
 Nor waillike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell <sup>11</sup> <sup>2</sup>  
 Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps  
 Is that a Temple where a God may dwell?  
 Why ev'n the Worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

## VI

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul

<sup>1</sup> *Still wilt thou harp* —[*MS D erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *Though 'twas a God, as graver records tell* —[*MS erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, act iii  
 sc 1, lines 5-7—

"Reason thus with life  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep"]

<sup>2</sup> [The demigods Erechtheus and Theseus "appeared" at Marathon, and fought side by side with Miltiades (Grote's *History of Greece*, iv 284)]

Behold through each lack lustre eyeless hole  
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit<sup>1</sup>  
 And Passion's host that never brooked control  
 Can all Saint Sage or Sophist ever writ  
 People this lonely tower this tenement refit?

## VII

Well didst thou speak Athena's wisest son!<sup>2</sup>  
 All that we know is nothing can be known  
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?<sup>3</sup>  
 Each hath its pang but feeble sufferers groan  
 With brain born dreams of Evil all their own  
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best  
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron  
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest  
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome Rest

VIII<sup>3</sup>

Yet if as holiest men have deemed there be<sup>1</sup>  
 A land of Souls beyond that sable shore

<sup>1</sup> *Frown not upon me churlish Priest! that I  
 Look not for Life where life may never be*

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Shakespeare *Hamlet* act v sc i *passim*]

<sup>2</sup> [Socrates affirmed that true self knowledge was to know that we know nothing and in his own case he denied any other knowledge but this confession of ignorance was certainly not meant to be a sceptical denial of all knowledge]

The idea of knowledge was to him a boundless field in the face of which he could not but be ignorant (*Socrates and the Socratic Schools* by Dr E. Zeller London 1868 p 10)

<sup>3</sup> [Stanzas viii and ix are not in the MS]

The expunged lines (see *var* i) carried the Lucretian



To shame the Doctrine of the Sadducee  
 And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,  
 How sweet it were in concert to adore  
 With those who made our mortal labours light!  
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!  
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,  
 The Bactrian, Sumian sage, and all who taught the  
 Right!

1. 1

There, Thou!—whose Love and Life together fled,  
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—

*I am no sweeter at thy phantasy,  
 Thou fittest me, alas! I envy thee,  
 Thou bold Discoverer in an unknown spot  
 Of happy Isles and happier Temples there,*

tenets of the preceding stanza to their logical conclusion. The end is silence, not a reunion with superior souls. But Dallas objected, and it may well be that, in the presence of death, Byron could not "guard his unbelief," or refrain from a renewed questioning of the "Grand Perhaps." Stanza for stanza, the new version is an improvement on the original (See *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 169. See, too, letters to Hodgson, September 3 and September 13, 1811. *Letters*, 1898, II 18, 34.)

1 [Byron forwarded this stanza in a letter to Dallas, dated October 14, 1811, and was careful to add, "I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any male friend" (*Letters*, 1898, II 57). The reference is not to Edleston, as Dallas might have guessed, and as Wright (see *Poetical Works*, 1891, p. 17) believed. Again, in a letter to Dallas, dated October 31, 1811 (*ibid.*, II 65), he sends "a few stanzas," presumably the lines "To Thyrsa," which are dated October 11, 1811, and says that "they refer to the death of one to whose name you are a stranger, and, consequently, cannot be interested (*sic*). They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in Canto 2nd, and at

Twined with my heart and can I deem thee dead  
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?  
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again  
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast  
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain  
 Be as it may Futurity's behest<sup>1</sup>  
 For me twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest<sup>1</sup>

\

Here let me sit upon this massy stone  
 The marble column's yet unshaken base  
 Here son of Saturn<sup>1</sup> was thy favourite throne<sup>4</sup>  
 Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace  
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling place  
 It may not be nor ev'n can Fancy's eye

*I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee*

*Still dream of Paradise thou know'st not here\**

*What if thy Sin will never let thee share†—[MS D erased]*

*1 What'er beside } Futurity's behest  
 How'er may le }*

*Or eeing thee no more to sink in sullen rest —[MS D]*

*Put look upon a scene that once was fair —[Erased]*

*Z on holy hill bid thou wouldst fancy fair —[Erased]*

*† I those which tho del of list to rear & suffer a —[Erased]*

*Yt loves too well to bid thine erring brother share —[D erased]*

the conclusion of the poem. It follows from this second statement that we have Byron's authority for connecting stanza ix with stanzas xcv xcv and inferentially his authority for connecting stanzas ix xcv xcv with the group of Thyrsa poems. And there our knowledge ends. We must leave the mystery where Byron willed that it should be left. All that we know is nothing can be known.]

<sup>1</sup> The Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection — [MS D]

<sup>2</sup> [See letter to Dallas October 14 1811]

Restore what Time hath laboured to deface  
 Yet these proud Pillars claim no passing sigh,  
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

## XI

But who, of all the plunderers of yon Fane<sup>1</sup>  
 On high—where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee  
 The latest relic of her ancient reign—  
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?<sup>2</sup>  
 Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
 England! I joy no child he was of thine  
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free.  
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,  
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine<sup>3</sup>

## XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>  
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The last, the worst dull Robber, who rics let  
 Blush Scotland such a slave thy son could be—  
 England! I joy no child he was of thine  
 Thy freeborn men revere what once was free,  
 Nor tear the Sculpture from its saddening shrine,  
 Nor bear the spoil away athwart the weeping Brine*—[MS. D. erased]

<sup>11</sup> *This be the wittol Picts ignoble boast*—[MS. D.]  
*To rive what Goth and Tur, and Time hath spared  
 Cold and accursed as his native coast*—[MS. D. erased]

<sup>1</sup> [For note on the "Elgin Marbles," see *Introduction to the Cui se of Minerva Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 453-456]

<sup>2</sup> ["On the plaster wall of the Chapel of Pandrosos adjoining the Erechtheum, these words have been very deeply cut—

'Quod non fecerunt Goti,  
 Hoc fecerunt Scoti'"]

(*Travels in Albania*, 1858, 1 299) M Darmesteter quotes the original "mot sur les Barberini" ("Quod non fecere

Cold as the crags upon his native coast  
 His mind as barren and his heart as hard  
 Is he whose head conceived whose hand prepared  
 Aught to displace Athenæ's poor remains  
 Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard  
 Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains?  
 And never knew till then the weight of Despot's chains

## XIII

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue<sup>1</sup>  
 Albion was happy in Athenæ's tears?

- 1 *What! shall it e'er be said by Brit sh tongue  
 Albion was happy while Athenæ mourned?  
 Though in thy name the slave her bosom wrung  
 Albion! I would not see thee thus adored  
 With gains thy generous spirit should have scorned  
 From Man and nourished by some monstrous sin  
 Like Attila the Hun was surely horned<sup>1</sup>  
 Who wrought the ravage amid works divine  
 Oh that Minerva's once lent its keen aid to mine —[MS D erased]*

*What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue  
 Albion was happy in Athenæ's tears?  
 Though in thy name the slave her bosom wrung  
 Let it not vibrate in pale Europe's ears  
 The Savour Queen the free Britan's a wears  
 The last poor blunder of a bleed no land  
 That she whose venerous adler name endear  
 Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand  
 Which Erous Eld forbore and Tyrants left to stand —[MS D ]†*

Lines 5-9 in the Dallas transcript are in Byron's handwriting

† *Welch centuries forgot — —[D erased]*

Barbari Fecere Barberum ) It may be added that Scotch  
 men are named among the volunteers who joined the Hano-  
 verian mercenaries in the Venetian invasion of Greece in  
 1686 (See *The Curse of Minerva Poetical Works* 1898  
 1 463 note 1 Finlay's *Hist of Greece* v 189)]

1 Attila was horned if we may trust contemporary legends  
 and the etchings of his visage in Lavater —[MS]

Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,  
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears.  
 The Ocean Queen, the free Britannia, bears  
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land  
 Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,  
 Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,  
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand<sup>1</sup>

1 After stanza viii the MS inserts the two following stanzas

*Come then, ye class of Tiber's of eel descent,  
 Dark Hamilton<sup>1</sup> and sister Abbe den,  
 Come justify all the Pilgrims' losses,  
 All that yet consecrates the fair scene.  
 Ah! better were it ye had seen, I say,  
 Not ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser set  
 The victim sad of vase collection's spleen  
 House-furnishers with all the fustian of their  
 Than ye should bear one stone from every Athenian's site*

1 [William Richard Hamilton (1777-1859) was the son of Anthony Hamilton, Archdeacon of Colchester, etc., and grandson of Richard Terrick, Bishop of London. In 1799, when Lord Elgin was appointed Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Hamilton accompanied him as private secretary. After the battle of Ramassieh (Alexandria, March 20, 1801), and the subsequent evacuation of Egypt by the French (August 30, 1801), Hamilton, who had been sent on a diplomatic mission, was successful in recapturing the Rosetta Stone, which, in violation of a specified agreement, had been placed on board a French man-of-war. He was afterwards employed by Elgin as agent plenipotentiary in the purchase, removal, and deportation of marbles. He held office (1809-22) as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and as Minister at the Court of Naples (1822-25). From 1838 to 1858 he was a Trustee of the British Museum. He published, in 1809, *Ægyptiaca, or Some Account of the Ancient and Modern State of Egypt*, and, in 1811, his *Memoirandum on the Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece*. (For Hamilton, see *English Bards*, etc., line 509 *Poetical Works*, 1898, i 336, note 2)]

2 Thomas Hope, Esq., if I mistake not, the man who publishes quartos on furniture and costume

[Thomas Hope (1770-1831) (see *Hints from Horace*,

## XIV

Where was thine Ægis Pallas ! that appalled<sup>1</sup>  
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?<sup>88</sup>  
 Where Peleus son ? whom Hell in vain enthralled  
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day  
 Bursting to light in terrible array<sup>1</sup>  
 What<sup>1</sup> could not Pluto spare the Chief once more  
 To scare a second robber from his prey ?  
 Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore  
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before

## XV

Cold is the heart fair Greece<sup>1</sup> that looks on Ihecu  
 Nor feels as Lovers o'er the dust they loved

*O will the gentle Dilettanti crew  
 Now delegate the task to diggins Gell  
 That may by tinner of a bird's eye view  
 How like to Nature let his volumes tell  
 Who can with him the folios limit & cell  
 Wit! all t! Author saw or said he saw  
 Who can topograpsize or delve so well<sup>1</sup>  
 No boaster he nor impudent and raw  
 His pencil pen and spade alike without a flaw — [D e as d ]  
 1 Where was thine Ægis Goddess — — [MS D erased]*

line 7 *Poetical Works* 1898 i 390 note 1) published in 1805 a folio volume entitled *Household Furniture and Internal Decoration*. It was severely handled in the *Edinburgh Review* (No 22) for July 1807.]

1 It is rumoured Gell is coming out to dig in Olympia I wish him more success than he had at Athens. According to Lusieri's account he began digging most furiously without a firmann but before the resurrection of a single sauce pan the Painter countermined and the Way wode countermanded and sent him back to bookmaking — [MS D]

[See *English Bards etc* lines 1033 1034 *Poetical Works* 1898 i 379 note 1]

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed  
 By British hands, which it had best behove<sup>d</sup>  
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.—  
 Curs'd be the hour when from their side they roved,  
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
 And snatched thy shrinking Gods to Northern climes  
 abhorred!<sup>1</sup>

## XVI

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
 To urge the gloomy Wanderer o'er the wave?  
 Little recked he of all that Men regret,  
 No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave,<sup>2</sup>  
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
 Ere the cold Stranger pass'd to other climes  
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave  
 But Harold felt not as in other times,  
 And left without a sigh the land of War and Crimes

## XVII

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea  
 Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight,

<sup>1</sup> *which it had well behove'd*—[MS. D.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Athenians believed, or feigned to believe, that the marbles themselves shrieked out in shame and agony at their removal from their ancient shrines.]

<sup>2</sup> [Byron is speaking of his departure from Spain, but he is thinking of his departure from Malta, and his half-hearted amour with Mrs Spencer Smith.]

When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be  
 The white sail set the gallant Frigate tight—  
 Masts spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
 The glorious Main expanding o'er the bow  
 The Convoy spread like wild swans in their flight  
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now—  
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow

## XVIII

And oh the little warlike world within !  
 The well reeved guns the netted canopy <sup>a</sup>  
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din  
 When at a word the tops are manned on high  
 Hark to the Boatswain's call the cheering cry !  
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides  
 Or schoolboy Midshipman that standing by  
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides  
 And well the docile crew that skilful Urchin guides <sup>b</sup>

## XIX

White is the glassy deck without a stain  
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks  
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain <sup>a</sup>  
 For the lone Chieftain who majestic stalks  
 Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks  
 With aught beneath him if he would preserve

<sup>a</sup> ——— that is the Urchin guide —[ MS ]

<sup>b</sup> Save on that part — —[ MS & as d ]



That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
 Conquest and Fame but Britons rarely swerve  
 From law, however stern, which tends their strength to  
 nerve !

## XX

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale !  
 Till the broad Sun withdraws his lessening ray  
 Then must the Pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way !  
 Ah ! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze !  
 What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,  
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
 The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like  
 these !

## XXI

The Moon is up, by Heaven, a lovely eve !  
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand,  
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe "  
 Such be our fate when we return to land !

<sup>1</sup> *From Discipline's stern law* —[MS]  
*keen law* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *their melting souls believe* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> An additional "misery to human life!"—lying-to at sunset for a large convoy, till the sternmost pass ahead. Mem. fine frigate, fair wind likely to change before morning, but enough at present for ten knots!—[MS D]

Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand<sup>1</sup>  
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love  
 A circle there of merry listeners stand  
 Or to some well known measure featly move  
 Thoughtless as if on shore they still were free to rove

## XXII

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore  
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze !<sup>1</sup>  
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze  
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays !<sup>2</sup>  
 Disclosing rock and slope and forest brown<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Meantime some rude musician's restless hand  
 Plays the brisk instrument that sailors love* — [MS *D* erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Through well known straits behold the steepy shore* —  
 [MS *erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Coleridge's reflections in his diary for April 19 1804 on entering the Straits of Gibraltar. When I first sat down, with Europe on my left and Africa on my right both distinctly visible I felt a quickening of the movements in the blood but still felt it as a pleasure of amusement rather than of thought and elevation and at the same time and gradually winning on the other the nameless silent forms of nature were working in me like a tender thought in a man who is hailed merrily by some acquaintance in his work and answers it in the same tone (*Anima Poetae* 1895 pp 70 71)]

<sup>2</sup> [The moon is in the southern sky as the vessel passes through the Straits consequently the coast of Spain is in light that of Africa in shadow (*Childe Harold* edited by H F Tozer 1885 p 23-)]

<sup>3</sup> [Campbell in *Gertrude of Wyoming* Canto I stanza 11 line 6 speaks of forests brown but as Mr Tozer points out brown is Byron's usual epithet for landscape seen in moonlight (Compare Canto II stanza lxx line 3 *Paisina* 1 10 and *Siege of Corinth*, 11 1)]

Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase,  
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down

## XXIII

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
 We once have loved, though Love is at an end  
 The Heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,<sup>i</sup>  
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend  
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?  
 Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
 Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a  
 boy ? "

## XXIV

Thus bending o'er the vessel's lav'ing side  
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,<sup>ii</sup>  
 The Soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,<sup>iii</sup>  
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year ,

i *Bleeds the lone heart, once boundless in its zeal —[D ]*  
*And friendless now, yet dreams it had a friend —[MS ]*  
 or, *Far from affection's chilled or changing zeal —[MS ]*  
*Divided far by fortune, wave or steel*  
*Though friendless now we once have had a friend —*

[MS D erased ]

ii *Ah ! happy years ! I would I were once more a boy —[MS ]*

iii *To gaze on Dian's wave reflected sphere —[MS D ]*

iv *her dreams of hope and pride —[MS D erased ]*

None are so desolate but something dear<sup>1</sup>  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed  
 A thought and claims the homage of a tear  
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
 Would still albeit in vain the heavy heart divest

XXV<sup>1</sup> 1

To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell—  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene

1 *None are so wretched<sup>2</sup> but that — — [MS D]*

2 *T t b [tres tres bien] but why insert here — [MS pencil]*

1 [In this stanza M Darmesteter detects "l'accent Wordsworthien prior to any doses" as prescribed by Shelley and quotes as a possible model the following lines from Beattie's *Minstrel* —

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb  
 When all in mist the world below was lost  
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime  
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast  
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour tost  
 In billows lengthening to th' horizon round  
 Now scoop'd in gulfs with mountains now emboss'd<sup>1</sup>  
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound  
 Flocks herds and waterfalls along the hoar profound

In felicity of expression the copy if it be a copy surpasses the original but in the scope and originality of the image it is vastly inferior Nor are these lines with the possible exception of line 3—

"Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell"

at all Wordsworthian They fail in that imaginative precision which the Lake poets regarded as essential and they lack the glamour and passion without which their canons of art would have profited nothing Six years later when Byron came within sound of Wordsworth's voice he struck a new chord—a response not an echo Here the motive is rhetorical, not immediately poetical]

Desolate — [MS pencil]

Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold,  
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,<sup>1</sup>  
 This is not Solitude—'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores  
 unrolled

## XXVI

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the World's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,  
 Minions of Splendour shrinking from distress!<sup>1</sup>  
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
 Of all that flattered—followed—sought, and sued,  
 'This is to be alone    This, This is Solitude!<sup>1</sup>"

XXVII<sup>2</sup>

More blest the life of godly Eremite,  
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,

<sup>1</sup>        *and foaming falls to lean* —[MS D *erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *This is to live alone—This, This is solitude* —[MS D]

<sup>1</sup> [There are none to bless us, for when we are in distress the great, the rich, the gay, shrink from us, and when we are popular and prosperous those who court us care nothing for us apart from our success. Neither do they *bless* us, or we them.]

<sup>2</sup> [The MS. of stanza XXVII, is on the fly-leaf of a bound

Watching at eve upon the Giant Height  
 Which looks o'er waves so blue skies so serene  
 That he who there at such an hour hath been  
 Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot  
 Then slowly tear him from the witching scene  
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot  
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot

## XXVIII

Pass we the long unvarying course the track  
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind,  
 Pass we the calm—the gale—the change—the tack  
 And each well known caprice of wave and wind  
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find  
 Cooped in their winged sea girt citadel

volume of proof sheets entitled *Additions to Childe Harold* It was first published in the seventh edition 1814.]

It may be taken for granted that Byron had seen what he describes There is however no record of any visit to Mount Athos either in his letters from the East or in Hobhouse's journals

The actual mount the giant height [6350 feet] rears itself in solitary magnificence an insulated cone of white limestone When it is seen from a distance the peninsula [of which the southern portion rises to a height of 1000 feet] is below the horizon and the peak rises quite solitary from the sea Of this effect Byron may have had actual experience but Hobhouse in describing the prospect from Cape Janissary is careful to record that Athos itself is said to be sometimes visible in the utmost distance (circ 90 miles) but it was not discernible during our stay on the spot (Murray's *Handbook for Greece* p 843 *Childe Harold* edited by H F Fozer p 233 *Travels in Albania* 1858 ii 103 Compare too the fragment entitled the *Monk of Athos* first published in the Hon Roden Noel's *Life of Lord Byron* 1890)]

The foul the fair the contrary—the kind  
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
 Till on some jocund morn lo, Land ! and All is well !

## XXX

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,<sup>1</sup> n  
 The sister tenants of the middle deep,  
 There for the weary still a Haven smiles,  
 Though the fair Goddess long hath ceased to weep,  
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride  
 Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap  
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide  
 While thus of both bereft, the Nymph Queen doubly  
 sighed <sup>1</sup>

## XXX

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone  
 But trust not this, too easy Youth, beware !  
 A mortal Sovereign holds her dangerous throne,  
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there  
 Sweet Florence ! <sup>2</sup> could another ever share  
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine

1 ["Le sage Mentor, poussant Télémaque, qui était assis sur le bord du rocher, le précipite dans le mer et s'y jette avec lui Calypso inconsolable, rentra dans sa grotte, qu'elle remplit de ses huilements"—Fénelon's *Télémaque*, vi, Paris, 1837, iii 43.]

2 [For Mrs Spencer Smith, see *Letters*, 1898, i 244, 245, note Moore (*Life*, pp 94, 95) contrasts stanzas xxx-xxxv, with their parade of secret indifference and plea of "a

But checked by every tie I may not dare  
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine  
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for *mine*

## XXXI

Thus Harold deemed as on that Lady's eye  
 He looked and met its beam without a thought  
 Save Admiration glancing harmless by  
 Love kept aloof albeit not far remote  
 Who knew his Votary often lost and caught  
 But knew him as his Worshipper no more  
 And ne'er again the Boy his bosom sought  
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore  
 Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o'er

## XXXII

Fair Florence found in sooth with some amaze  
 One who, 'twas said still sighed to all he saw  
 Withstand unmoved the lustre of her gaze  
 Which others hailed with real or mimic awe  
 Their hope their doom, their punishment their law  
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims

loveless heart with the tenderness and warmth of his after thoughts in Albania ( Lines composed during a Thunder Storm etc ) and decides the coldness was real the sentiment assumed He forgets the flight of time The lines were written in October 1809 within a month of his departure from Calypso's isles and the *Childe Harold* stanzas belong to the early spring of 1810 *Ou sont les neiges d'antan ?* Moreover he speaks by the card Writing at Athens January 16 1810 he tells us "The spell is broke the charm is flown"]



And much she marvelled that a youth so raw  
 Not felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,  
 Which though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger  
 dames

## XXXIII

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
 Now masked in silence or withheld by Pride,  
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,  
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide,<sup>1</sup>  
 Not from the base pursuit had turned aside,  
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue  
 But Harold on such arts no more relied,  
 And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew

## XXXIV

Not much he kens, I ween, of Woman's breast,  
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs,

<sup>1</sup> [More than one commentator gravely "sets against" this line—Byron's statement to Dallas (*Confessions of Lord Byron*, Paris, 1824, iii 91), "I am not a Joseph or a Scipio, but I can safely affirm that never in my life I seduced any woman." Compare *Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi*, 1890, ii 12, "Never have I employed the iniquitous art of seduction. Languishing in soft and thrilling sentiments, I demanded from a woman a sympathy and inclination of like nature with my own. If she fell, I should have remembered how she made for me the greatest of all sacrifices. I should have worshipped her like a deity. I could have spent my life's blood in consoling her, and without swearing eternal constancy, I should have been most stable on my side in loving such a mistress"]

What careth she for hearts when once possessed ?  
 Do proper homage to thine Idol's eyes  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit though told in moving tropes  
 Disguise ev'n tenderness if thou art wise  
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes<sup>1</sup>  
 Pique her and soothe in turn—soon Passion crowns thy  
       hopes

## XXXV

'Tis an old lesson—Time approves it true  
 And those who know it best deplore it most  
 When all is won that all desire to woo  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost  
 Youth wasted—Minds degraded—Honour lost—<sup>1</sup>  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion ! these !<sup>1</sup>  
 If kindly cruel early Hope is crost  
 Still to the last it rankles a disease  
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please

## XXXVI

Away ! not let me loiter in my song  
 For we have many a mountain path to tread

<sup>1</sup> *Brisk Impudence* — —[ *MS* ]

<sup>11</sup> *Youth wasted w etches born* — —[ *MS erased* ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Lucretius ii. 11. 1-4—

Adde quod absumunt vitis pereuntque labore

Labitur interea res et Babylonica fiunt

Languent officia atque ægrotat fuma vacillans ]

And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head<sup>i</sup>  
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought,<sup>ii</sup>  
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,<sup>1</sup>  
 To teach Man what he might be, or he ought  
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught

XXXVII

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still<sup>i</sup>  
 Though always changing, in her aspect mild,  
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
 Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child<sup>iii</sup>  
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
 Where nothing polished dares pollute her path  
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
 Though I have marked her when none other hath,  
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in  
 wraith<sup>2</sup>

<sup>i</sup> *Climes strange withal as ever mortal head* —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> *Suspected in its little pride of tho ight* —[MS erased]

<sup>iii</sup> *Her not unconscious though her weakly child*  
 or, *her ndest child* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> ["Were counselled or advised" The passive "were ared" seems to lack authority (See *N Eng Dict*, art "Aread")]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare the description of the thunderstorm in the Alps (Canto III stanzas xcii–xcvi, pp 273–275), and *Manfred*, act ii sc 2—

"My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
 The difficult air of the iced mountain-top—

In them my early strength exulted, or

## XXXVIII

Land of Albania<sup>1</sup> where Iskander rose<sup>1</sup>

Theme of the young and beacon of the wise

To follow through the night the moving moon  
The stars and their development or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim

Beattie, who describes the experiences of his own boyhood in the person of Edwin in *The Minstrel* had already made a like protestation—

In sooth he was a strange and wayward youth  
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene  
In darkness and in storm he found delight  
Not less than when on ocean wave serene  
The Southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen  
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul

Keble White too who was almost Byron's contemporary and whose verses he professed to admire—

Would run a visionary boy  
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky

This love of Nature in her wilder aspects which was perfectly genuine and indeed meritorious was felt to be out of the common a note of the poetic temperament worth recording but unlikely to pass without questioning and remonstrance]

1 [Alexander's mother Olympias was an Epirote She had a place in the original draft of Tennyson's *Palace of Art* (*Life of Lord Tennyson* i 119)—

One was Olympias the floating snake  
Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist  
Knotted etc

Plutarch (*Vita* ΛΙΠΣΙΧ 1814 vi 170) is responsible for the legend *ἡ φθὴ δὲ πο καὶ ἀράων μωμένης τῆς Ὀλμπίδου* πρὸ ταμὸς τῶν σωμάτων Now one day when Olympias lay abed beside her body a dragon was espied stretched out at full length (Compare too Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* stanza 11)]

[Mr Tozer (*Childe Harold* p 236) takes this line to mean whom the young love to talk of and the wise to follow as an example and points to Alexander's foresight as a conqueror and the extension of commerce and civilization which followed his victories But surely the antithesis

And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise  
 Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes " !  
 On thee, thou rugged Nurse of savage men !  
 The Cross descends, thy Minarets arise,  
 And the pale Crescent sparkles in the glen,  
 'Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.



Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave, " !

lies between Alexander the ideal of the young, and Alexander the deterrent example of the old. The phrase, "beacon of the wise," if Hector in *Troilus and Cressida* (act II sc 2, line 16) is an authority, is proverbial

" The wound of peace is surety,  
 Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd  
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
 To the bottom of the worst "

The beauty, the brilliance, the glory of Alexander kindle the enthusiasm of the young, but the murder of Clytus and the early death which he brought upon himself are held up by the wise as beacon-lights to save others from shipwreck ]

1 [Byron and Hobhouse sailed for Malta in the brig-of-war *Spidee* on Tuesday, September 19, 1809 (Byron, in a letter to his mother, November 12, says September 21), and anchored off Patras on the night of Sunday, the 21<sup>st</sup>. On Tuesday, the 26<sup>th</sup>, they were under way at 12 noon, and on the evening of that day they saw the sun set over Mesalonghi. The next morning, September 27, they were in the channel between Ithaca and the mainland, with Ithaca, then in the hands of the French, to the left. "We were close to it," says Hobhouse, "and saw a few shrubs on a brown heathy land, two little towns in the hills scattered among trees"

The travellers made "but little progress this day," and, apparently, having redoubled Cape St. Andreas, the southern

And onward viewed the mount not yet forgot  
 The Lover's refuge and the Lesbian's grave  
 Dark Sappho I could not Verse immortal save  
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
 If life eternal may await the lyre  
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire<sup>1</sup>

## XI

Thus on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
 Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar

extremity of Ithaca they sailed (September 8) through the channel between Ithaca and Cephalonia passed the hill of Ætos on which stood the so called "Castle of Ulysses" whence Penelope may have overlooked the wave and caught sight of the Lover's refuge in the distance Towards the close of the same day they doubled Cape Ducto (Leucadia's cape the scene of Sappho's leap) and sailing under the ancient mount the site of the Temple of Apollo anchored off Prevesa at seven in the evening Poetry and prose are not always in accord If as Byron says it was an autumn's eve when they hailed Leucadia's cape afar if the evening star shone over the rock when they approached it they must have sailed fast to reach Prevesa some thirty miles to the north by seven o'clock But *de minimis* the Muse is as disregardsful as the Law And perhaps after all it was Hobhouse who misread his log book (*Travels in Albania* i 45 Murray's *Handbook for Greece* pp 40 46))

1 [The meaning of this passage is not quite so obvious as it seems He has in his mind the words He saved others Himself He cannot save and applying this to Sappho asks Why did she who conferred immortality on herself by her verse prove herself mortal? Without Fame and without verse the cause and keeper of Fame there is no heaven no immortality for the sons of men But what security is there for the eternity of verse and Fame? *Quis custodiet custodes?* ]

A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave  
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,  
 Actum—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar, "1  
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight  
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star) 1  
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial  
 wight 1

## XII

But when he saw the Evening star above  
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
 And hailed the last resort of fruitless love, "1  
 He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow  
 And as the stately vessel glided slow 2  
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
 He watched the billows' melancholy flow,  
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,"  
 More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front

## XLII

Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills,  
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak, 3

1 *and looked askance on Mars* —[MS erased]

11 *And roused him more from thought than he was wont*  
*While Pleasure almost seemed to smooth his pallid front* —[MS D]  
*While Pleasure almost smiled along* —[MS erased]

1 [For Byron's "star" similes, see Canto III stanza lxxxviii line 9]

2 [Compare the line in Tennyson's song, *Break, break, break*, "And the stately ships go on"]

3 [By "Suli's rocks" Byron means the mountainous

Robed half in mist bedewed with snowy rills  
 Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak  
 Arise and as the clouds along them break  
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer  
 Here roams the wolf—the eagle whets his beak—  
 Birds—beasts of prey—and wilder men appear  
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year

## XLIII

Now Harold felt himself at length alone  
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu  
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown<sup>1</sup>  
 Which all admire but many dread to view  
 His breast was armed gainst fate his wants were few  
 Peril he sought not but ne'er shrank to meet  
 The scene was savage but the scene was new  
*This* made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet  
 Beat back keen Winter's blast and welcomed Summer's  
 heat

## XLIV

Here the red Cross for still the Cross is here  
 Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised

district in the south of the Epirus The district of Suli formed  
 itself into a small republic at the close of the last century  
 and offered a formidable resistance to Ali Pacha Pindus  
 inland peak Monte Metsovo which forms part of the ridge  
 which divides Epirus from Thessaly is not visible from the  
 sea coast ]

1 [ Shore unknown (See Byron's note to stanza xxxviii  
 line 5 ) ]



Forgets that Pride to pumpeered priesthood dear,  
 Churchman and Volary alike despised.  
 Foul Superstition ! howso'er disguised,  
 Idol—Saint—Virgin—Prophet—Crescent—Cross—  
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
 Thou sacerdotal gam, but general loss !  
 Who from true Worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

## XIV

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
 A world for Woman, lovely, harmless thing !<sup>1</sup>  
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian King  
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring  
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose !<sup>2</sup>  
 Now, like the hands that reared them, withering  
 Imperial Anarchs, doubling human woes !<sup>3</sup>  
 God ! was thy globe ordained for such to win and  
 lose ?

<sup>1</sup> lovely harmful thing —[MS *ferci*]

<sup>2</sup> Imperial wretches, doubling human woes !  
 God ! was thy globe etc made —[MS *erase*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Byron's *Stanzas written on passing the Arabian Gulf*]

<sup>2</sup> [Nicopolis, "the city of victory," which Augustus, "the second Cæsar," built to commemorate Actium, is some five miles to the north of Prevesa. Byron and Hobhouse visited the ruins on the 30th of September, and again on the 12th of November (see Byron's letter to Mrs Byron, November 12, 1809 *Letters*, 1898, i 251)]

## XLVI

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime  
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales  
 Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime  
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales  
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
 Are rarely seen nor can fair Tempe boast  
 A charm they know not loved Parnassus fails  
 Though classic ground and consecrated most  
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast

## XLVII

He passed bleak Pindus Acherusia's lake<sup>1</sup>  
 And left the primal city of the land  
 And onwards did his further journey take<sup>1</sup>  
 To greet Albania's Chief, whose dread command<sup>2, 2</sup>  
 Is lawless law for with a bloody hand  
 He sways a nation turbulent and bold  
 Yet here and there some daring mountain band  
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
 Hurl their defiance far nor yield unless to gold<sup>2</sup>

## XLVIII

Monastic Zitza<sup>1</sup> from thy shady brow<sup>20, 22</sup>  
 Thou small but favoured spot of holy ground<sup>1</sup>

1 [The travellers left Prevesa on October 1 and arrived at Janina on October 5. They left Janina on October 11 and reached Zitza at nightfall (Byron at 3 a.m. October 12). They left Zitza on October 13 and arrived at Tepelenë on October 19.]

2 [On the evening of October 11 as the party was

Where'er we gaze—around—above—below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found '  
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonise the whole  
 Beneath, the distant Torrent's rushing sound  
 Tells where the volumed Cataract doth roll  
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the  
 soul

## XIX

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill  
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh  
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
 Might well itself be deemed of dignity,  
 The Convent's white walls glisten fair on high  
 Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he, '  
 Nor niggard of his cheer, <sup>1</sup> the passer by  
 Is welcome still, nor heedless will he flee  
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see

approaching Zitza, Hobhouse and the Albanian, Vassily, rode on, leaving "Lord Byron and the baggage behind." It was getting dark, and just as the luckless Hobhouse contrived to make his way to the village, the rain began to fall in torrents. Before long, "the thunder roared as it seemed without any intermission, for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains before another crash burst over our heads." Byron, dragoman, and baggage were not three miles from Zitza when the storm began, and they lost their way. After many wanderings and adventures they were finally conducted by ten men with pine torches to the hut, but by that time it was three o'clock in the morning. Hence the "Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm"—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i 69-71.]

<sup>1</sup> ["The prior of the monastery, a humble, meek-mannered

## L

Here in the sultriest season let him rest  
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees  
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast<sup>1</sup>  
 From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze  
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize  
 Pure pleasure while he can , the scorching ray  
 Here pierceth not impregnate with disease  
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay  
 And gaze untired the Morn—the Noon—the Eve away

## LI

Dusky and huge enlarging on the sight  
 Nature's volcanic Amphitheatre<sup>2</sup>  
 Chimæra's Alps extend from left to right  
 Beneath a living valley seems to stir  
 Flocks play, trees wave streams flow the mountain fir  
 Nodding above , behold black Acheron<sup>3</sup>  
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre  
 Pluto ! if this be Hell I look upon  
 Close shamed Elysium's gates my shade shall seek for  
 none

1 Here winds if winds there be will fan I least —

[MS Deleted]

2 Keep Heaven for better souls my shade shall seek for none —

[MS erased]

man entertained us in a warm chamber with grapes and a pleasant white wine We were so well pleased with every thing about us that we agreed to lodge with him — Hobhouse's *Lives in Albania* 175]

## III.

No city's towers pollute the lovely view,  
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
 Veiled by the screen of hills—here men are few,  
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot  
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat<sup>1</sup>  
 Browseth, and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,  
 The little shepherd in his white capote  
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
 Or in his cave awaits the Tempest's short-lived shock.<sup>2</sup>

## IIII

Oh! where, Dodona<sup>3</sup> is thine aged Grove,  
 Prophetic Fount, and Oracle divine?

1 But frequent is the lamb, the kid, the goat—  
 And watchin' pensive with his browsing feet—[MS. error]

2 Counting the hours beneath yon shies uncertain sky—  
 [MS. error]

3 [The site of Dodona, a spot "at the foot of Mount Tomaros" (Mount Olytsika) in the valley of Tcharacovista, was finally determined, in 1876, by excavations carried out, at his own expense, by M. Constantin Carapanos, a native of Arta. In his monograph, *Dodone et ses Ruines* (Paris, 1878, 4to), M. Carapanos gives a detailed description of the theatre, the twofold Temenos (I *L'Enceinte du Temple*, II *Téménos*, pp. 13-28), including the Temple of Zeus and a sanctuary of Aphrodite, and of the numerous *ex voto* offerings and inscriptions on lead which were brought to light during the excavations, and helped to identify the ruins. An accompanying folio volume of plates contains (Planches, 1, 11) a map of the valley of Tcharacovista, and a lithograph of Mount Tomaros, "d'un aspect majestueux et pittoresque un roc nu sillonné par le lit de nombreux torrents" (p. 8). Behind Dodona, on the summit of the many-named chain of hills which confronts Mount Tomaros, are "bouquets de chêne," sprung it may be from the offspring of the *προσάγγαστοι δρύες* (Aesch., *Prom.*, 833), the "talking oaks,

What valley echoed the response of Jove?

What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?

All, all forgotten—and shall Man repine

That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke? <sup>1</sup>

Cease, Fool! the fate of Gods may well be thine

Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?

When nations tongues and worlds must sink beneath  
the stroke!

## LIV

Epirus bounds recede and mountains fail

Tired of up-gazing still the wearied eye

which declared the will of Zeus. For the prophetic fount (line 7) Servius commenting on Virgil *Æneid* iii 41-66 seems to be the authority. Circa hoc templum quercus immensis fuisse dicitur ex cujus radicibus fons manebat qui suo murmure instinctu Deorum diversis oracula reddebat (*Virgilii Opera* Leovardiae 1717 i 548).

Byron and Hobhouse on one of their excursions from Janina explored and admired the ruins of the amphitheatre but knew not that here and nowhere else was Dodona (*Travels in Albania* i 53-56).

1 [The sentiment that man whose breath is in his nostrils should consider the impermanence of all that is stable and durable before he cries out upon his own mortality may have been drawn immediately from the famous letter of consolation sent by Sulpitius Severus to Cicero which Byron quotes in a note to Canto IV stanza xlv or in the first instance from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* xv 70—

Giace lalta Cartago appena i segni  
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba  
Muojono le città muojono i regni  
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba  
L' uom d' esser mortal par cue si sdegni!

Compare too Addison's 'Reflections in Westminster Abbey' *Spectator* No 6]

2 [The six days journey from Zitra to Tepeleni is compressed into a single stanza. The vale (line 3) may be that of

Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy dyc <sup>1</sup>  
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,  
 And woods along the banks are waving high,  
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in Midnight's solemn  
 trance

## IV

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tömerit, <sup>1</sup>  
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by, <sup>2</sup>  
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,  
 When, down the steep banks winding warily,  
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky, <sup>2</sup>  
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream, and drawing nigh,  
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening  
 glen

the Kalama, through which the travellers passed (October 13) soon after leaving Zitza, or, more probably, the plain of Deropoli ("well-cultivated, divided by rails and low hedges and having a river flowing through it to the south"), which they crossed (October 15) on their way from Delvinaki the frontier village of Illyria, to Libokhovo.]

1 ["Yclad," used as a preterite, not a participle (compare Coleridge's "I wis" [*Christabel*, part 1 line 92]), is a Byronism—"archaïsme incorrect," says M. Darmesteter.]

2 ["During the fast of the Ramazan, the gallery of each minaret is decorated with a circlet of small lamps. When seen from a distance, each minaret presents a point of light, 'like meteors in the sky,' and in a large city, where they

## LVI

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower  
 And underneath the wide overarching gate  
 Surveyed the dwelling of this Chief of power  
 Where all around proclaimed his high estate  
 Amidst no common pomp the Despot sate  
 While busy preparation shook the court  
 Slaves eunuchs soldiers guests and santons<sup>1</sup> wait  
 Within a palace and without, a fort  
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort

## LVII

Richly caparisoned a ready row  
 Of armed horse and many a warlike store  
 Circled the wide extending court below  
 Above strange groups adorned the corridore  
 And oft times through the area's echoing door  
 Some high capped Tartar spurred his steed away  
 The Turk—the Greek—the Albanian—and the Moor  
 Here mingled in their many hued array  
 While the deep war drums sound announced the close  
 of day

<sup>1</sup> — *guests and assails wait* — [MS. *era ed*]

<sup>1</sup> *While the deep Tocsin's sound* — [MS. *Deased*]

are numerous they resemble a swarm of fireflies — H. F. Tozer (Compare *The Giaour* i. 449-45 —

When Rhamazin's last sun was set  
 And flashing from each minaret  
 Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast  
 Of Bairam through the boundless East ')]

<sup>1</sup> [A kind of dervish or recluse regarded as a saint — *Cent Dict.* art. *Santon*]



## IVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
 And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see,  
 The crimson-scarf'd men of Macedon,  
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
 And crooked glaive—the lively, supple Greek  
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son  
 The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,  
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mixed conspicuous some recline in groups,<sup>1</sup>  
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round,  
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,  
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found.

1 ["We were disturbed during the night by the perpetual catousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the 'muezzinn,' or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosck attached to the palace. This chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn in a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the Eraun. The first exclamation was repeated four times, the remaining words twice, and the long and piercing note in which he concluded his confession of faith, by twice crying out the word 'hou!' ['At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" *Giaour*, i 734] still rings in my ears.—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i 95. D'Ohsonn gives the Eraun at full length. "Most high God! [four times repeated] I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! great God! There is no God except God!"—*Oriental Antiquities* (Philadelphia, 1788), p 341.]

Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground  
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate  
 Hark ! from the Mosque the nightly solemn sound  
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret  
 There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great

## LX

Just at this season Ramazan's fast<sup>1</sup>

Through the long day its penance did maintain  
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past  
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again  
 Now all was bustle and the menial train  
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within,  
 The vacant Gallery now seemed made in vain  
 But from the chambers came the mingling din  
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in

1 [ The Ramazan or Turkish Lent which as it occurs in each of the thirteen months in succession fell this year in October. Although during this month the strictest abstinence even from tobacco and coffee is observed in the daytime yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences — *Travels in Albania* 1 66. The Ramadan or Rhamazan is the ninth month of the Mohammedan year. As the Mohammedans reckon by lunar time it begins each year eleven days earlier than in the preceding year so that in thirty three years it occurs successively in all the seasons — *Imp Dictionary* ]

2 [The feast was spread within the courtyard in the part furthest from the dwelling and when the revelry began the immense large gallery or corridor which ran along the front of the palace and was open on one side to the court was deserted. Opening into the gallery were the doors of several apartments and as the servants passed in and out the travellers standing in the courtyard could hear the sound of voices — *Travels in Albania* 1 93 ]

## LXI

Here woman's voice is never heard apart,  
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,<sup>1</sup>  
 She yields to one her person and her heart,  
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove  
 For, not unhappy in her Master's love,"  
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !  
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears  
 Who never quits the breast no meaner passion shares.

## LXII

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
 Of living water from the centre rose,  
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
 ALI reclined, a man of war and woes <sup>1</sup>  
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws <sup>2</sup>  
 Along that aged venerable face,  
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace

<sup>1</sup> *even for health to move* —[MS ]  
*She saves for one* —[MS erased ]

<sup>11</sup> *For boyish minions of unhallowed love  
 The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,  
 Caressed, preferred even to woman's self above,  
 Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit  
 All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit —*  
 [MS D erased ]

<sup>1</sup> [For an account of Ali Pasha (1741-1822), see *Letters*, 1898, <sup>1</sup> 246, *note* ]

<sup>2</sup> [In a letter to his mother, November 12, 1809, Byron

## LXIII

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
 Ill suits the passions which belong to Youth  
 Love conquers Age—so Hafiz hath averr'd  
 So sings the Persian and he sings in sooth<sup>1</sup>—  
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth<sup>2</sup>  
 Beseeming all men ill but most the man

<sup>1</sup> *Delights to mingle with the lips of youth* —[MS D *erased*]

<sup>2</sup> *But tis those ne'er forgotten acts of ruth* —[MS D]

writes He [Ali] said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears curling hair and little white hands

He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey and said he looked on me as his son Indeed he treated me like a child sending me almonds and sugared sherbet fruit and sweetmeats twenty times a day Many years after in the first letter *On Bowles' Structures* February 7 1821 he introduces a reminiscence of Ali I never judge from manners for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pasha (*Life* p 689)]

<sup>1</sup> [Anacreon sometimes bewails but more often defies old age (*Vide Carmina* liv v xxxiv)]

The paraphrase Persian Muse recurs in the song The Isles of Greece *Don Juan* Canto III]

<sup>2</sup> [In the first edition the reading (see *ar* 11) is But crimes those ne'er forgotten crimes of ruth The mistake was pointed out in the *Quarterly Review* (March 1817 No 13 vol vii p 193)]

But in Spenser "ruth" means sorrow as well as pity and three weeks after *Childe Harold* was published Ali committed a terrible crime the outcome of an early grief On March 7 1811 in revenge for wrongs done to his mother and sister nearly thirty years before he caused 670 Gardikiots to be massacred in the Khan of Valiare and followed up the act of treachery by sacking plundering and burning the town of Gardiki and in direct violation of the Mohammedan law carrying off and reducing to slavery the women and children—Finlay's *Hist of Greece* (edited by Rev H F Tozer 1877) vi 67 68]

In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth,  
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,  
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began ' 1

## LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye "  
 The Pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat  
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat  
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise  
 And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet,  
 But Peace abhorrieth artificial joys,  
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both  
 destroys

1 *Those who in blood begin in blood conclude their span —*  
 [MS erased]

11 *Childe Harold with that chief held colloquy  
 Yet what they spake it boots not to repeat,  
 Converse may little charm strange ear or eye,  
 Albeit he rested on that spacious seat,  
 Of Moslem luxury the choice retreat — [MS D erased]  
 Four days he rested on that worthy seat — [MS erased]*

1 [This was prophetic "On the 5th of February, 1822, a meeting took place between Ali and Mohammed Pasha. When Mohammed rose to depart, the two viziers, being of equal rank, moved together towards the door. As they parted Ali bowed low to his visitor, and Mohammed, seizing the moment when the watchful eye of the old man was turned away, drew his hanjar, and plunged it in Ali's heart. He walked on calmly to the gallery, and said to the attendants, 'Ali of Tepalen is dead.' The head of Ali was exposed at the gate of the serai"—Finlay's *Hist of Greece*, 1877, vi 94, 95]

## LXV

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of War endure?  
I heir native fastnesses not more secure  
I than they in doubtful time of troublous need  
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure  
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their Chief may lead

## LXVI

Childe Harold saw them in their Chieftains' tower  
Thronging to War in splendour and success  
And after viewed them, when within their power  
Himself awhile the victim of distress  
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press  
But these did shelter him beneath their roof  
When less barbarians would have cheered him less  
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—<sup>1</sup>  
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the  
proof!

## LXVII

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The travellers left Janina on November 3 and reached Prevesa November 7. At midday November 9 they set sail

When all around was desolate and dark,  
 To land was perilous, to sojourn more,  
 Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,  
 Dubious to trust where Treachery might lurk  
 At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore  
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk  
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work

## LXVIII

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,  
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp  
 Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,  
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,

for Patras in a galliot of Ali's, "a vessel of about fifty tons burden, with three short masts and a large lateen sail" Instead of doubling Cape Ducato, they were driven out to sea northward, and, finally, at one o'clock in the morning, anchored off the Port of Phanari on the Suliote coast Towards the evening of the next day (November 10) they landed in "the marshy bay" (stanza lxviii line 2) and rode to Volondoiako, where they slept "Here they were well received by the Albanian pasha of the place and by the Vizier's soldiers quartered there" Instead of re-embarking in the galliot, they returned to Prevesa by land (November 11) As the country to the north of the Gulf of Aita was up in arms, and bodies of robbers were abroad, they procured an escort of thirty-seven Albanians, hired another galliot, and on Monday, the 13th, sailed across the entrance of the gulf as far as the fortress of Vonitsa, where they anchored for the night By four o'clock in the afternoon of November 14 they reached Utrakey or Lutraki, "situated in a deep bay surrounded with rocks at the south-east corner of the Gulf of Arta" The courtyard of a barrack on the shore is the scene of the song and dance (stanzas lxx-lxxii) Here, in the original MS, the pilgrimage abruptly ends, and in the remaining stanzas the Childe moralizes on the fallen fortunes and vanished heroism of Greece — *Travels in Albania*, i 157-165 ]

And filled the bowl and trimmed the cheerful lamp  
 And spread their fare though homely all they had  
 Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp  
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad  
 Doth lesson happier men and shames at least the bad

## LXIX

It came to pass that when he did address  
 Himself to quit at length this mountain land  
 Combined marauders half way barred egress  
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand  
 And therefore did he take a trusty band  
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide  
 In war well seasoned and with labours tanned  
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide  
 And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied<sup>1</sup>

## LXX

Where lone Utraiky forms its circling cove  
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest

1 [The route from Utraiky to Gouria (November 15-18) lay through thick woods of oak with occasional peeps of the open cultivated district of Ætolia on the further side of the Aspropotamo white Achelous' tide. The Albanian guard was not dismissed until the travellers reached Mesolonghi (November 21).]

[With this description Mr Tozer compares Virgil *Æneid* 1 159-163, and Tasso's imitation in *Gerusalemme Liberata* canto xv stanzas 4-43. The following lines from Hoole's translation (*Jerusalem Delivered* bk. v lines 310-311 317-318) may be cited —



How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,  
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,  
 As winds come lightly whispering from the West,  
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene —  
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest,  
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence  
     glean

## LXXXI

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,  
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,<sup>1</sup>  
 And he that unawares had there ygazed  
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast  
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,  
 The native revels of the troop began,  
 Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,<sup>2</sup>  
 And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,  
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled  
     clan<sup>1</sup>

“Amidst these isles a lone recess is found,  
 Where circling shores the subject flood resound  
 Within the waves repose in peace serene  
 Black forests nod above, a silvan scene<sup>1</sup>”]

1 [“In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and, whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs, in the manner before described, but with

## LXXII

Childe Harold at a little distance stood  
 And viewed but not displeased the revelrie  
 Nor hated harmless mirth however rude  
 In sooth it was no vulgar sight to see  
 Their barbarous yet their not indecent glee  
 And as the flames along their faces gleamed  
 Their gestures nimble dark eyes flashing free,  
 The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed  
 While thus in concert they thus lay half sang half  
 screamed —<sup>1 2</sup>

astonishing energy All their songs were relations of some  
 robbing exploits One of them began thus When  
 we set out from Parga there were sixty of us' then came  
 the burden of the verse—

Robbers all at Parga !

Robbers all at Parga !

ΚΑ ΦΤΕ Ξ ΠΟΤ ΠΑΡΓΑ !

ΚΑ ΦΤ Ξ ΠΟ ΠΑΡΓΑ !

And as they roared out this stave they whirled round the  
 fire dropped and rebounded from their knees and again  
 whirled round as the chorus was again repeated — *Travels*  
*in Albania* i 166 167

1 [This was not Byron's first experience of an Albanian  
 war song At Salakhora on the Gulf of Arta (nine miles north  
 east of Prevesa) which he reached on October 1 the Albanian  
 guard at the custom house entertained the travellers by  
 singing some songs 'The music is extremely monotonous  
 and nasal and the shrill scream of their voices was increased  
 by each putting his hand behind his ear and cheek to give  
 more force to the sound — *Travels in Albania* i 8

Long afterwards in 1816 one evening on the Lake of  
 Geneva Byron entertained Shelley Mary and Claire with  
 an Albanian song They seem to have felt that such  
 melodies 'unheard are sweeter Hence perhaps his *petit*  
*nom* Albè that is the Albaneser — *Life of Shelley* by  
 Edward Dowden 1896 p 309]

## I

TAMBOURGI !<sup>1</sup> Tambourgi ! thy drum afar !<sup>2</sup>  
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war,  
 All the Sons of the mountains arise at the note,  
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

## 2

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
 In his snowy *camese*<sup>2</sup> and his shaggy capote ?  
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,  
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the  
 rock

## 3

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive<sup>3</sup>  
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?  
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?  
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *thy tocsin afar* —[MS D erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Shall the sons of Chimara* —[MS D ]

<sup>1</sup> [Tambourgi, "drummer," a Turkish word, formed by affixing the termination *-gi*, which signifies "one who discharges any occupation," to the French *tambour* (II F Tozer, *Childe Harold*, p 246) ]

<sup>2</sup> [The *camese* is the *fustanella* or white kilt of the Toska, a branch of the Albanian, or Shkipetar, race Spenser has the forms "*camis*," "*camus*" The Arabic *qamīṣ* occurs in the Koran, but is thought to be an adaptation of the Latin *camisia*, *camisa* —Finlay's *Hist of Greece*, vi 39, *N Eng Dict*, art "*Camis*" (For "*capote*," *vide post*, p 181 )]

<sup>3</sup> [The Suliotes, after a protracted and often successful resistance, were finally reduced by Ali, in December, 1803

## 4

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race  
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase  
 But those scarfs of blood red shall be redder before  
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er

## 5

Then the Pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves  
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves  
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar  
 And track to his covert the captive on shore

## 6

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply  
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy,  
 Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair<sup>1</sup>  
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear

## 7

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth<sup>1</sup>  
 Her caresses shall lull me her music shall soothe<sup>111</sup>  
 Let her bring from the chamber her many toned lyre  
 And sing us a song on the fall of her Sire

<sup>1</sup> *Shall win the young bride to us —* —[MS D]

<sup>11</sup> *— the maid and the youth —*[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *The r caresses shall lull us their voices shall soothe —*

[MS D erased]

They are adjured to forget their natural desire for vengeance  
 and to unite with the Albanians against their common foe  
 the Russians]

## 8

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,<sup>1</sup> 31  
 The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,  
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,  
 The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared

## 9

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear,  
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier  
 Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent ne'er saw  
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw

## 10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let the yellow-haired<sup>3</sup> Giaours<sup>4</sup> view his horse-tail<sup>5</sup>  
 with dread,

1 [So, too, at Salakhora (October 1) "One of the songs was on the taking of Prevesa, an exploit of which the Albanians are vastly proud, and there was scarcely one of them in which the name of Ali Pasha was not roared out and dwelt upon with peculiar energy"—*Travels in Albania*, 1 29

Prevesa, which, with other Venetian possessions, had fallen to the French in 1797, was taken in the Sultan's name by Ali, in October, 1798. The troops in the garrison (300 French, 460 Greeks) encountered and were overwhelmed by 5000 Albanians, on the plain of Nicopolis. The victors entered and sacked the town.]

2 [Ali's eldest son, Mukhtar, the Pasha of Berat, had been sent against the Russians, who, in 1809, invaded the trans-Danubian provinces of the Ottoman Empire.]

3 Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians

4 Infidel

5 The insignia of a Pacha.

When his Delhis<sup>1</sup> come dashing in blood o'er the banks  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

## II

Selectar!<sup>2</sup> unsheathe then our chief's Scimitar  
Tambourgi! thy larum gives promise of War  
Ye Mountains that see us descend to the shore  
Shall view us as Victors or view us no more!

## LXXIII

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed Worth!<sup>3</sup>  
Immortal, though no more, though fallen great!  
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth  
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The helpless warriors of a willing doom  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—  
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume  
Leap from Eurotas banks and call thee from the tomb?<sup>4</sup>

1 *Tambourgi! thy tocsin* — — — [MS *D* erased]

1 [The literal meaning of Delhi or Delh is says M Darmesteter fou [properly madmen (D Herbelot)] a title bestowed on Turkish warriors *honoris causa* Byron suggests forlorn hope as an equivalent but there is a wide difference between the blood drunkenness of the Turk and the foolishness of British chivalry]

2 Sword bearer

3 [Compare The Isles of Greece stanza 7 (*Don Juan*, Canto III) —

Earth! render back from out thy heart  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

## LXXXIV

Spirit of Freedom<sup>1</sup> when on Phyle's brow<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,  
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now  
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?  
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land,  
 Nor use thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,  
 From birth till death enslaved, in word, in deed,  
 unmanned<sup>1</sup>

## LXXXV

In all save form alone, how changed<sup>1</sup> and who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew  
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty<sup>1</sup>  
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage  
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page

<sup>1</sup> *A fawning feeble race, untaught, enslaved, unmanned —*  
[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *for Liberty —*[MS erased, D]

The meaning is, "When shall another Lysander spring from Laconia ('Eurotas' banks) and revive the heroism of the ancient Spartans?"

## LXXVI

Hereditary Bondsmen<sup>1</sup> know ye not

*Who* would be free *themselves* must strike the blow<sup>2</sup>

By their right arms the conquest must be wrought<sup>2</sup>

Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!

True—they may lay your proud despoilers low

But not for you will Freedom's Altars flame

Shades of the Helots<sup>1</sup> triumph o'er your foe!

Greece<sup>1</sup> change thy lords thy state is still the same

Thy glorious day is o'er but not thine years of shame

## LXXVII

The city won for Allah from the Giaour

The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest

And the Serai's impenetrable tower

Receive the fiery Frank her former guest<sup>35</sup>

Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest

The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil<sup>36</sup>

May wind their path of blood along the West

But ne'er will Freedom seek this fated soil

But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil

1 [Compare *The Age of Bronze* vi lines 39-46]

2 [The Wahabees who took their name from the Arab sheik Mohammed ben Abd el Wahab arose in the province of Nedj in Central Arabia about 1760. Half socialists half puritans they insisted on fulfilling to the letter the precepts of the Koran. In 1803-4 they attacked and ravaged Mecca and Medinah and in 1808 they invaded Syria and took Damascus. During Byron's residence in the East they were at the height of their power and seemed to threaten the very existence of the Turkish empire.]



## LXXVIII

Yet mark their mirth—ere Lenten days begin,  
 That penance which their holy rites prepare  
 'To shrive from Man his weight of mortal sin,  
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer,  
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
 'To take of pleasaunce each his secret share  
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival

LXXIX<sup>1</sup>

And whose more life with merriment than time,  
 Oh Stamboul<sup>1</sup>! once the Empress of their reign<sup>2</sup>  
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine  
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain  
 (Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)  
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,  
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,  
 As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along

<sup>1</sup> [Byron spent two months in Constantinople (Stamboul *τε εἰς τὴν πόλιν*)—from May 14 to July 14, 1810. The "Lenten days," which were ushered in by a carnival, were those of the second "great" Lent of the Greek Church, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which begins on the first Monday after Trinity, and ends on the 29th of June.]



## LXXXII

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,  
 Even though the closest searment<sup>1</sup> half betrayed<sup>2</sup>  
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain,  
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain  
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud<sup>1</sup>

## LXXXIII

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,  
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast  
 Not such as pite of War, but skulk in Peace,  
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,  
 Yet with smooth smile his Tyrant can accost,  
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword  
 Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee  
     most  
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record<sup>2</sup>  
 Of hero Sues, who shame thy now degenerate horde<sup>1</sup>

1 [It has been assumed that "searment" is an incorrect form of "cerement," the cloth dipped "in melting wax, in which dead bodies were enfolded when embalmed" (*Hamlet*, act 1 sc 4), but the sense of the passage seems rather to point to "cerecloth," "searcloth," a plaster to cover up a wound. The "robe of revel" does but half conceal the sore and aching heart.]

## LXXXIV

When riseth Lacedemon's Hardihood

When Thebes Epaminondas rears again

When Athens children are with hearts endued

When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men

Then may st thou be restored, but not till then

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state

An hour may lay it in the dust and when

Can Man its shattered splendour renovate

Recall its virtues back and vanquish Time and Fate?

## LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe

Land of lost Gods and godlike men art thou<sup>1</sup>

Thy vales of evergreen thy hills of snow<sup>2</sup>

Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now

Thy fanes thy temples to thy surface bow

Commingling slowly with heroic earth,

Broke by the share of every rustic plough

So perish monuments of mortal birth

So perish all in turn save well recorded *Worth*<sup>3</sup>

1 *When Athens' children are with arts endued*—[MS. D.]

2 [For the accentuation of the word compare Chaucer  
The Sompnour's Tale (*Canterbury Tales* line 7631)—

And drunkennesse is eke a foul record  
Of any man and namely of a lord.]

3 [Compare *Ecclesi* xlv 8 9 There be of them that  
have left a name behind them that their praises might be  
reported And some there be which have no memorial  
who are perished as though they had never been.]

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column <sup>1</sup> mourns  
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave, <sup>2</sup>  
 Save where Tritonia's <sup>2</sup> airy shrine adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, <sup>3</sup> and gleams along the wave,  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass  
 Ages, but not Oblivion, feebly brave,  
 While strangers, only, not regardless pass,  
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh  
 "Alas!"

## LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,  
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,

1 [The "solitary column" may be that on the shore of the harbour of Colonna, in the island of Kythnos (Thermia), or one of the detached columns of the Olympeion]

2 [Tritonia, or Tritogenia, one of Athena's names of uncertain origin. Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale*, Tooke's *Pantheon*, and Smith's *Classical Dictionary* are much in the same tale. Lucan (*Pharsalia*, lib. ix. lines 350-354) derives the epithet from Lake Triton, or Tritonis, on the Mediterranean coast of Libya—

"Hanc et Pallas amat patrio quæ vertice nata  
 Terrarum primum Libyen (nam proxima cœlo est.  
 Ut probat ipse calor) tetigit, stagnique quietâ  
 Vultus vidit aquâ, posuitque in margine plantas,  
 Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ"]

3 [Hobhouse dates the first visit to Cape Colonna, January 24, 1810]

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva<sup>1</sup> smiled  
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields  
 There the blithe Bee his fragrant fortress builds  
 The free born wanderer of thy mountain air  
 Apollo still thy long long summer gilds  
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare<sup>2</sup>  
 Art Glory Freedom fail but Nature still is fair

LXXXVIII<sup>3</sup>

Where'er we tread tis haunted holy ground  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould  
 But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon  
 Each hill and dale each deepening glen and wold  
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone  
 Age shakes Athenæ's tower, but spares gray Marathon<sup>4</sup>

1 — *Pentelæ's marbles glare* — [MS D erased]

1 [Athenæ's dower of the olive induced the gods to appoint her as the protector and name-giver of Athens. Poseidon who had proffered a horse was a rejected candidate. (See note by Rev. E. C. Owen *Childe Harold* 1897 p. 175)]

2 [The wild thyme is in great abundance but there are only two stands of bee-hives on the mountains and very little of the real honey of Hymettus is to be now procured at Athens. A small pot of it was shown to me as a rarity (*Travels in Albania* i. 341). There is now a little way out of Athens a honey farm where the honey from Hymettus is prepared for sale (*Handbook for Greece* p. 500).]

3 [Stanzas lxxxviii-xc are not in the MS but were first included in the seventh edition 1814.]

4 [Byron and Hobhouse after visiting Colonna slept at Keratea and proceeded to Marathon on January 25 returning to Athens on the following day.]

And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
 O! gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian  
 died<sup>1</sup>

## XCIII

Let such approach this consecrated Land,  
 And pass in peace along the magic waste  
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced!<sup>1</sup>  
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed  
 Revere the remnants Nations once revered  
 So may our Country's name be undisgraced,  
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,  
 By every honest joy of Love and Life endeared!

## XCIV

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
 Hast soothed thine Idlesse with inglorious lays,  
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
 Of louder Minstrels in these later days  
 To such resign the stuff for fading Bays  
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
 Which heeds not keen Reproach nor partial Praise,<sup>1</sup>  
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve  
 And none are left to please when none are left to love

<sup>1</sup> *Which heeds not stern reproach* —[D]

1 [The original MS closes with this stanza.]

## XCV

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !  
 Whom Youth and Youth's affections bound to me  
 Who did for me what none beside have done  
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee  
 What is my Being ! thou hast ceased to be !  
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home  
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—  
 Would they had never been, or were to come !  
 Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam !<sup>1</sup>

## XCVI

Oh ! ever loving lovely and beloved !  
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past  
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed !  
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last !<sup>2</sup>  
 All thou couldst have of mine stern Death ! thou hast  
 The Parent Friend and now the more than Friend  
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast<sup>3</sup>  
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend  
 Hath snatched the little joy that Life had yet to lend

1 *Would I had ne'er returned! — — [D]*

2 *But Time the Comforter shall come at last — [MS. erased]*

3 To Mr Dallas

<sup>4</sup> The he refers to Wanderer and anything is better than I I I I always I

Yours  
 BYRON

[4th Revise B M]

<sup>5</sup> [Compare Young's *Night Thoughts* (The Complaint Night 1) *Vide ante* p 92]



## XCVII

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,  
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak,  
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,  
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique  
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear,  
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer

## XCVIII

What is the worst of woes that wait on Age?  
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
 To view each loved one blotted from Life's page,  
 And be alone on earth, as I am now  
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
 O'er Hearts divided and o'er Hopes destroyed  
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed,<sup>1</sup>  
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed

<sup>1</sup> *Though Time not yet hath ting'd my locks with snow,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet hath he reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd —[D]*

1

"To Mr Dallas

"If Mr D wishes me to adopt the former line so be it  
 I prefer the other I confess, it has less egotism—the first  
 sounds affected

"Yours,  
 "B"

[Dallas assented, and directed the printer to let the Roll  
 stand]

[NOTE.—The MS closes with stanza XCII Stanzas XCIII —





# NOTES

## TO

# CHILDE HAROLD'S

## PILGRIMAGE

### CANTO II

1

Despite of War and wasting fire

Stanza 1 line 4

PART of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege

[In 1684 when the Venetian Armada threatened Athens the Turks removed the Temple of Victory and made use of the materials for the construction of a bastion. In the autumn of 1687 when the city was besieged by the Venetians under Francesco Morosini (1618-1694 Doge of Venice 1688)

mortars were planted near the north east corner of the rock, which threw their shells at a high angle with a slow charge into the Acropolis.

On the 5th of September a Venetian bomb blew up a small powder magazine in the Propylæa and on the following evening another fell in the Parthenon where the Turks had deposited a considerable quantity of powder.

A terrific explosion took place the central columns of the peristyle the walls of the cella and the immense architraves and cornices they supported were scattered around the remains of the temple. The Propylæa had been partly destroyed in 1656 by the explosion of a magazine which was struck by lightning.—Finlay's *History of Greece* 1887 : 18, ]

But worse than steel and flame and ages slow  
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire

Stanza 1 lines 6 7

We can all feel or imagine the regret with which the ruins of cities once the capitals of empires are beheld the

reflections suggested by such objects are too true to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,"<sup>1</sup> were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest, but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters<sup>2</sup> contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding fiman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens, but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque<sup>3</sup>. In each point of view it is an object of regard; it changed its worshippers, but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

"Man, proud man,  
Diest in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep."

[Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, act II sc 2,  
lines 117-122]

1 ["Owls and serpents" are taken from *Isa* xiii 21, 22, "foxes" from *Lam* v 18, "Zion is desolate, the foxes walk upon it"]

2 [For Herr Gropius, *vide post*, note 6]

3 [The Parthenon was converted into a church in the sixth century by Justinian, and dedicated to the *Divine Wisdom*. About 1460 the church was turned into a mosque. After the siege in 1687 the Turks erected a smaller mosque within the original enclosure. "The only relic of the mosque dedicated by Mohammed the Conqueror (1430-1481) is the base of the minaret at the south-west corner of the Cella" (*Hand-book for Greece*, p 319)]

## 3

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps

Stanza i line

It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen as Achilles Brasidas etc and at last even Antinous whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous

## 4

Here son of Saturn ' was thy favourite throne

Stanza v. line 3

The Temple of Jupiter Olympus of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survive originally there were one hundred and fifty These columns however are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon

[The Olympieion or Temple of Zeus Olympus on the south east of the Acropolis some five hundred yards from the foot of the rock was begun by Pisistratos and completed seven hundred years later by Hadrian It was one of the three or four largest temples of antiquity The cella had been originally enclosed by a double row of twenty columns at the sides and a triple row of eight columns at each front making a hundred and four columns in all but in 1810 only sixteen lofty Corinthian columns were standing Mr Tozer points out that base is accurate because Corinthian columns have bases which Doric columns have not and notes that the word unshaken implies that the column itself had fallen but the base remains —*Childe Harold* 1888 p 8]

## 5

And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine

Stanza vi line 9

The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago

[The *Mentor* which Elgin had chartered to convey to England a cargo consisting of twelve chests of antiquities was wrecked off the Island of Cerigo in 1803 His secretary W R Hamilton set divers to work and rescued four chests but the remainder were not recovered till 1805]

## 6

To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared  
 Stanza XII line 2

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri,<sup>1</sup> is the agent of devastation, and like the Greek *finder*<sup>2</sup> of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel,<sup>3</sup> who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed

1 ["Don Battista Lusieri, better known as Don 'Ita," was born at Naples. He followed Sir William Hamilton "to Constantinople, in 1799, whence he removed to Athens." "It may be said of Lusieri, as of Claude Lorraine, 'If he be not the *poet*, he is the historian of nature'"—*Travels, etc.*, by E. D. Clarke, 1810–1823, Part II sect. 11 p. 469, *note*. See, too, *Poetical Works*, 1898, 1. 455.]

2 ["Mirandum in modum (canes venaticos dices) ita odorabantur omnia et pervestigabant, ut, ubi quidque esset, aliquatione invenirent" (Cicero, *In Verrem*, Act II lib. 11. 13). Verres had two *finders*. Tlepolemus a worker in wax, and Hiero a painter. (See *Introduction to The Cause of Minerva Poems*, 1898, 1. 455).]

3 [M. Fauvel was born in Burgundy, circ. 1754. In 1787 he was attached to the suite of the Count Choiseul-Gouffier, French Ambassador at Constantinople, and is said to have prepared designs and illustrations for his patron's *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*, vol. 1. 1787, vol. 11. 1809. He settled at Athens, and was made vice-consul by the French Government. In his old age, after more than forty years' service at Athens, he removed finally to Smyrna, where he was appointed consul-general.—*Biographie des Contemporains* (Rabbe), 1834, art. "(N) Fauvel"]

as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna) till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However his works as far as

1 In all Attica if we except Athens itself and Marathon there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design. To the philosopher the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome. And the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over Isles that crown the Aegean deep. But for an Englishman Colonna has yet an additional interest as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Wallis and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell —

Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made and one voyage to Cape Colonna the view from either side by land was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians conjecturing very sagaciously but falsely that we had a complete guard of these Armout. At hand they remained stationary and thus saved our party which was too small to have opposed any effectual

L Yet at the dead of night etc. —

[*Poems of H. P.* lines 149-150.]

[This must have taken place in 1811 after Hobhouse returned to England — *Travels in Albania* i. 373 note.]

† [William Falconer (1773-1769) second mate of a vessel in the Levant trade was wrecked between Alexandria and Venice. Only three of the crew survived. His poem *The Shipwreck* was published in 176. It was dedicated to the Duke of York and through his intervention he was rated as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. Either as author or naval officer he came to be on intimate terms with John Murray the first, who thought highly of his abilities and offered him (October 16 1768) a partnership in his new bookselling business in Fleet Street. In September 1769 he embarked for India as purser of the *Aurora* frigate which touched at the Cape but never reached her destination. See *Memoir* by J. S. Clarke. *The Shipwreck* 1804 pp viii-xvi.]



they go, are most beautiful but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime, but when they carry away three or four ship-loads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis, while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially. I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival, but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord [Aberdeen] has done better, because he has done less but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermineing, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended

resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates, there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk  
And makes degraded nature picturesque"

See Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, etc \* [1809, p 214]

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances

---

\* [The quotation is from Hodgson's "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country," *vide ante*, Canto I, p 20, *note*]

in bloodshed<sup>1</sup> Lord E's prig —see Jonathan Wild for the definition of priggism<sup>2</sup>—quarrelled with another Gropius<sup>3</sup> by name (a very good name too for his business) and muttered something about satisfaction in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Russian this was stated at

1 [ It was however during our stay in the place to be lamented that a war more than civil was raging on the subject of Lord Elgin's pursuits in Greece and had enlisted all the French settlers and the principal Greeks on one side or the other of the controversy. The factions of Athens were renewed —*Travels in Albania etc* 1 243 ]

2 This word in the cant language signifies thieving — Fielding's *History of Jonathan Wild* 1 3 note

3 This Sr Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching in which he excels but I am sorry to say that he has through the abused sanction of that most respectable name been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr Lusieri — A shipful of his trophies was detained and I believe confiscated at Constantinople in 1810 I am most happy to be now enabled to state that this was not in his bond that he was employed solely as a painter and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him except as an artist If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain I am very sorry for it Sr Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived Indeed I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it —[*Note to Third Edition*]

[According to Bryant's *Dict of Painters* and other biographical dictionaries Karl Wilhelm Gropius (whom Lamarine in his *Voyage en Orient* identifies with the Gropius injustement accusé par lord Byron dans ses notes mordantes sur Athènes) was born at Brunswick in 1793 travelled in Italy and Greece making numerous landscape and architectural sketches and finally settled at Berlin in 1817 where he opened a diorama modelled on that of Daguerre in connection with a permanent exhibition of painting He was considered the first wit in Berlin where he died in 1870 In 1817 when Byron wrote his note to the third edition of *Childe Harold*, Gropius must have been barely of age and the statement that he has for years assumed the name of his (a noble Lord's) agent is somewhat perplexing ]

table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

## 7

Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains

Stanza xii lines 7 and 8

I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines.—"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Dizdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος!—I was present." The Dizdar alluded to was the father of the present Dizdar.

[Dizdar, or Dizdai, i.e. castle-holder—the warden of a castle or fort (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Dizdar"). The story is told at greater length in *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa*, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D., 1810-14, Part II. sect. 11. p. 483.]

## 8

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appalled  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?

Stanza xiv lines 1 and 2

According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer—See Chandler.

[Zosimus, *Historia*, lib. v. cap. 6, *Corp. Scr. Byz.*, 1837, p. 253. As a matter of fact, Alaric, King of the Visigoths, occupied Athens in A.D. 395 without resistance, and carried off the movable treasures of the city, though he did not destroy buildings or works of art.—Note by Rev. E. C. Owen, *Childe Harold*, 1898, p. 162.]

## 9

The netted canopy

Stanza xviii line

To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck  
during action

## 10

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles

Stanza xxix line 1

Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso

[Strabo (Paris 1833) lib i cap ii 57 and lib vii cap iii 50 says that Apollodorus blamed the poet Callimachus who was a grammarian and ought to have known better for his contention that Circeus is Goza was Calypso's isle Ogygia (*Odyssey* i 50) was

a sea girt isle

Where is the navel of the sea a woodland isle

It was surely as a poet, not as a grammarian that Callimachus was at fault]

## 11

Land of Albania<sup>1</sup> let me bend mine eyesOn thee thou rugged Nurse of savage men<sup>1</sup>

Stanza xxxiii lines 5 and 6

Albania comprises part of Macedonia Illyria Thracia and Epirus Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander and the celebrated Scanderbeg<sup>1</sup> (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza 1

1 [George Castriota (1404 1467) (Scanderbeg or Scander Bey) the youngest son of an Albanian chieftain was sent with his four brothers as hostage to the Sultan Amurath II After his father's death in 1437 he carried on a protracted warfare with the Turks and finally established the independence of Albania His personal strength and address were such as to make his prowess in the field resemble that of a knight of romance He died at Lissa in the Gulf of Venice and when the island was taken by Mohammed II the Turks are said to have dug up his bones and hung them round their necks either as charms against wounds or amulets to transfer his courage to themselves (Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale* Gorton's *Bio Dict* art Scander beg ')]

do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America" Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions, and with the exception of Major Leake,<sup>1</sup> then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat, at this juncture the Vizier had made it his headquarters After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed, but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size, and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him<sup>2</sup> But some few observations are necessary to the text The Arnauts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate The kilt, though white, the spare, active form, then dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese, the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians,

1 [William Martin Leake (1777-1860), traveller and numismatist, published (*inter alia*) *Researches in Greece*, in 1814 He was "officially resident" in Albania, February, 1809—March, 1810]

2 [*A Journey through Albania during the Years 1809-10*, London, 1812]

or the Turks as Moslems and in fact they are a mixture of both and sometimes neither Their habits are predatory—all are armed and the red shawled Arnaouts the Montenegrs Chumariots and Gegdes are treacherous<sup>1</sup> the others differ somewhat in garb and essentially in character As far as my own experience goes I can speak favourably I was attended by two an Infidel and a Mussulman to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation and more faithful in peril or indefatigable in service are rarely to be found The Infidel was named Basilus the Moslem Dervish Tahiri the former a man of middle age and the latter about my own Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia There I took him into my own service and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure

When in 1810 after the departure of my friend Mr Hohhouse for England I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea these men saved my life by frightening away my physician whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution and a resolute refusal of Dr Romanelli's prescriptions I attributed my recovery I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens my dragoman was as ill as myself and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization They had a variety of adventures for the Moslem Dervish being a remarkably handsome man was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion and had the greatest veneration for the church mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner Yet he never passed a church

<sup>1</sup> *I laid great stress so much as to induce a violent perspiration to which I attribute my present individuality —[D]*

<sup>2</sup> [The inhabitants of Albania of the Shkipetar race consist of two distinct branches the Gueghs who belong to the north and are for the most part Catholics and the Tosks of the south who are generally Mussulmans (Finlay's *History of Greece* 1 35)]

without crossing himself, and I remember the risk he ran in entering St Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi<sup>1</sup> of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found, at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti,<sup>2</sup> father to the ex-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money in his hand, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground, and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ' ἀφείναι," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted, the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle" to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.<sup>3</sup>

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a female relation "to a milliner's,"<sup>4</sup> I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected, when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate, but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity,

1 [The mayor of the village, in Greek, *προεστός*]

2 [The father of the Consulina Teodora Maeri, and grandfather of the "Maid of Athens"]

3 [*Tristram Shandy*, 1775, iv 44]

4 [See *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1824, p 64]

improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day on our journey over Parnassus an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage which he unluckily mistook for a blow. he spoke not but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer — *I have been a robber I am a soldier no captain ever struck me you are my master I have eaten your bread but by this bread* (a usual oath) *had it been otherwise I would have stabbed the dog your servant and gone to the mountains.* So the affair ended but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic he thought as it may it is manly and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romanka the dull round about of the Greeks of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces who have also that appellation but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance and the most beautiful women I ever beheld in stature and in features we saw *levelling* the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinch and Lihochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical but this strut is probably the effect of the capote or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Geydes I never saw a good Arnaout horseman my own preferred the English saddles which however they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

## I

And passed the barren spot  
Where sad I enelope overlooked the wave  
Stanza xxxix. lines 1 and

Ithaca

1 [Compare *The Wail* line 15—

O say shall dull *Pomaska's* heavy sound  
*Poems* 1898 : 49 ]



## 13

Actium—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar

Stanza vi line 5

Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571] equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of *Don Quixote* lost his left hand.

["His [Cervantes'] galley the *Marquesa*, was in the thick of the fight, and before it was over he had received three gun-shot wounds, two in the breast and one on the left hand or arm." In consequence of his wound "he was seven months in hospital before he was discharged. He came out with his left hand permanently disabled, he had lost the use of it, as Mercury told him in the '*Viaje del Parnaso*,' for the greater glory of the right"—*Don Quixote*, A translation by John Ormsby, 1885, *Introduction*, 113.]

## 14

And hailed the last resort of fruitless love

Stanza vi line 3

Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

[Strabo (lib. x. cap. 2, ed. Paris, 1853, p. 388) gives Menander as an authority for the legend that Sappho was the first to take the "Lover's Leap" from the promontory of Leucate. Writers, he adds, better versed in antiquities (*ἀρχαιολογικώτεροι*), prefer the claims of one Cephalus. Another legend, which he gives as a fact, perhaps gave birth to the later and more poetical fiction. The Leucadians, he says, once a year, on Apollo's day, were wont to hurl a criminal from the rock into the sea by way of expiation and propitiation. Birds of all kinds were attached to the victim to break his fall, and, if he reached the sea uninjured, there was a fleet of little boats ready to carry him to other shores. It is possible that dim memories of human sacrifice lingered in the islands, that in course of time victims were transformed into "lovers," and it is certain that poets and commentators "prone to lie," are responsible for names and incidents.]

## 15

Many a Roman chief and Asian king

Stanza xlv line 4

It is said that on the day previous to the battle of Actium Antony had thirteen kings at his levee

[Plutarch in his *Antonius* gives the names of six auxiliary kings who fought under his banners and mention six other kings who did not attend in person but sent supplies. Shakespeare (*Anthony and Cleopatra* act iii sc 6 lines 68-75) quoting Plutarch almost *verbatim* enumerates ten kings who were assembled in Anthony's train—

Bocchus the king of Libya Archelaus  
Of Cappadocia Philadelphos king  
Of Paphlagonia the Thracian king Adullas  
King Malchus of Arabia king of Pont  
Herod of Jewry Mithridates king  
Of Comagene Polemon and Amintas  
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres

Other authorities for the events of the campaign and battle of Actium (Dion Cassius Appian and Orosius) are silent as to kings but Florus (iv 11) says that the wind tossed waters vomited back to the shore gold and purple the spoils of the Arabians and Sabæans and a thousand other peoples of Asia]

## 16

Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose

Stanza xlv line 6

Nicopolis whose ruins are most extensive is at some distance from Actium where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar as large as the bricks themselves and equally durable

## 17

Acherusius lake

Stanza xlvii line 1

According to Pouqueville the lake of Yanina but Pouqueville is always out

[The lake of Yanina (Janina or Joannina) was the ancient Pambotis At the mouth of the gorge [of Suli] where it

suddenly comes to an end, was the marsh, the Palus Acherusia, in the neighbourhood of which was the Oracle — *Geography of Greece*, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 121 ]

## 18

To greet Albania's Chief

Stanza xlv line 1

The celebrated Ali Pasha Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's *Travels* [For note on Ali Pasha (1741-1822), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 246 ]

## 19

Yet here and there some daring mount unbind  
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold

Stanza xlv lines 7, 8, and 9

Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years, the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece

[Ali Pasha assumed the government of Janina in 1788, but it was not till December 12, 1803, that the Suliotes, who were betrayed by their leaders, Botzaris and Koutsonika and others, finally surrendered — Finlay's *History of Greece*, 1877, vi. 45-50 ]

## 20

Monastic Zitza ! etc

Stanza xlviii line 1

The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachahek. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinaehi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphi, are very inferior, as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad. I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople, but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made

## 1

Here dwells the caloyer

Stanza li line 6

The Greek monks are so called.

[*Caloyer* is derived from the late Greek *καλύπτω* "good in old age" through the Italian *calice*. Hence the accent on the last syllable — *N Eng Dict*.]

Nature's volcanic Amphitheatre.

Stanza li line

The Chimarot mountains appear to have been volcanic. [By "Chimæra's Alps" Byron probably meant the Ceraunian Mountains which are woody to the top but disclose some wide chains of red rock (*Travels in Albania* i. 3) to the north of Jannina — not the Acroceraunian (Chimarot) Mountains which run from north to south west along the coast of Mysia. The walls of rock (which do not appear to be volcanic) rise in tiers on every side like the seats and walls of an amphitheatre (*Il. f. 10 cr*). The near distance may have suggested an amphitheatre but he is speaking of the panorama which enlarged on his view and uses the word not graphically but metaphorically of the entire circle of the hills.]

## 3

Behold black Acheron!

Stanza li line 6

Now called Kalamas

## 4.

In his white capote

Stanza lii line 7

Albanese cloak.

[The *capote* (feminine of *capot* masculine diminutive of *cape* cape) was a long shaggy cloak or overcoat with a hood worn by soldiers etc — *N Eng Dict* art. 'Capote.']

## 25

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit  
Stanza l<sup>y</sup> line 1

Anciently Mount Tomarus

["Mount Tomerit, or Tomohr," says Mr Tozer, "lies north-east of Tepalen, and therefore the sun could not set behind it" (*Childe Harold*, 1885, p 272) But, writing to Drury, May 3, 1810, Byron says that "he penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit" Probably by "Tomarit" he does not mean Mount Tomohr, which lies to the north-east of Berat, but Mount Olytsika, ancient Tomaros (*vide ante*, p 132, *note* 1), which lies to the west of Janina, between the valley of Tcharacovista and the sea "Elle domine," writes M Carapanos, "toutes les autres montagnes qui l'entourent" "Laos," Mr Tozer thinks, "is a mere blunder for Aous, the Viosa (or Voioussa), which joins the Derapuli a few miles south of Tepaleni, and flows under the walls of the city" (*Dodone et ses Ruines*, 1878, p 8) (For the Aous and approach to Tepaleni, see *Travels in Albania*, 1 91 )]

## 26

And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by  
Stanza l<sup>y</sup> line 2

The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it, and, immediately above Tepaleni, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster, at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller In the summer it must be much narrower It certainly is the finest river in the Levant, neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty

## 27

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof  
Stanza lxxi line 8

Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall

## 28

The red wine circling fast  
Stanza lxxi line 2

The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others

## 9

Each I thikar his sabre from him eist

Stanza lxxi line 7

Thikar shortened when addressed to a single person from Παλις ρι [παλληρ] a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romance it means properly a lad<sup>n</sup>

## 30

While thus in concert, etc

Stanza lxxii line 9

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaut dialect of the Illyric I here insert two of their most popular choril songs which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning like some in our own and all other languages

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1 Bo Bo Bo Bo Bo Bo      | 1 Io, Lo I come I come                 |
| Naciarura popuso         | be thou silent                         |
| Naciarura na eivin       | I come I run open the                  |
| Ha pen derini ti hin     | door that I may enter                  |
| 3 Ha pe uderi escrotini  | 3 Open the door by halves              |
| Ti vin ti mar serietini  | that I may take my                     |
|                          | turban                                 |
| 4 Calriote me surme      | 4 Calriotes <sup>1</sup> with the dark |
| Ea ha pe pse dua tve     | eyes open the gate that                |
|                          | I may enter                            |
| 5 Buo Bo Bo Bo Bo        | 5 Lo Io I hear thee my                 |
| Gi egem spirta esmimo    | soul                                   |
| 6 Calriote vu le funde   | 6 An Arnaut girl in costly             |
| Ede vete tunde tunde     | garb walks with grace                  |
|                          | ful pride                              |
| 7 Calriote me surme      | 7 Calriot maid of the dark             |
| Ti mi put e poi mi le    | eyes give me a kiss                    |
| 8 Se ti puta citi mora   | 8 If I have kissed thee                |
| Si mi ri ni veti udo gia | what hast thou gained?                 |
|                          | My soul is consumed                    |
|                          | with fire                              |

<sup>1</sup> The Albanese particularly the women are frequently termed Calriotes for what reason I inquired in vain

- |    |                        |    |                          |
|----|------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| 9  | Va le ni il che cadale | 9  | Dance lightly, more      |
|    | Celo more, more celo   |    | gently, and gently still |
| 10 | Plu hari ti tirete     | 10 | Make not so much dust    |
|    | Plu huron cia pra seti |    | to destroy your em-      |
|    |                        |    | broidered hose           |

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

- |   |                            |   |                          |
|---|----------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 1 | Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa   | 1 | I am wounded by thy      |
|   | Vettimi upri vi lofsa      |   | love, and have loved     |
| 2 | Ah vaisisso mi pivi lofse  | 2 | but to scorch myself     |
|   | Si mi rini mi la vosse     |   | Thou hast consumed me!   |
| 3 | Uti tasa roba stua         | 3 | Ah, maid! thou hast      |
|   | Sitti eve tulati dua       |   | struck me to the heart   |
| 4 | Roba stinon ssidua         | 4 | I have said I wish no    |
|   | Qu mi sini veti dua        |   | dowry, but thine eyes    |
| 5 | Qurmini dua civileni       | 5 | and eyelashes            |
|   | Roba ti siarmi tildi eni   |   | The accursed dowry I     |
| 6 | Utara pisa vaisisso me     | 6 | want not, but thee only  |
|   | sini rin ti hapti          |   | Give me thy charms, and  |
|   | Eti mi bire a piste si gui |   | let the portion feed the |
|   | dendroi tiltati            |   | flames                   |
| 7 | Udi vura udorini udiri     | 7 | I have loved thee, maid, |
|   | cicova cilti mora          |   | with a sincere soul, but |
|   | Udorini talti hollna u ede |   | thou hast left me like   |
|   | caimon mora                |   | a withered tree          |
|   |                            |   | If I have placed my hand |
|   |                            |   | on thy bosom, what       |
|   |                            |   | have I gained? my        |
|   |                            |   | hand is withdrawn, but   |
|   |                            |   | retains the flame        |

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed

by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his *ἐπ' αὐτοῦ* Critobulus or Cleobulus the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them

## 31

Tambourgi! Tambourgi! thy harum afar  
Song stanza 1 line 1

These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romance and Italian

## 3

Remember the moment when I revisa fell  
Song stanza 8 line 1

It was taken by storm from the French [October 1798]

## 33

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed Worth! etc  
Stanza lxxiii line 1

Some thoughts on this subject will be found in the subjoined papers pp 187- 08

## 34

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow  
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train  
Stanza lxxiv lines 1 and

Phyle which commands a beautiful view of Athens has still considerable remains it was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty

[Byron and Hobhouse caught their first glance of Athens from this spot December 5 1809 (See Byron's note)]

The ruins says Hobhouse 'are now called Bigla Castro or The Watchtower']

## 35

Receive the fiery Frank her former guest  
Stanza lxxvii line 4

When taken by the Latins and retained for several years  
See Gibbon [From A.D. 104 to 161]



## 36

The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil  
Stanza lxxvii line 6

Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing [*Vide supra*, p 151]

## 37

Thy vales of evergreen thy hills of snow  
Stanza lxxxv line 3

On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer, but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter

[This feature of Greek scenery, in spring may, now and again be witnessed in our own country in autumn—a blue lake, bordered with summer greenery in the foreground, with a rear-guard of “hills of snow” glittering in the October sunshine]

## 38

Save where some solitary column mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave  
Stanza lxxxvi lines 1 and 2

Of Mount Pentelicus from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens The modern name is Mount Mendeli An immense cave, formed by the quarries still remains and will till the end of time

[Mendeli is the ancient Pentelicus “The white lines marking the projecting veins’ of marble are visible from Athens (*Geography of Greece*, by H F Tozer, 1873 p 129)]

## 39

When Marathon became a magic word  
Stanza lxxxix line 7.

Siste Viator—heroa calcas! was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci, what then must be our feelings

1 [François Mercy de Lorraine, who fought against the Protestants in the Thirty Years War, was mortally wounded at the battle of Nordlingen August 3, 1615]

when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Finkel few or no relics (as vases etc) were found by the excavator The plain of Marathon<sup>1</sup> was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres (about nine hundred pounds) 'Alas!—Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*

## PAPERS REFERRED TO BY NOTE 33

## I

Before I say anything about a city of which every body traveller or not has thought it necessary to say some thing I will request Miss Owenson<sup>2</sup> when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a Disdar Aga (who by the by is not an Aga) the most

1 [Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon January 25 1810 The unconsidered trifle of the plain must have been offered to Byron during his second residence at Athens in 1811]

2 [Expende Annibalem—quot *libras* etc (Juvenal 1 147) is the motto of the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte* which was written April 10 1814.—*Journal* 1814 *Life* p 35]

3 [Compare letter to Hodgson September 3 1811 *Letters* 1898 ii 45]

4 [Miss Owenson (Sydney Lady Morgan) 1783-1859 published her *Woman or Ida of Athens* in 4 vols in 1817 Writing to Murray February 6 1818 Byron alludes to the "cruel work" which an article (attributed to Croker but probably written by Hookham Frere) had made with her *France* in the *Quarterly Review* (vol xii p 60) and in a note to *The Two Foscari* act iii sc 1 he points out that his description of Venice as an Ocean Rome had been anticipated by Lady Morgan in her fearless and excellent work upon Italy The play was completed July 9 1817 but the work containing the phrase Rome of the Ocean had not been received till August 16 (see too his letter to Murray August 3 1817) His conviction of the excellence of Lady Morgan's work was, perhaps strengthened by her outspoken eulogium]

impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny<sup>1</sup> Athens ever saw (except Lord E), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado, and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife, so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring, during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback. rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own, and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.<sup>2</sup>

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.<sup>3</sup>

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers.<sup>1</sup> This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria."<sup>4</sup> It was impossible to think better of him for this, but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæroneia, the

<sup>1</sup> [For the Disdar's extortions, see *Travels in Albania*,  
<sup>1</sup> 244.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The poor when once abroad,  
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord"  
Pope, *Imit. of Horace*, Ep. 1, lines 159, 160.]

<sup>3</sup> [*Works and Days*, v. 493, *et seq.*, *Hesiod Carm.*, C. Goettlingius (1843), p. 215.]

<sup>4</sup> Nonsense, humbug.

plain of Platea Orchomenus, Livadia and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill at least my companion (who resolving to be at once clearly and classical bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce<sup>1</sup> and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him.

At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets some not of the purest before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian and even that had a villinous tinge probably from the snow though it did not throw us into an epic fever like poor Dr Chandler<sup>2</sup>.

From Fort Phyle of which large remains still exist the plain of Athens Pentelicus Hymettus the Ægæon and the Acropolis burst upon the eye at once in my opinion a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad with Ida the Hellespont and the more distant Mount Athos can equal it though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

*Sternitur et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*<sup>3</sup>

*Æneid* x 78

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polyneices of Statius (*In mediis rudit duo litora campis* (*Thebæidos* i 335) did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since

Athens says a celebrated topographer is still the most polished city of Greece<sup>3</sup>. Perhaps it may of Greece but not of the *Greeks* for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed amongst themselves to be superior in the wealth refinement learning and dialect of its inhabitants. The

1 [Hobhouse pronounced it to be the Fountain of Ares the Laraporti Spring which serves to swell the scanty waters of the Dirce. The Dirce flows on the west the Ismenus which forms the fountain to the east of Thebes.

The water was tepid, as I found by bathing in it (*Travels in Albania* i 233 *Handbook for Greece* p 703)]

2 [*Travels in Greece* ch lxvii]

3 [Gell's *Itinerary of Greece* (1810) Preface p vi]

Athenians are remarkable for their cunning, and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the "Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont"

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony

M Fauvel, the French Consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated, reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates

M Roque,<sup>1</sup> a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles!" an alarming remark to the "Laudator temporis acti" The ancients banished Themistocles, the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque, thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc., of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum" (Juvenal, lib 1 *Sat* iv line 2), of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS no less than five tours of the first magnitude, and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books but, if I may say this, without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has

1 [For M Roque, see *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem* Œuvres Chateaubriand, Paris, 1837, ii 258-266]

declared that the Greeks, because they are very bad will never be better

Eton and Sonnini<sup>1</sup> have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects but on the other hand De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits

The Greeks will never be independent they will never be sovereigns as heretofore and God forbid they ever should<sup>1</sup> but they may be subjects without being slaves Our colonies are not independent but they are free and industrious and such may Greece be hereafter

At present like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world and such other cudgelled and heterodox people they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity Their life is a struggle against truth they are vicious in their own defence They are so unused to kindness that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him They are ungrateful notoriously abominably ungrateful<sup>1</sup> —this is the general cry Now in the name of Nemesis<sup>1</sup> for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins and to the antiquary who carries them away to the traveller whose janissary flogs them and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners

<sup>1</sup> [William Eton published (1798-1809) *A Survey of the Turkish Empire* in which he advocated the cause of Greek independence Sonnini de Manoncourt (1751-181 ) another ardent phil Hellenist published his *Voyage en Grèce et en Turquie* in 1801 ]

<sup>2</sup> [Cornelius de Pauw (1739-1799) Dutch historian published in 1787 *Recherches philosophiques sur les Grecs* Byron reflects upon his paradoxes and superficiality in Note II *infra* Thomas Thornton published in 1807 a work entitled *Present State of Turkey* (see Note II *infra*) ]

## II

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January 23, 1811*<sup>1</sup>

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries, whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren, but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough, at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve, and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee,—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable

<sup>1</sup> [The MSS of *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva* are dated, "Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12 and March 17, 1811" Proof B of *Hints from Horace* is dated, "Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 12, 1811" Writing to Hodgson, November 14, 1810, he says, "I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one 'friar' (a Capuchin of course) and one 'frier' (a bandy-legged Turkish cook)" (*Letters*, 1898, i 307)]

deliverers Religion recommends the Russians but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten The French they dislike although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece The islanders look to the English for succour as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic Corfu excepted<sup>1</sup> But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome and when that day arrives Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans they cannot expect it from the Giaours

But instead of considering what they have been and speculating on what they may be let us look at them as they are

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions some particularly the merchants decrying the Greeks in the strongest language others generally travellers turning periods in their eulogy and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru

One very ingenious person terms them the natural allies of Englishmen " another no less ingenious will not allow them to be the allies of anybody and denies their very descent from the ancients a third more ingenious than either builds a Creek empire on a Russian foundation and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II As to the question of their descent what can it import whether the Mainotes<sup>2</sup> are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus or as the

1 [The Ionian Islands with the exception of Corfu and Paxos fell into the hands of the English in 1809 1810 Paxos was captured in 1814 but Corfu which had been blockaded by Napoleon was not surrendered till the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815]

2 [The Mainotes or Mainates who take their name from Maina near Cape Tænaron were the Highlanders of the Morea remarkable for their love of violence and plunder but also for their frankness and independence Pedants have termed the Mainates descendants of the ancient Spartans but they must be either descended from the Helots or from the Perioikoi To an older genealogy they can have no pretension —Finlay's *History of Greece* 1877 v 113 vi 6]



grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy, it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them, viz their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini, paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera, perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal,<sup>1</sup> and if Mr Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature, nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence

1 [The Fanal, or Phanár, is to the left, Pera to the right, of the Golden Horn. "The water of the Golden Horn, which flows between the city and the suburbs, is a line of separation seldom transgressed by the Frank residents"—*Travels in Albania*, ii 208.]

confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors but till something more can be attained we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources<sup>1</sup>

However defective these may be they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients and seen nothing of the moderns such as De Pauw who when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket and that the Spartans<sup>2</sup> were

i A word *en passant* with Mr Thornton and Dr Pouqueville who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish<sup>3</sup>

Dr Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of *Suleyman Yeyen* i.e. quoth the Doctor *Suleyman the eater of corrosive sublimate*

Aha thinks Mr Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time) have I caught you? †—Then in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue and his veracity in his own—For observes Mr Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb) it means nothing more than *Suleyman the eater* and quite cashiers the supplementary *sublimate*. Now both are right and both are wrong. If Mr Thornton when he next resides fourteen years in the factory will consult his Turkish dictionary or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintances he will discover that *Suleyman Yeyen* put together discreetly mean the *Swallower of sublimate* without any

*Suleyman* in the case *Suleyma* signifying *corrosive sublimate* and not being a proper name on this occasion although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr Pouqueville

After this I think Travellers *versus* Factors shall be our motto though the above Mr Thornton has condemned hoc genus omne for mistake and misrepresentation. Ne Sutor ultra crepidam. No merchant beyond his bales. NB For the benefit of Mr Thornton Sutor is not a proper name

<sup>1</sup> *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Grecs* 1787 i 155

[For Pouqueville's story of the *thénakis* or opium eaters see *Voyage en Morée* 1805 ii 126]

† [Thornton's *Present State of Turkey* ii 175]

owards in the field,<sup>1</sup> betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical" It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks, and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity

III<sup>2</sup>

\*

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, *March* 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban"<sup>3</sup>

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the *Edinburgh Review*<sup>4</sup> as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis In that number, Art 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo,<sup>5</sup> there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a

1 [De Pauw (*Rech Phil sur les Grecs*, 1788, II 293), in repeating Plato's statement (*Laches*, 191), that the Lacedæmonians at Plataea first fled from the Persians, and then, when the Persians were broken, turned upon them and won the battle, misapplies to them the term *θρασύδειλοι* (Arist, *Eth Nic*, III 9 7)—men, that is, who affect the hero, but play the poltroon]

2 [Attached as a note to line 562 of *Hints from Horace* (MS M)]

3 ["I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban"  
Shakespeare, *King Lear*, act III sc 4, line 150]

4 [For April, 1810 vol XVI pp 55, *sq*]

5 [Diamant or Adamantius Coray (1748-1833), scholar and phil-Hellenist, declared his views on the future of the Greeks in the preface to a translation of Beccaria Bonesani's treatise, *Dei Delitti e delle Pene* (1764), which was published in Paris in 1802 He began to publish his *Bibliothèque Hellénique*, in 17 vols, in 1805 He was of Chian parentage, but was born at Smyrna Κορηνη Αυτοβιογραφία, Athens, 1891]

short account of Coray a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations and the spot where I now write will I hope be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray the most celebrated of living Greeks at least among the Franks was born at Scio (in the *Review* Smyrna is stated I have reason to think incorrectly) and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer has published a lexicon in Roman and French if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolukoglou<sup>1</sup>. Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail<sup>2</sup> a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates *Περὶ νόσων* etc to the disparagement and consequently displeasure of the said Gail. To his exertions literary and patriotic great praise is undoubtedly due but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn) who sent him to Paris and maintained him for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient and

1 I have in my possession an excellent lexicon *τρίγλωσσον* which I received in exchange from S. G— Esq for a small gem my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it or forgiven me.

[*Λεξικὸν τριγλωσσὸν τῆς Γαλλικῆς Ἰταλ. ἢ καὶ Ρωμ. καὶ δαλκτικῆς* κτλ. 3 vols, Vienna 1790. By Georgie Vendotis (Bentotes or Bendotes) of Jorinina. The book was in Hobhouse's possession in 1854.]

2 In Gail's pamphlet against Coray he talks of throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows. On this a French critic exclaims Ah my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege! It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries. London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

[Jean Baptiste Gail (1755-189) Professor of Greek in the Collège de France published in 1810 a quarto volume entitled *Éclatations de J. B. Gail et observations sur l'opinion en vertu de laquelle le jury—propose de décerner un prix à M. Coray à l'exclusion de la chasse de Xophon du Thucydide etc grec latin français etc*]

adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries, more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene,<sup>1</sup> whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius<sup>2</sup> terms him "Μετὰ τὸν Οοουκιδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων" (p. 224, *Ecclesiastical History*, iv.)

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases,<sup>3</sup> who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus,<sup>4</sup> and more particularly Psalidas,<sup>5</sup> whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on *True Happiness*, dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois,<sup>6</sup> who

1 [Dorotheus of Mitylene (fl. sixteenth century), Archbishop of Monembasia (Anglicè "Malmsey"), on the south-east coast of Laconia, was the author of a *Universal History* (Βιβλίον Ἱστορικόν, κτλ), edited by A. Tzizaras, Venice, 1637, 4to.]

2 [Meletius of Janina (1661-1714) was Archbishop of Athens, 1703-14. His principal work is *Ancient and Modern Geography*, Venice, 1728, fol. He also wrote an *Ecclesiastical History*, in four vols., Vienna, 1783-95.]

3 [Panagios (Panagiotes) Kodrikas, Professor of Greek at Paris, published at Vienna, in 1794, a Greek translation of Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*. John Kamarases, a Constantinopolitan, translated into French the apocryphal treatise, *De Universi Natūra*, attributed to Ocellus Lucanus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who is said to have flourished in Lucania in the fifth century B.C.]

4 [Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, published a work, *Περὶ Φιλοσόφου, Φιλοσοφίας, Φυσικῶν, Μεταφυσικῶν, κτλ*, at Vienna, in 1786.]

5 [Athanasius Psalidas published, at Vienna, in 1791, a sceptical work entitled, *True Felicity* (Ἀληθὴς Εὐδαιμονία) "Very learned, and full of quotations, but written in false taste"—*MS. M*. He was a schoolmaster at Janina, where Byron and Hobhouse made his acquaintance—"the only person," says Hobhouse, "I ever saw who had what might be called a library, and that a very small one" (*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 508).]

6 [Hobhouse mentions a patriotic poet named Polyzois, "the new Tyrtaeus," and gives, as a specimen of his work, "a war-song of the Greeks in Egypt, fighting in the cause of Freedom"—*Travels in Albania, etc.*, i. 507, ii. 6, 7.]

is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotis of Yanina who has published a number of editions in Romaic was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page placed there to secure his property in the publication and he was moreover a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name however is not uncommon some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius Archbishop of Athens and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets are to be met with their grammars and lexicons of two three and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian English and French traveller and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackhey as they term him) an archbishop a merchant<sup>1</sup> and Cogiri Bachi (or primate) in succession to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank the best is the famous Δὲ πῶς τῶ Ἑλλήνῳ by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors now before me only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements if possible for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's *Anacharsis* in Romaic as he has no other opportunity unless he dispatches the MS to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

1 [By Blackbey is meant Bey of Vlach, i.e. Wallachia (See a *Translation* of this satire in dialogue — Remarks on the Romaic etc. *Poetical Works* 1891 p. 793)]

2 [Constantine Rhigas (born 1753) the author of the original of Byron's *Sons of the Greeks arise* was handed over to the Turks by the Austrians and shot at Belgrade in 1793 by the orders of Ali Pacha]



There is a slip of the pen and it can only be a slip of the pen in p 58 No 31 of the *Edinburgh Review* where these words occur We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman* —It may be presumed that this last word will in a future edition be altered to Mahomet II<sup>1</sup> The ladies of Constantinople it seems at that period spoke a dialect which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian<sup>2</sup> I do not know how that might be but am sorry to say that the ladies in general and the Athenians in particular are much altered being far from choice either

1 In a former number of the *Edinburgh Review* 1808 it is observed Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland where he might have learned that *fibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe* any more than *duet* means a *fiddle* Query —Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the *Edinburgh Review* learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*?—but thus it is

Cædimus inque vicem præhemus crura sagittis

Persius *Sat* iv 47

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text had I not perceived in the *Edinburgh Review* much facetious exultation on all such detections particularly a recent one where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct The *gentlemen* having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present

[At the end of the review of *Childe Harold* February 1812 (xiv. 476) the editor inserted a ponderous retort to this harmless and good natured chaff To those strictures of the noble author we feel no inclination to trouble our readers with any reply we shall merely observe that if we viewed with astonishment the immeasurable fury with which the minor poet received the innocent pleasantry and moderate castigation of our remarks on his first publication we now feel nothing but pity for the strange irritability of temperament which can still cherish a private resentment for such a cause or wish to perpetuate memory of personalities as outrageous as to have been injurious only to their authors ]



in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb —

“ὦ Ἀθῆναι, πρώτη χώρα,  
Τὶ γαῖδάρους τρέφεις τῶρα,”<sup>1</sup>

In Gibbon, vol. x p. 161, is the following sentence — “The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models” Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the “ladies of Constantinople,” in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena<sup>2</sup> wrote, three centuries before — and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλῶτταν εἶχεν ἈΚΡΙΒΩΣ ἈΤΤΙΚΙΖΟΥΣΑΝ<sup>3</sup> In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken — in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece — he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks

The Reviewer mentions Mr Wright,<sup>4</sup> the author of the beautiful poem *Horæ Ionicae*, as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks, and also of their language — but Mr Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic, for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples — Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus, and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians — I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is

1 [“O Athens, first of all lands, why in these latter days dost thou nourish asses?”]

2 [Anna Comnena (1083–1148), daughter of Alexis I, wrote the *Alexiad*, a history of her father's reign]

3 [Zonaras (*Annales*, B. 240), lib. viii. cap. 26, A. 4 Venice, 1729]

4 [See *English Bards, etc.*, line 877 *Poems*, 1898, i. 366 note 1]

Illyric and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen not only at home but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha<sup>1</sup>) praised for their Greek but often laughed at for their provincial harharisms

I have in my possession about twenty five letters amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth written to me by Notaras the Cogia Bach<sup>2</sup> and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam<sup>3</sup> of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style I also received some at Constantinople from private persons written in a most hyperbolic style but in the true antique character

The Reviewer proceeds after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray who it seems is less likely to understand the ancient Greek because he is perfect master of the modern<sup>4</sup> This observation follows a paragraph recommending in explicit terms the study of the Rom<sup>ic</sup> as a powerful auxiliary not only to the traveller and foreign merchant but also to the classical scholar in short to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses and by a parity of reasoning our own language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by foreigners than by ourselves<sup>5</sup> Now I am inclined to think that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with Sir Tristram<sup>6</sup> or any other given Auchinleck MS with or without a grammar or glossary and to most apprehensions it seems evident that none but a native can acquire a competent far less complete knowledge of our obsolete idioms We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago<sup>7</sup> who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh That Coray may err is very possible but if he does the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue which is as it ought to be of the greatest aid to the native student—Here the Reviewer

1 [For Vely Pacha the son of Ali Pacha Vizier of the Morea see *Letters* 1898 i. 48 note 1]

2 [The Caimacam was the deputy or lieutenant of the grand Vizier]

3 [Scott published *Sir Tristram a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century* by Thomas of Ercildoune in 1804.]

4 [Captain Lismahago a paradoxical and pedantic Scotchman the favoured suitor of Miss Tabitha Bramble in Smollett's *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*]

proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks

Sir W Drummond, Mr Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr Gell, Mr Walpole,<sup>1</sup> and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the *Edinburgh Review*, not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place

#### ADDITIONAL NOTE ON THE TURKS

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late

<sup>1</sup> [Sir William Drummond (1780?-1828) published, *inter alia*, *A Review of the Government of Athens and Sparta*, in 1795, and *Herculaniensia, an Archaeological and Philological Dissertation containing a Manuscript found at Herculaneum*, in conjunction with the Rev Robert Walpole (see letter to Harness, December 8, 1811. See *Letters*, 1898, II 79, note 3)]

For Aberdeen and Hamilton, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 509 *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 336, note 2, and *Childe Harold*, Canto II supplementary stanzas, *ibid.*, II 108

Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. (1769-1822), published *Travels in Various Countries*, 1810-1823 (*vide ante*, p 172, note 7)

For Leake, *vide ante*, p 174, note 1

For Gell, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 1034, note 1 *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 379

The Rev Robert Walpole (1781-1856), in addition to his share in *Herculaniensia*, completed the sixth volume of Clarke's *Travels*, which appeared in 1823]

years The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers

It is hazazdous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information at least from themselves As far as my own slight experience carried me I have no complaint to make but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship) and much hospitality to Ali Pacha his son Vely Pacha of the Morea and several others of high rank in the provinces Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens and now of Thebes was a *bon vivant* and as social a being as ever sat cross legged at a tray or a table During the carnival when our English party were masquerading both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor square<sup>1</sup>

On one occasion of his supping at the convent his friend and visitor the Cadi of Thebes was carried from table perfectly qualified for any cluh in Christendom while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall

In all money transactions with the Moslems I ever found the strictest honour the highest disinterestedness In transacting business with them there are none of those dirty speculations under the name of interest difference of exchange commission etc etc uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills even on the first houses in I era

With regard to presents an established custom in the East you will rarely find yourself a loser as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse or a shawl

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity but there does not exist a more honourable friendly and high spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga or Moslem country gentleman It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns but those Agas who by a kind of feudal tenure possess lands and houses, of more or less extent in Greece and Asia Minor

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rahble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation A Moslem in walking the streets of our country towns would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey Regimentals are the best travelling dress

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *English Bards etc*, line 655 note — *Poetical Works* 1898 i 349]

<sup>2</sup> [The judge of a town or village—the Spanish *alcalde* — *N Eng Dict* art Cadi ]

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's<sup>1</sup> French, of their manners, etc., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi? than a Knight of St Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises, but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which

<sup>1</sup> [Mouradja D'Ohsson (1740-1804), an Armenian by birth, spent many years at Constantinople as Swedish envoy. He published at Paris (1787-90, two vols fol.) his *Tableau général de l'empire Ottoman*, a work still regarded as the chief authority on the subject.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Effendi," derived from the Greek *αυθέντης*, through the Romain *ἐφέντης*, an "absolute master," is a title borne by distinguished civilians.]

The Spanish order of St James of Compostella was founded circ AD 1170.]

are very regularly attended and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd)<sup>1</sup> nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to pray to God their way. The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no at Haivali where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no let them fight their battles and pay their haratch (taxes) be drubbed in this world and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be had Mussulmans and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

#### APPENDIX

Amongst an enslaved people obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere may amount at most to three millions and yet for so scanty a number it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. Aye but say the generous advocates of oppression who while they assert

1 [The Nizam Gedidd or new ordinance which aimed at remodelling the Turkish army on a quasi European system was promulgated by Selim III in 1808]

A mufti is an expounder a molla or mollah a superior judge of the sacred Moslem law. The tefterdars or defterdars were provincial registrars and treasurers under the supreme defterdar or Chancellor of the Exchequer.]

the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing" Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country, or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction, if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned, therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy, and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography, and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' *Ecclesiastical History*.

[The above forms a preface to an Appendix, headed "Remarks on the Romaic or Modern Greek Language, with Specimens and Translations," which was printed at the end of the volume, after the "Poems," in the first and successive editions of *Childe Harold*. It contains (1) a "List of Romaic Authors," (2) the "Greek War-Song," Δεῦτε, Παιῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, (3) "Romaic Extracts," of which the first, "a Satire in dialogue" (*vide* Note III *supra*), is translated (see *Epigrams, etc.*, vol. vi of the present issue), (4) scene from Ὁ Καφενὴς (the Café), translated from the Italian of Goldoni by Spiridion Vlantı, with a "Translation," (5) "Familiar Dialogues" in Romaic and English, (6) "Parallel Passages from St John's Gospel," (7) "The Inscriptions at Orcho-menos from Meletius" (see *Travels in Albania, etc.*, 1224), (8) the "Prospectus of a Translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmaiotouri, who wished to publish it in England," (9) "The Lord's Prayer in Romaic" and in Greek.

The Excursus, which is remarkable rather for the evidence which it affords of Byron's industry and zeal for acquiring knowledge, than for the value or interest of the subject-matter, has been omitted from the present issue. The "Remarks," etc., are included in the "Appendix" to *Lord Byron's Poetical Works*, 1891, pp. 792-797. (See, too, letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811 *Letters*, II 43.)]

# CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE



## CANTO THE THIRD

Afin que cette application vous forçât à penser à autre chose  
Il n'y a en verite de remède que celui là et le temps — *Lettres du  
Roi de Prusse et de M D Alembert* [Lettre cxlvi Sept 7 1776]

1 [D Alembert (Jean le Rond philosopher mathematician  
and belletrist 1717-1783) had recently lost his friend Mlle  
(Claire Françoise) L'Esplanasse who died May 23 1776  
Frederick prescribes *quelque probleme bien difficile à resoudre*  
as a remedy for vain regrets (*Œuvres de Frédéric II Roi de  
Prusse* 1790 xii 64 65)]





## INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD CANTO

THE Third Canto of *Childe Harold* was begun early in May and finished at Ouchy near Lausanne on the 27th of June 1816. Byron made a fair copy of the first draft of his poem which had been scrawled on loose sheets and engaged the services of Claire (Jane Clairmont) to make a second transcription. Her task was completed on the 4th of July. The fair copy and Claire's transcription remained in Byron's keeping until the end of August or the beginning of September when he consigned the transcription to his friend Mr Shelley and the fair copy to Scrope Davies with instructions to deliver them to Murray (see Letters to Murray October 5 9 15 1816). Shelley landed at Portsmouth September 8 and on the 11th of September he discharged his commission.

I was thrilled with delight yesterday writes Murray (September 1) by the announcement of Mr Shelley with the MS of *Childe Harold*. I had no sooner got the quiet possession of it than trembling with auspicious hope I carried it to Mr Gifford. He says that what you have heretofore published is nothing to this effort. Never since my intimacy with Mr Gifford did I see him so heartily pleased or give one fiftieth part of the praise with one thousandth part of the warmth.

The correction of the press was undertaken by Gifford not without some remonstrance on the part of Shelley, who maintained that the revision of the proofs and the retention or alteration of certain particular passages had been entrusted to his discretion (Letter to Murray October 30 1816).

When, if ever, Mr Davies, of "inaccurate memory" (Letter to Murray, December 4, 1816), discharged his trust is a matter of uncertainty. The "original MS" (Byron's "fair copy") is not forthcoming, and it is improbable that Murray, who had stipulated (September 20) "for all the original MSS, copies, and scraps," ever received it. The "scraps" were sent (October 5) in the first instance to Geneva, and, after many wanderings, ultimately fell into the possession of Mrs Leigh, from whom they were purchased by the late Mr Murray.

The July number of the *Quarterly Review* (No. xix) was still in the press, and, possibly, for this reason it was not till October 29 that Murray inserted the following advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle*: "Lord Byron's New Poems. On the 23<sup>d</sup> of November will be published *The Prisoners* (*sic*) of Chillon, a Tale and other Poems. A Third Canto of *Childe Harold*." But a rival was in the field. The next day (October 30), in the same print, another advertisement appeared: "*The R H Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*." Printed for J Johnston, Cheapside. Of whom may be had, by the same author, a new ed. (the third) of *Farewell to England with three other poems*." It was, no doubt, the success of his first venture which had stimulated the "Cheapside impostor," as Byron called him, to forgery on a larger scale.

The controversy did not end there. A second advertisement (*Morning Chronicle*, November 15) of "Lord Byron's Pilgrimage," etc., stating that "the copyright of the work was consigned" to the Publisher "exclusively by the Noble Author himself, and for which he gives 500 guineas," precedes Murray's second announcement of *The Prisoners of Chillon*, and the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, in which he informs "the public that the poems lately advertised are not written by Lord Byron. The only bookseller at present authorised to print Lord Byron's poems is Mr Murray." Further precautions were deemed necessary. An injunction in Chancery was applied for by Byron's agents and representatives (see, for a report of the case in the *Morning Chronicle*, November 28, 1816, *Letters*, vol. iv, Letter to Murray, December 9, 1816, *note*), and granted by the Chancellor,

Lord Eldon Strangely enough Sir Samuel Romilly whom Byron did not love was counsel for the plaintiff

In spite of the injunction a volume entitled *Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land* a Poem in Two Cantos To which is attached a fragment *The Tempest* was issued in 1817 It is a dull and apparently serious production suggested by but hardly an imitation of *Childe Harold* The notes are descriptive of the scenery customs and antiquities of Palestine *The Tempest* on the other hand is a parody and by no means a bad parody of Byron at his worst e.g.—

There was a sternness in his eye  
Which chilled the soul—one knew not why—  
But when returning vigour came  
And kindled the dark glare to flame,  
So fierce it flashed one well might swear  
A thousand souls were centred there

It is possible that this *Pilgrimage* was the genuine composition of some poetaster who failed to get his poems published under his own name or it may have been the deliberate forgery of John Agg or Hewson Clarke or C F Lawler the *pseudo* Peter Pindar—Druids who were in Johnston's pay and were prepared to compose pilgrimages to any land holy or unholy which would bring grist to their employer's mill (See the *Advertisements* at the end of *Lord Byron's Pilgrimage* etc)

The Third Canto was published not as announced on the 23rd but on the 18th of November Murray's auspicious hope" of success was amply fulfilled He wrote to Lord Byron on the 13th of December 1816 informing him that at a dinner at the Albion Tavern he had sold to the assembled booksellers 7000 of his Third Canto of *Child Harold*

The reviews were for the most part laudatory Sir Walter Scott's finely tempered eulogium (*Quart Rev* No xxxi October 1816 [published February 11 1817]) and Jeffrey's balanced and cautious appreciation (*Edin Rev* No liv December 1816 [published February 14 1817]) have been reprinted in their collected works Both writer conclude with an aspiration—Jeffrey that

This puissant spirit  
Yet shall reascend  
Self raised and repossess its native seat ! '

Scott, in the "tenderest strain" of Virgilian melody—

"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fati!"

#### NOTE ON MSS OF THE THIRD CANTO

[The following memorandum, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the Transcription —

"This copy is to be printed from—subject to comparison with the original MS (from which this is a transcription) in such parts as it may chance to be difficult to decypher in the following. The notes in this copy are more complete and extended than in the former—and there is also *one stanza more* inserted and added to this, viz the 33d B

BYRON July 10th, 1816  
Diodati, near 3<sup>d</sup> Lake of Geneva

The "original MS" to which the memorandum refers is not forthcoming (*vide ante*, p 212), but the "scraps" (MS) are now in Mr Murray's possession. Stanzas 1–III, and the lines beginning, "The castled Crag of Drachenfels," are missing.

Claire's Transcription (C) occupies the first 119 pages of a substantial quarto volume. Stanzas XXXIII and XXXIV–CV and several of the notes are in Byron's handwriting. The same volume contains *Sonnet on Chillon*, in Byron's handwriting, a transcription of the *Prisoners (sic) of Chillon* (so, too, the advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1816), *Sonnet*, "Rousseau," etc, in Byron's handwriting, and transcriptions of *Stanzas to* , "Though the day of my destiny's over," *Darkness*, *Churchill's Grave*, *The Dream*, *The Incantation* (*Manfred*, act II sc 1), and *Prometheus*]

## CANTO THE THIRD

I

Is thy face like thy mother's my fair child !

Ava ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?<sup>1</sup>

1 [ If you turn over the earlier pages of the Huntingdon peerage story you will see how common a name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it in my own pedigree in the reigns of John and Henry. It is short, ancient, vocalic and had been in my family for which reasons I gave it to my daughter.—Letter to Murray, Ravenna, October 8, 1840.

The Honourable Augusta Ada Byron was born December 10, 1815, was married July 8, 1839, to William King, Noel (1803-1893) eighth Baron King, created Earl of Lovelace, 1838, and died November 27, 1852. There were three children of the marriage—Viscount Ockham (d. 1861) the present Earl of Lovelace, and the Lady Anna Isabella Noel who was married to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt Esq. in 1869.

The Countess of Lovelace wrote a contributor to the *Examiner* December 4, 1852, was thoroughly original and the poet's temperament was all that was hers in common with her father. Her genius for genius she possessed was not poetic but metaphysical and mathematical, her mind having been in the constant practice of investigation and with rigour and exactness." Of her devotion to science and her original powers as a mathematician her translation and explanatory notes of L. Menabrea's *Notices sur le machine Analytique de Mr. Babbage* 1842, a defence of the famous calculating machine remain as evidence.

Those who view mathematical science not merely as a vast body of abstract and immutable truths but as possessing a yet deeper interest for the human race when it

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
 And then we parted, not as now we part,  
 But with a hope.

Awaking with a start,

The waters heave around me, and on high  
 The winds lift up their voices I depart,  
 Whither I know not, but the hour's gone by,  
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine  
 eye<sup>1</sup>

## II

Once more upon the waters<sup>1</sup> yet once more<sup>1 1</sup>  
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

<sup>1</sup>      *could grieve my gazing eye* —[*C erased*]

is remembered that this science constitutes the language through which alone we can adequately express the great facts of the natural world those who thus think on mathematical truth as the instrument through which the weak mind of man can most effectually read his Creator's works, will regard with especial interest all that can tend to facilitate the translation of its principles into explicit practical forms" So, for the moment turning away from algebraic formulæ and abstruse calculations, wrote Ada, Lady Lovelace, in her twenty-eighth year See "Translator's Notes," signed A A L, to *A Sketch of the Analytical Engine invented by Charles Babbage, Esq*, London, 1843

It would seem, however, that she "wore her learning lightly as a flower" "Her manners [*Examiner*], her tastes, her accomplishments, in many of which, music especially, she was proficient, were feminine in the nicest sense of the word" Unlike her father in features, or in the bent of her mind, she inherited his mental vigour and intensity of purpose Like him, she died in her thirty-seventh year, and at her own request her coffin was placed by his in the vault at Hucknall Torkard (See, too, *Athenæum*, December 4, 1852, and *Gent Mag*, January, 1853)

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Henry V*, act iii sc 1, line 1—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more"]

That knows his rider <sup>1</sup> Welcome to their roar <sup>1</sup>  
 Swift be their guidance wheresoe'er it lead <sup>1</sup>  
 Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed  
 And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale <sup>1</sup>  
 Still must I on , for I am as a weed  
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail  
 Where'er the surge may sweep the tempest's breath prevail

## III

In my youth's summer I did sing of One  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind,  
Again I seize the theme then but begun  
And bear it with me as the rushing wind

1 And the rent can pass tall in σ — —[C]

1 [Compare *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (now attributed to Shakespeare Fletcher and Massinger) act II sc I lines 7,  
seq —

Oh never  
Shall we two exercise like twins of Honour  
Our arms again and feel our fiery horses  
Like proud seas under us

Out of this somewhat forced simile says the editor (John Wright) of Lord Byron's *Poetical Works* issued in 183

by a judicious transposition of the comparison and by the substitution of the more definite *waves for seas* Lord Byron's clear and noble thought has been produced. But the literary artifice if such there be is subordinate to the emotion of the writer. It is in movement progress flight that the sufferer experiences a relief from the poignancy of his anguish.]

2 [ The metaphor is derived from a torrent bed which when dried up serves for a sandy or shingly path —Note by H. F. Tozer *Childe Harold* 1885 p. 57. Or perhaps the imagery has been suggested by the action of a flood which ploughs a channel for itself through fruitful soil and when the waters are spent leaves behind it a sterile track which does indeed permit the traveller to survey the desolation but serves no other purpose of use or beauty ]



Bears the cloud onwards in that Tale I find  
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
 Plod the last sands of life, where not a flower appears

## IV

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain—  
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string  
 And both may jar it may be, that in vain  
 I would essay as I have sung to sing<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,  
 So that it wean me from the weary dream  
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme

## V

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
 In deeds, not years,<sup>1</sup> piercing the depths of life,  
 So that no wonder waits him nor below  
 Can Love or Sorrow, Fame, Ambition, Strife,  
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
 Of silent, sharp endurance—he can tell

<sup>1</sup> *I would essay of all I sang to sing*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Manfred*, act II sc. 1, lines 51, 52—

“Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?  
 It doth, but actions are our epoch”]

Why Thought seeks refuge in lone caves yet rise  
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
 Still unimpaired though old in the Soul's haunted cell

## VI

'Tis to create and in creating live<sup>1</sup>  
 A being more intense that we endow  
 With form our fancy gaining as we give  
 The life we image even as I do now—  
 What am I? Nothing but not so art thou  
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth

1 *Still unimpaired though worn* — —[MS erased]

11 *A brighter being that we thus endow  
 With form or fancies* — —[MS]

1 [It is the poet's fond belief that he can find the true reality in the things that are not seen

Out of these create he can  
 Forms more real than living man—  
 "Nurslings of Immortality"

Life is but thought and by the power of the imagination he thinks to gain a being more intense to add a cubit to his spiritual stature Byron professes the same faith in *The Dream* (stanza 1 lines 19- ) which also belongs to the summer of 1816—

The mind can make  
 Substance and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been and give  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh

At this stage of his poetic growth in part converted by Shelley in part by Wordsworth as preached by Shelley Byron so to speak got religion went over for a while to the Church of the mystics There was too a compulsion from within Life had gone wrong with him and driven from memory and reflection he looks for redemption in the new earth which Imagination and Nature held in store ]

Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
 Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
 And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth

## VII

Yet must I think less wildly I *have* thought  
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame ·<sup>1</sup>  
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
 My springs of life were poisoned.<sup>1</sup> 'Tis too late '  
 Yet am I changed, though still enough the same  
 In strength to bear what Time can not abate,"  
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate

## VIII

Something too much of this but now 'tis past,  
 And the spell closes with its silent seal <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A dizzy world* —[*MS* *erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *To bear unbent what Time cannot abate* —[*MS*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Dream*, viii 6, *seq* —

"Pain was mixed  
 In all which was served up to him, until

He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 But were a kind of nutriment"]

<sup>2</sup> [Of himself as distinct from Harold he will say no more On the tale or spell of his own tragedy is set the seal of silence, but of Harold, the idealized Byron, he once more takes up the parable In stanzas viii—xv he puts the reader in possession of some natural changes, and unfolds the

Long absent HAROLD re appears at last ,  
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel <sup>1</sup>  
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not but ne'er heal ,  
 Yet Time who changes all had altered him  
 In soul and aspect as in age years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ,  
 And Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim

## IX

His had been quaffed too quickly and he found  
 The dregs were wormwood , but he filled again  
 And from a purer fount on holier ground  
 And deemed its spring perpetual—but in vain !  
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
 Which galled for ever fettering though unseen  
 And heavy though it clanked not worn with pain  
 Which pined although it spoke not and grew keen  
 Entenng with every step he took through many a scene

<sup>1</sup> *He of the breast that strove no more to feel  
 Scarred with the wounds — — [ MS ]*

development of thought and feeling which had befallen the Pilgrim since last they had journeyed together. The youthful Harold had sounded the depth of joy and woe. Man delighted him not—no nor woman neither. For a time however he had cured himself of this trick of sadness. He had drunk new life from the fountain of natural beauty and antique lore and had returned to take his part in the world only armed against dangers and temptations. And in the world he had found beauty and fame had found him. What wonder that he had done as others use and then discovered that he could not fare as others fared? Henceforth there remained no comfort but in nature no refuge but in exile !]

## X

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed<sup>1</sup>  
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
 And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed  
 And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,  
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind,  
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand  
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
 Fit speculation such as in strange land  
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's  
 hand "

## XI

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek<sup>iii</sup>  
 To wear it? who can curiously behold  
 The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?<sup>iv</sup>  
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
 The stair<sup>i</sup> which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?

<sup>1</sup> *Secure in curbing coldness* —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> *Shines through the wonder-works—of God and Nature's hand —*  
 [MS]

<sup>iii</sup> *Who can behold the flower at noon, nor seek  
 To pluck it? who can steadfastly behold —*[MS]

<sup>iv</sup> *Nor feel how Wisdom ceases to be cold —*[MS erased]

<sup>i</sup> [The Temple of Fame is on the summit of a mountain, "Clouds overcome it," but to the uplifted eye the mists dispel, and behold the goddess pointing to her stair—the star of glory!]

Harold once more within the vortex, rolled  
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time  
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his Youth's fond prime<sup>1</sup>

## XII

But soon he knew himself the most unfit<sup>11</sup>  
 Of men to herd with Man with whom he held  
 Little in common, untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others though his soul was quelled  
 In youth by his own thoughts still uncompelled  
 He would not yield dominion of his mind  
 To Spirits against whom his own rebelled  
 Proud though in desolation—which could find  
 A life within itself to breathe without mankind

## XIII

Where rose the mountains there to him were friends<sup>11</sup>  
 Where rolled the ocean thereon was his home

<sup>1</sup> *Yet with a steadier step than in his earlier time*—[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Fool he not to know*—[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Where there were mountains is there for I now were friends  
 Where there was Ocean—there he was at home*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Manfred* act II sc. lines 50-58—

From my youth upwards  
 My spirit walked not with the souls of men  
 Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes

My joys my griefs my passions and my powers  
 Made me a stranger though I wore the form  
 I had no sympathy with breathing flesh

Compare too with stanzas XIII XIV *ibid* lines 58-72]

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
 He had the passion and the power to roam,  
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
 Were unto him companionship, they spake  
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome  
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
 For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake

## XIV

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
 As their own beams, and earth, and earth-born jars,  
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite.  
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
 He had been happy, but this clay will sink  
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its  
 brink <sup>11</sup>

## XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing <sup>111</sup>  
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,

<sup>1</sup> *Like the Chaldean he could gaze on stars —[MS]  
 adored the stars —[MS erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *That keeps us from that Heaven on which we love to think —[MS]*

<sup>111</sup> *But in Man's dwelling—Harold was a thing  
 Restless and worn, and cold and wearisome —[MS]*

Drooped as a wild born falcon with clipt wing  
 To whom the boundless air alone were home  
 Then came his fit again which to overcome  
 As eagerly the barred up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
 Till the blood tinge his plumage—so the heat  
 Of his impeded Soul would through his bosom eat

## XVI

Self exiled Harold wanders forth again<sup>1</sup>  
 With nought of Hope left—but with less of gloom,  
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain  
 That all was over on this side the tomb  
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume  
 Which, though twere wild—as on the plundered wreck  
 When mariners would madly meet their doom  
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck—  
 Did yet inspire a cheer which he forbore to check

## XVII

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!  
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

<sup>1</sup> [In this stanza the mask is thrown aside and the real Lord Byron appears *in propria persona*]

<sup>2</sup> [The mound with the Belgian lion was erected by William I of Holland in 183]



None, but *the moral's truth* tells simpler so. <sup>1</sup>  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be, <sup>11</sup>  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow <sup>1</sup>  
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,  
 Thou first and last of Fields <sup>1</sup> king-making Victory?

## XVIII

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo <sup>1</sup> <sup>11</sup>  
 How in an hour the Power which gave annals  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too <sup>1</sup>  
 In "pride of place" here last the Eagle flew, <sup>1</sup>  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain, <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *None, but the moral truth tells simpler so* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *and still must be* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *the fatal Waterloo* —[MS]

<sup>1v</sup> *Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew* —[MS]

*Then bit with bloody beak the rent plain* —[MS *erased*]

*Then tore with bloody beak* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Stanzas xvii, xviii, were written after a visit to Waterloo When Byron was in Brussels, a friend of his boyhood, Pryse Lockhart Gordon, called upon him and offered his services He escorted him to the field of Waterloo, and received him at his house in the evening Mrs Gordon produced her album, and begged for an autograph The next morning Byron copied into the album the two stanzas which he had written the day before Lines 5-8 of the second stanza (xviii) ran thus—

"Here his last flight the haughty Eagle flew,  
 Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain,  
 Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through"

The autograph suggested an illustration to an artist, R R Reinagle (1775-1863), "a pencil-sketch of a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons" Gordon showed the vignette to Byron, who wrote in reply, "Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am, eagles and

Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through  
Ambition's life and labours all were vain—

He wears the shattered links of the World's broken  
chain<sup>1</sup>

## XIX

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit

And foam in fetters—but is Earth more free?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *It is Gaul must wear the links of her own broken chain*—[MS.]  
all birds of prey attack with their talons and not with their  
beaks and I have altered the line thus—

Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain

(See *Personal Memoirs of Pryse Lockhart Gordon* 1830 ii  
p 738)]

<sup>1</sup> [With this obstinate questioning of the final import  
and outcome of that world famous Waterloo compare the  
*Ode from the French*, We do not curse thee Waterloo  
written in 1815 and published by John Murray in *Poems*  
(1816) Compare too *The Age of Waterloo* v 93 Oh  
bloody and most bootless Waterloo! and *Don Juan* Canto  
VIII stanzas 11111—1 etc Shelley too in his sonnet on  
the *Feelings of a Republican on the Fall of Bonaparte* (1816)  
utters a like lament (Shelley's *Works* 1895 ii 385)—

I know

Too late since thou and France are in the dust  
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
Than Force or Fraud old Custom legal Crime  
And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time

Even Wordsworth after due celebration of this victory  
sublime in his sonnet *Emperors and Kings* etc (*Works*  
1889 p 557) solemnly admonishes the powers—

'Be just be grateful nor the oppressor's creed  
Reviving heavier chastisement deserve  
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed

But the Laureate had no misgivings and in *The Poet's  
Pilgrimage* iv 60 celebrates the national apotheosis—

Peace hath she won with her victorious hand  
Hath won thro' rightful war auspicious peace

Did nations combat to make *One* submit?  
 Or league to teach all Kings true Sovereignty?<sup>1</sup>  
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
 The patched-up Idol of enlightened days?  
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze  
 And servile knees to Thrones? No! *prote* before ye  
 praise!

## XX.

If not, o'er one fallen Despot boast no more!  
 In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears  
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
 The trampler of her vineyards, in vain, years  
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
 Of roused-up millions all that most endears  
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a Sword,  
 Such as Harmodius<sup>2</sup> drew on Athens' tyrant Lord

## XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Belgium's Capital had gathered then

<sup>1</sup> *Or league to teach their kings* —[MS]

Not this alone, but that in every land  
 The withering rule of violence may cease  
 Was ever War with such blest victory crowned!  
 Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!"

<sup>1</sup> [The most vivid and the best authenticated account of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which took place June 15,





Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,  
 A thousand hearts beat happily and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell <sup>32</sup>  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII

Did ye not hear it?—No—twas but the Wind  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street  
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined  
 No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet

<sup>1</sup> *The lamps shone o'er lovely dames and gallant men* —[MS]  
*The lamps shone on ladies* — —[MS erased]

the eve of the Battle of Quatrebras in the dukes house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie is to be found in Lady de Ross (Lady Georgiana Lennox) *Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington* which appeared first in *Murray's Magazine* January and February 1889 and were republished as *A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana Lady de Ros* by her daughter the Hon Mrs J R Swinton (John Murray 1893) My mothers now famous ball writes Lady de Ros (*A Sketch etc* pp 1 123) took place in a large room on the ground floor on the left of the entrance connected with the rest of the house by an ante room It had been used by the coachbuilder from whom the house was hired to put carriages in but it was papered before we came there and I recollect the paper—a trellis pattern with roses When the duke arrived rather late at the ball I was dancing but at once went up to him to ask about the rumours Yes they are true we are off to morrow This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away others remained at the ball and actually had not time to change their clothes but fought in evening costume ]

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet  
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,  
 And nearer clearer—deadlier than before !<sup>i</sup>  
 Arm ! Aim ! it is it is—the cannon's opening roar !<sup>ii</sup>

## XXIII

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain, he did hear<sup>i</sup>  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic car

<sup>i</sup> *With a slow deep and dread inspiring roar* —[*MS* erased]

<sup>ii</sup> *Aim ! arm, and out ! it is the opening cannon's roar* —[*MS*]  
*Aim—aim—and out—it is—the cannon's opening roar* —[*C*]

<sup>1</sup> [Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick (1771-1815) brother to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and nephew of George III, fighting at Quatrebras in the front of the line, "fell almost in the beginning of the battle" His father, Charles William Ferdinand, born 1735, the author of the fatal manifesto against the army of the French Republic (July 15, 1792), was killed at Auerbach, October 14, 1806 In the plan of the Duke of Richmond's house, which Lady de Ros published in her *Recollections*, the actual spot is marked (the door of the ante-room leading to the ball-room) where Lady Georgiana Lennox took leave of the Duke of Brunswick "It was a dreadful evening," she writes, "taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after 'the honour' done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardour, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action and the first news we had on the 16th was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed"—*A Sketch, etc*, pp 132-133]

And when they smiled because he deemed it near  
 His heart more truly knew that deal too well<sup>1</sup>  
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell  
 He rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell

## XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—  
 And gathering tears and tremblings of distress<sup>1</sup>  
 And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago  
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—  
 And there were sudden partings such as press<sup>11</sup>  
 The life from out young hearts and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

## XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed  
 The mustering squadron and the clattering car  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—

<sup>1</sup> *His heart reply'g to that sound too well —[MS]  
 And the hope of vengeance for a Sire so dear  
 As I am hounded on Jena—ohom so ell  
 His filial heart had roused thro' him many a year  
 Hounded him to slay and fury nought could quell —[MS et al.]*

<sup>1</sup> *— the tears of distress —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *— which distress  
 The death upon young hearts — —[MS]*

<sup>1</sup> *Oh that on night so soft such heavy storm should rise —[MS]*



And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star,  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!  
 they come!"

## XXVI

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's Donald's<sup>4</sup> fame rings in each clansman's  
 ears!

## XXVII.

And Ardennes<sup>5</sup> waves above them her green leaves,<sup>11</sup>  
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass—  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

<sup>1</sup> *And awakening citizens with terror dumb  
 Or whispering with pale lips—"The foe—They come, they come"—*  
[MS]  
*Or whispering with pale lips—"The Disolation's come"—*  
[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *And Soignies waves above them* —[MS]  
*And Ardennes* —[C]

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure when this fiery mass  
 Of living Valour rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high Hope shall moulder cold and  
 low

## XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,—  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay  
 The Midnight brought the signal sound of strife  
 The Morn the marshalling in arms —the Day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array<sup>1</sup>  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay  
 Which her own clay shall cover heaped and pent  
 Rider and horse —friend —foe —in one red burial blent<sup>1</sup>

## XXIX

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine  
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng  
 Partly because they blend me with his line  
 And partly that I did his Sire some wrong<sup>1</sup>  
 And partly that bright names will hallow song  
 And his was of the bravest and when showered

<sup>1</sup> *But chiefly* — —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Vide ante *English Bards etc* line 7 6 note *Poetical Works* 1898 i 354]

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,  
 Even where the thickest of War's tempest lowered,  
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant  
 Howard!<sup>1</sup>



There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,  
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give,  
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,  
 And saw around me the wide field revive  
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring<sup>2</sup>  
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
 I turned from all she brought to those she could not  
 bring!<sup>3</sup>

1 [The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785-1815), third son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, fell late in the evening of the 18th of June, in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard, in which Vivian brought up Howard's hussars against the French. Neither French infantry nor cavalry gave way, and as the Hanoverians fired but did not charge, a desperate combat ensued, in which Howard fell and many of the 10th were killed—*Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon*, G. Hooper, 1861, p. 236.]

Southey, who had visited the field of Waterloo, September, 1815, in his *Poet's Pilgrimage* (iii. 49), dedicates a pedestrian stanza to his memory—

“Here from the heaps who strewed the fatal plain  
 Was Howard's corse by faithful hands conveyed,  
 And not to be confounded with the slain,  
 Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,  
 Till hence his honoured relics o'er the seas  
 Were borne to England, where they rest in peace.”

2 [Autumn had been beforehand with spring in the work of renovation.]

## XXXI

I turned to thee to thousands, of whom each  
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake  
 The Archangel's trump not Glory's must awake  
 Those whom they thirst for though the sound of Fame  
 May for a moment soothe it cannot slake  
 The fever of vain longing and the name  
 So honoured but assumes a stronger bitterer claim

## XXXII

They mourn but smile at length—and smiling, mourn  
 The tree will wither long before it fall  
 The hull drives on though mast and sail be torn  
 The roof-tree sinks but moulders on the hall  
 In massy hoariness the ruined wall  
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone

1 *And dead within behold the Spring return — [MS erased]*

Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course  
 Low pansies to the sun their purple gave  
 And the soft poppy blossomed on the grave

*Poet's Pilgrimage* iii 36

But the contrast between the continuous action of nature and the doom of the unreturning dead which does not greatly concern Southey fills Byron with a fierce desire to sum the price of victory. He flings in the face of the vain glorious mourners the bitter reality of their abiding loss. It was this prophetic note—the voice of one crying in the wilderness—which sounded in and through Byron's rhetoric to the men of his own generation.]

The bars survive the captive they enthrall ,

The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ,<sup>1</sup>  
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on <sup>1</sup>

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken Mirror,<sup>2</sup> which the glass

In every fragment multiplies and makes

<sup>1</sup> *It still is day though clouds keep out the Sun* —[MS ]

<sup>1</sup> [So, too, Coleridge "Have you never seen a stick broken in the middle, and yet cohering by the rind? The fibres, half of them actually broken and the rest sprained, and, though tough, unsustaining? Oh, many, many are the broken-hearted for those who know what the moral and practical heart of the man is"—*Anima Poeta*, 1895, p 303 ]

<sup>2</sup> [According to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p 176), Byron maintained that the image of the broken mirror had in some mysterious way been suggested by the following quatrain which Curran had once repeated to him —

"While memory, with more than Egypt's art  
Embalming all the sorrows of the heart  
Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,  
And finds the scene whence tears eternal flow "

But, as M Darmesteter points out, the true source of inspiration was a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—"the book," as Byron maintained, "in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well-read with the least trouble" (*Life*, p 48) Burton is discoursing on injury and long-suffering "'Tis a Hydra's head contention, the more they strive, the more they may, and as Praxiteles did by his glass [see Cardan, *De Consolatione*, lib iii], when he saw a scurvy face in it, break it in pieces, but for the one he saw, he saw many more as bad in a moment, for one injury done, they provoke another *cum fenore*, and twenty enemies for one"—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1893, ii 228 Compare, too, Carew's poem, *The Spank*, lines 23-26—

"And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,  
Whilst it is whole doth but one face reflect,  
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn  
Many half-faces, which at first were one  
Anderson's *British Poets*, 1793, iii 703 ]

A thousand images of one that was  
 The same—and still the more the more it breaks,  
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes  
 Living in shattered guise, and still and cold  
 And bloodless with its sleepless sorrow aches  
 Yet withers on till all without is old  
 Showing no visible sign for such things are untold

## XXXIV

There is a very life in our despair  
 Vitality of poison—a quick root  
 Which feeds these deadly branches, for it were  
 As nothing did we die, but Life will suit  
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit  
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore<sup>1</sup>  
 All ashes to the taste Did man compute  
 Existence by enjoyment and count o'er  
 Such hours gainst years of life—say, would he name  
 threescore?

## XXXV

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man  
 They are enough and if thy tale be *true*<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou who didst grudge him even that fleeting span<sup>1</sup>  
 More than enough thou fatal Waterloo!

<sup>1</sup> *But not his pleasure—such in it be a task—[MS erased]*

<sup>1</sup> [The 'tale' or reckoning of the Psalmist the span of threescore years and ten is contrasted with the tale or

Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say  
 "Here, where the sword united nations drew,"  
 Our countrymen were warring on that day !"  
 And this is much—and all which will not pass away

## XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
 Whose Spirit, antithetically mixed,  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fixed ,"  
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been between,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been  
 For Daring made thy rise as fall thou seek'st <sup>iii</sup> 1  
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,<sup>2</sup>  
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the  
 scene !

1 *Here where the sword united Europe drew  
 I had a Insman warring on that day* —[MS]

11 *On little thoughts with equal firmness fixed* —[MS]

111 *For thou hast risen as fallen—even now thou seek'st  
 An hour* —[MS]

reckoning of the age of those who fell at Waterloo. A "fleeting span" the Psalmist's, but, reckoning by Waterloo, "more than enough." Waterloo grudges even what the Psalmist allows.]

1 [Byron seems to have been unable to make up his mind about Napoleon. "It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career," he wrote to Moore (March 17, 1815), when his Héros de Roman, as he called him, had broken open his "captive's cage" and was making victorious progress to the capital. In the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, which was written in April, 1814,

## XXXVII

Conqueror and Captive of the Earth art thou<sup>1</sup>

She trembles at thee still and thy wild name<sup>1</sup>

Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now

That thou art nothing save the jest of Fame

<sup>1</sup> — and thy dark name

*It as ne'er more rise within men's minds than now* — [MS.]

after the first abdication at Fontainebleau the dominant note is astonishment mingled with contempt. It is the lamentation over a fallen idol. In these stanzas (xxxvi-ly) he bears witness to the man's essential greatness and with manifest reference to his own personality and career attributes his final downfall to the peculiar constitution of his genius and temper. A year later (1817) in the Fourth Canto (stanzas lxxxix-xcii) he passes a severe sentence. Napoleon's greatness is swallowed up in weakness. He is a kind of hasty Cæsar, self vanquished the creature and victim of vanity. Finally, in *The Age of Bronze* sections iii-vi there is a reversion to the same theme the tragic irony of the rise and fall of the king of kings and yet of slaves the slave.

As a schoolboy at Harrow Byron fought for the preservation of Napoleon's bust and he was ever ready, in defiance of national feeling and national prejudice to celebrate him as the glorious chief but when it came to the point he did not want him here victorious over England and he could not fail to see with insight quickened by self knowledge that greatness and genius possess no charm against littleness and commonness and that the glory of the terrestrial meets with its own reward. The moral is obvious and as old as history but herein lay the secret of Byron's potency that he could remind and issue in fresh splendour the familiar coinage of the world's wit. Moreover he lived in a great age when great truths are born again and appear in a new light.]

<sup>2</sup> [The stanza was written while Napoleon was still under the guardianship of Admiral Sir George Cockburn and before Sir Hudson Lowe had landed at St Helena but complaints were made from the first that imperial honours which were paid to him by his own suite were not accorded by the British authorities.]





With a sedate and all-enduring eye,—  
 When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child  
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled

## XL

Sager than in thy fortunes for in them  
 Ambition steeled thee on too far to show  
 That just habitual scorn which could contemn  
 Men and their thoughts, 'twas wise to feel, not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
 Till they were turned unto thine overthrow  
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose,  
 So hath it proved to thee and all such lot who choose

## XLI

If like a tower upon a headlong rock  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone  
 Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy  
     throne  
*Their* admiration thy best weapon shone  
 The part of Philip's son was thine not then  
 (Unless aside thy Purple had been thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men—  
 For sceptred Cynics Earth were far too wide a den<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Greater than in thy fortunes for in the  
 Ambit on led thee on too far to show  
 That true habit of scorn — — [MS]*



And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife  
 That should their days surviving perils past  
 Melt to calm twilight they feel overcast<sup>1</sup>  
 With sorrow and supineness and so die  
 Even as a flame unfed which runs to waste  
 With its own flickering or a sword laid by  
 Which eats into itself and rusts ingloriously

## XIV

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
 Must look down on the hate of those below<sup>2</sup>  
 Though high *above* the Sun of Glory glow  
 And far *beneath* the Earth and Ocean spread  
*Round* him are icy rocks and loudly blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head<sup>3</sup>  
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led

## XLVI

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will be<sup>4</sup>  
 Within its own creation or in thine  
 Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee  
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?

1 — *they rare or rcast* — [MS]

11 — *the hate of all below* — [MS]

111 — *on his single head* — [MS]

1v — *the wise man's World will be* — [MS]

v — *for al it teems like thee* — [MS]

There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
 A blending of all beauties, streams and dells,  
 Fruit foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells<sup>1</sup>

## XLVII

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind  
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
 All tenantless, save to the crannying Wind,  
 Or holding dark communion with the Cloud  
 There was a day when they were young and proud  
 Banners on high, and battles<sup>1</sup> passed below,  
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud.  
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow

## XLVIII

Beneath these battlements, within those walls  
 Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud state  
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
 Doing his evil will nor less elate

<sup>1</sup> *From gray and glassy cells—where Ruin kindly dwells—*

[MS]

<sup>2</sup> *are shredless tatters now—*[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [For the archaic use of 'battles' for 'battalions,' compare *Macbeth*, act v sc 4, line 4 and Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, vi 10—

"In battles four beneath their eye,  
 The forces of King Robert lie"]

Than mightier heroes of a longer date  
 What want these outlaws conquerors should have<sup>10</sup>  
 But History's purchased page to call them great?  
 A wider space—an ornamented grave?  
 Their hopes were not less warm their souls were full<sup>11</sup>  
 brave<sup>12</sup>

## XLIX

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
 And Love which lent a blazon to their shields<sup>1</sup>  
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride  
 'Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide  
 But still their flame was fierceness and drew on  
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won  
 Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run

## L

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow<sup>2</sup>  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict—then to see

<sup>1</sup> *What want these outlaws that a king should have*  
*But History's a n page — — [MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *— their hearts were far more brave — [MS]*

<sup>111</sup> *I — — frequent with a trempous sloo*  
*Of arms or angry conflict — — [MS]*

<sup>1</sup> [The most usual device is a bleeding heart]

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know <sup>1</sup>  
 Earth paved like Heaven—and to seem such to me,<sup>1</sup>  
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be

## LI

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,  
 But these and half their fame have passed away,  
 And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks  
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they? <sup>2</sup>  
 Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,  
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream  
 Glased, with its dancing light, the sunny ray, "  
 But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream  
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem

## LII

Thus Harold only said, and passed along,  
 Yet not insensible to all which here  
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
 In glens which might have made even exile dear

<sup>1</sup> *Earth's dreams of Heaven—and such to seem to me*  
*But one thing wants thy stream* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Glased with its wonted light, the sunny ray,*  
*But o'er the mind's married thoughts—though but a dream* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Moore's lines, *The Meeting of the Waters*—  
 "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the wide waters meet"]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Lucan's *Pharsalia*, iv. 969, "Etiam periere  
 ruinæ," and the lines from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*,  
 xv. 20, quoted in illustration of Canto II stanza liii]

Though on his brow were graven lines austere  
 And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place  
 Of feelings fierier far but less severe—  
 Joy was not always absent from his face  
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace

## LIII

Nor was all Love shut from him though his days  
 Of Passion had consumed themselves to dust  
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
 On such as smile upon us, the heart must  
 Leap kindly back to kindness though Disgust  
 Hath weaned it from all worldlings thus he felt  
 For there was soft Remembrance and sweet Trust  
 In one fond breast to which his own would melt  
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt <sup>1</sup>

## LIV

And he had learned to love—I know not why  
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood—  
 The helpless looks of blooming Infancy  
 Even in its earliest nurture, what subdued  
 To change like this a mind so far imbued  
 With scorn of man it little boots to know

<sup>1</sup> *Peopse itself on kindness — —[ HS ]*

<sup>1</sup> [Two lyrics entitled *Stan as to Augusta* and the *Epistle to Augusta* which were included in *Domestic Pieces* published in 1816 are dedicated to the same subject—the devotion and faithfulness of his sister ]



But thus it was, and though in solitude  
 Small power the nipped affections have to grow,  
 In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to  
 glow

## LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,<sup>i</sup>  
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
 Than the church links withal, and though unwed,  
*That* love was pure—and, far above disguise,<sup>ii</sup>  
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
 Still undivided, and cemented more  
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings  
 pour<sup>iii</sup>

<sup>i</sup> *But there was one* —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> *Yet was it pure* —[MS]

<sup>iii</sup> *Thus to that heart did his its thoughts in absence pour* —[MS]  
*its absent feelings pour* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [It has been supposed that there is a reference in this passage, and again in *Stanzas to Augusta* (dated July 24, 1816), to "the only important calumny"—to quote Shelley's letter of September 29, 1816—"that was even ever advanced" against Byron. "The poems to Augusta," remarks Elze (*Life of Lord Byron*, p. 174), "prove, further, that she too was cognizant of the calumnious accusations, for under no other supposition is it possible to understand their allusions." But the mere fact that Mrs. Leigh remained on terms of intimacy and affection with her brother, when he was under the ban of society, would expose her to slander and injurious comment, "peril dreaded most in female eyes," whereas to other calumnies, if such there were, there could be no other reference but silence, or an ecstasy of wrath and indignation.]

I

The castled Crag of Drachenfels <sup>1</sup> as  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine  
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees  
 And fields which promise corn and wine  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine  
 Have strewed a scene which I should see  
 With double joy wert *thou* with me

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes  
 And hands which offer early flowers  
 Walk smiling o'er this Paradise  
 Above the frequent feudal towers  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers  
 And noble arch in proud decay  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers  
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine —  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

5

I send the lilies given to me—  
 Though long before thy hand they touch

<sup>1</sup> [Written on the Rhine bank May 11 1816—*MS M*]

I know that they must withered be,  
But yet reject them not as such,  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine !

## 4

The river nobly foams and flows  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here,  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To Nature and to me so dear—  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

## LVI

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple Pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound,  
Beneath its base are Heroes' ashes hid

Our enemy's—but let not that forbid  
 Honour to Marceau<sup>1</sup> o'er whose early tomb  
 Fears big tears gushed from the rough soldier's lid  
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom  
 Falling for France whose rights he battled to resume

## LVII

Brief brave and glorious was his young career —  
 His mourners were two hosts his friends and foes  
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
 Pray for his gallant Spirit's bright repose —  
 For he was Freedom's Champion one of those,  
 The few in number who had not overstept<sup>1</sup>  
 The charter to chastise which she bestows  
 On such as wield her weapons he had kept  
 The whiteness of his soul—and thus men o'er him wept

## LVIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein<sup>2</sup> with her shattered wall  
 Black with the miner's blast upon her height  
 Yet shows of what she was when shell and ball  
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light —  
 A Tower of Victory<sup>3</sup> from whence the flight  
 Of baffled foes was watched along the plain

<sup>1</sup> *As gh for Marceau* — — [MS]

<sup>2</sup> [Marceau (*vide post note* ~ p. 96) took part in crushing the Vendean insurrection. If as General Hoche asserts in his memoirs six hundred thousand fell in Vendée Freedom's charter was not easily overstepped.]

But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,  
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain  
 On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain <sup>1</sup>

## LIX

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted  
 The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ,  
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey '  
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
 Where Nature, not too sombre nor too gay,  
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,"  
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year <sup>2</sup>

## LX

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !  
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine ,

<sup>1</sup> *And could the sleepless vultures -* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Rustic not rude, sublime yet not austere* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Gray's lines in *The Fatal Sisters*—

“Iron-sleet of arrowy shower  
 Hurtles in the darken'd air”]

<sup>2</sup> [Lines 8 and 9 may be cited as a crying instance of Byron's faulty technique. The collocation of “awful” with “austere,” followed by “autumn” in the next line, recalls the afflictive assonance of “high Hymettus,” which occurs in the beautiful passage which he stole from *The Curse of Minerva* and prefixed to the third canto of *The Corsair*. The sense of the passage is that, as in autumn, the golden mean between summer and winter, the year is at its full, so in the varied scenery of the Rhine there is a harmony of opposites, a consummation of beauty.]

The mind is coloured by thy every hue  
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
 Their cherished gaze upon thee lovely Rhine !  
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise  
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine  
 But none unite in one attaching maze  
 The brilliant fair and soft—the glories of old days

## LXI

The negligently grand the fruitful bloom<sup>1</sup>  
 Of coming ripeness the white city's sheen  
 The rolling stream the precipice's gloom  
 The forest's growth and Gothic walls between—  
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,  
 In mockery of man's art and these withal  
 A race of faces happy as the scene  
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all  
 Still springing o'er thy banks though Empires near them  
 fall

<sup>1</sup> *More mighty scenes may rise—more glaring shine  
 But none unite in one enchanted gaze  
 The fertile—fair—and soft—the glories of old days—[MS]*

<sup>1</sup> [The negligently grand may perhaps refer to the glories of old days now in a state of neglect not to the unstudied grandeur of the scene taken as a whole but the phrase is loosely thrown out in order to convey a general impression an attaching maze an engaging attractive combination of images and must not be interrogated too closely ]

## LXII

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
 The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,<sup>1</sup>  
 And throned Eternity in icy halls  
 Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls<sup>1</sup>  
 The Avalanche the thunderbolt of snow<sup>1</sup>  
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
 Gather around these summits, as to show  
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man  
 below

## LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
 There is a spot should not be passed in vain,  
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man  
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain,  
 Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,

<sup>1</sup> *Around in chrystal grandeur to where falls  
 The avalanche—the thunder clouds of snow*—[M'S]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare the opening lines of Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*—

“Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!”

The “thunderbolt” (line 6) recurs in *Manfred*, act 1 sc 1—

“Around his waist are forests braced,  
 The Avalanche in his hand,  
 But ere its fall, that thundering ball  
 Must pause for my command”]

A bony heap through ages to remain  
 Themselves their monument,<sup>1</sup>—the Stygian coast  
 Unsepulchred they roamed and shrieked each wandering  
 ghost<sup>1 2 3R</sup>

## LXIV

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,<sup>2</sup>  
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand  
 They were true Glory's stainless victories  
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand

<sup>1</sup> *Unsef lehr lt cyram ant shriek* — —[ 118 ]

<sup>1</sup> [The inscription on the ossuary of the Burgundian troops which fell in the battle of Morat June 14 1476 suggested this variant of *Si monumentum quaeris*—

## DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO

<sup>1</sup> Inclytissimi et fortissimi Burgundia ducis exercitus  
 Moratum obsidens ab Helvetis caesus hoc sui monu-  
 mentum reliquit ]

<sup>2</sup> [The souls of the suitors when Hermes roused and shepherded them followed gibbering" (*ἑρμῆς σῶα*) —*Od* xii 5  
 Once too when the observance of the *dies Parentales* was neglected Roman ghosts took to wandering and shrieking

<sup>1</sup> Perque vias Urbis Latiosque ululasse per agros  
 Deformes animas vulgus inane ferunt

Ovid *Fasti* ii lines 553 554

The Homeric ghosts gibbered because they were ghosts the Burgundian ghosts because they were confined to the Stygian coast and could not cross the stream For once the classical allusions are forced and inappropriate ]

<sup>3</sup> [Byron's point is that at Morat 15 000 men were slain in a righteous cause—the defence of a republic against an invading tyrant whereas the lives of those that fell at Cannæ and at Waterloo were sacrificed to the ambition of rival powers fighting for the mastery ]



Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
 All unbought champions in no princely cause  
 Of vice-entailed Corruption, they no land<sup>1</sup>  
 Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
 Making Kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause

## LXV

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,  
 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
 And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze  
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
 Yet still with consciousness, and there it stands  
 Making a marvel that it not decays,  
 When the coeval pride of human hands,  
 Levelled Aventicum,<sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> hath strewed her subject lands

## LXVI

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the name !—  
 Julia—the daughter the devoted gave  
 Her youth to Heaven, her heart, beneath a claim  
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave  
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave  
 The life she lived in—but the Judge was just

<sup>1</sup> *their proud land*  
*Groan'd not beneath* —[MS]

And then she died on him she could not save <sup>1</sup>  
 Their tomb was simple and without a bust <sup>2</sup>  
 And held within their urn one mind—one heart—one  
 dust <sup>3</sup>.

## LXVII

But these are deeds which should not pass away  
 And names that must not wither though the Earth  
 Forgets her empires with a just decay  
 The enslavers and the enslaved—their death and birth  
 The high the mountain majesty of Worth  
 Should be—and shall survivor of its woe  
 And from its immortality look forth  
 In the sun's face like yonder Alpine snow <sup>4</sup>  
 Impenishably pure beyond all things below

## LXVIII

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,  
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view  
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue <sup>1</sup>  
 There is too much of Man here <sup>2</sup> to look through  
 With a fit mind the night which I behold

<sup>1</sup> *And thus she died — — [MS]*

<sup>2</sup> *And they lie simply — — [MS erased]*

<sup>3</sup> *The clear depth's yeld — — [MS]*

<sup>4</sup> [ ' Haunted and hunted by the British tourist and gossip-monger Byron took refuge on June 10 at the Villa Diodati but still the pursuers strove to win some wretched consolation by waylaying him in his evening drives or directing the

But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,  
 Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold

telescope upon his balcony, which overlooked the lake, or upon the hillside, with its vineyards, where he lurked obscure" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, 1896, p. 309) It is possible, too, that now and again even Shelley's companionship was felt to be a strain upon nerves and temper. The escape from memory and remorse, which could not be always attained in the society of a chosen few, might, he hoped, be found in solitude, face to face with nature. But it was not to be. Even nature was powerless to "minister to a mind diseased." At the conclusion of his second tour (September 29, 1816), he is constrained to admit that "neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me" (*Life*, p. 315). Perhaps Wordsworth had this confession in his mind when, in 1834, he composed the lines, "Not in the Lucid Intervals of Life," of which the following were, he notes, "written with Lord Byron's character as a past before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences"—

"Nor do words,  
 Which practised talent readily affords,  
 Prove that his hand has touched responsive chords  
 Nor has his gentle beauty power to move  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake,  
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
 Of all the truly great and all the innocent  
 But who is innocent? By grace divine,  
 Not otherwise, O Nature! are we thine,  
 Though good and evil there, in just degree  
 Of rational and manly sympathy"

*The Works of W. Wordsworth*, 1889, p. 729

Wordsworth seems to have resented Byron's tardy conversion to "natural piety," regarding it, no doubt, as a fruitless and graceless endeavour without the cross to wear the crown. But if Nature reserves her balms for "the

## LXIX

To fly from need not be to hate mankind  
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil  
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil <sup>1</sup>  
 In the hot throng where we become the spoil  
 Of our infection till too late and long  
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil  
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
 Midst a contentious world striving where none are  
 strong

## LXX

There in a moment we may plunge our years  
 In fatal penitence and in the blight

<sup>1</sup> *It is its own deepness — —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *One of a worthless world—to strive where none are strong —[MS]*

innocent" her quality of inspiration is not strained  
 Byron too was nature's priest—

And by that vision splendid  
 Was on his way attended ]

<sup>1</sup> [The metaphor is derived from a hot spring which appears to boil over at the moment of its coming to the surface. As the particles of water when they emerge into the light break and bubble into a seething mass so too does passion chase and heat passion in the hot throng of general interests and individual desires.]

- [The thought which underlies the whole of this passage is that man is the creature and thrall of fate. In society in the world he is exposed to the incidence of passion which he can neither resist nor yield to without torture. He is overcome by the world and as a last resource he turns to nature and solitude. He lifts up his eyes to the hills unexpectant of Divine aid but in the hope that by claiming

Of our own Soul turn all our blood to tears,  
 And colour things to come with hues of Night  
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
 To those that walk in darkness on the sea  
 The boldest steel but where their ports invite  
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er  
 shall be

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?

1        *through Eternity* —[MS]

kinship with Nature, and becoming "a portion of that around"  
 him, he may forego humanity, with its burden of penitence,  
 and elude the curse. There is a further reference to this  
 despairing recourse to Nature in *The Dream*, viii 10, seq —

"        he lived  
 Through that which had been death to many men,  
 And made him friends of mountains with the stars  
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
 He held his dialogues<sup>1</sup> and they did teach  
 To him the magic of their mysteries"]

1 [Shelley seems to have taken Byron at his word, and in  
 the *Adonais* (xx 3, seq) introduces him in the disguise of—

" The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument "

Notwithstanding the splendour of Shelley's verse, it is diffi-  
 cult to suppress a smile. For better or for worse, the sense  
 of the ludicrous has asserted itself, and "brother" cannot take  
 "brother" quite so seriously as in "the brave days of old."  
 But to each age its own humour. Not only did Shelley and  
 Byron worship at the shrine of Rousseau, but they took delight  
 in reverently tracing the footsteps of St. Preux and Julie.]

By the blue rushing of the arrowy<sup>1</sup> Rhone<sup>2</sup> R.  
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing Lake  
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
 A fair but froward infant her own care  
 Kissing its cries away as these awake —  
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear  
 Than join the crushing crowd doomed to inflict or bear?

## LXXII

I live not in myself but I become  
 Portion of that around me and to me.  
 High mountains are a feeling but the hum  
 Of human cities torture I can see

<sup>1</sup> *To its young cries and kisses all awake — [ MS ]*

<sup>2</sup> *Of peopled cities — — [ MS ]*

I [The name Tigris is derived from the Persian *tir* (Sanskrit *Tigra*) an arrow. If Byron ever consulted Hofmann's *Lexicon Universale* he would have read *Tigris a velocitate dictus quasi sagitta* but most probably he neither had nor sought an authority for his natural and beautiful simile.]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Tintern Abbey*. In this line both language and sentiment are undoubtedly Wordsworth's—

The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion the tall rock  
 The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood  
 Their colours and their forms were then to me  
 An appetite a feeling and a love  
 That had no need of a remoter charm

But here the resemblance ends With Wordsworth the mood passed and he learned

To look on Nature not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth but hearing oftentimes  
 The still sad music of humanity  
 Not harsh nor grating but of amplest power  
 To chasten and subdue

He would not question Nature in search of new and

Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be '  
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
 Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
 And with the sky the peak the heaving plain "  
 Of Ocean, or the stars, mingle and not in vain

## LXVIII.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life  
 I look upon the peopled desert past,  
 As on a place of agony and strife,  
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,  
 To act and suffer, but remount at last "  
 With a fresh pinion, which I feel to spring,  
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the Blast  
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being  
 cling " 1

- 1 *but to be*  
*A link reluctant in a living chain*  
*Classed with creatures* —[MS]  
 11 *And with the air* —[MS]  
 111 *To sink and suffer* —[MS]  
 1v *which partly round us cling* —[MS]

untainted pleasure, but rests in her as inclusive of humanity  
 The secret of Wordsworth is acquiescence, "the still, sad  
 music of humanity" is the key-note of his ethic. Byron, on the  
 other hand, is in revolt. He has the ardour of a pervert, the  
 rancorous scorn of a deserter. The "hum of human cities"  
 is a "torture." He is "a link reluctant in a fleshly chain."  
 To him Nature and Humanity are antagonists, and he  
 cleaves to the one, yea, he would take her by violence, to  
 mark his alienation and severance from the other.]

1 [Compare Horace, *Odes*, iii 2 23, 24—

"Et udam  
 Spem nit humum fugiente pennâ"]

## LXXX

And when at length the mind shall be all free  
 From what it hates in this degraded form<sup>1</sup>  
 Rest of its carnal life save what shall be  
 Existent happier in the fly and worm —  
 When Elements to Elements conform  
 And dust is as it should be shall I not  
 Feel all I see less dazzling but more warm?  
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?<sup>2</sup>  
 Of which even now I share at times the immortal lot?<sup>3</sup>

## LXXXV

Are not the mountains waves and skies a part<sup>1a</sup>  
 Of me and of my Soul as I of them?  
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
 With a pure passion? should I not condemn  
 All objects if compared with these? and stem  
 A tide of suffering rather than forego

i — *this degraded self* — [MS]

ii — *the Spirit in each spot* — [MS]

iii [Is not] *the* is *not* a *breath* in *part* — [MS]

i [The bodiless thought" is the object not the subject of his celestial vision. Even now" as through a glass darkly and with eyes

Whose half beholdings through unsteady tears  
 Gave shape hue distance to the inward dream

his soul had sight of the spirit the informing idea the essence of each passing scene but hereafter his bodiless spirit would as it were encounter the place-spirits face to face. It is to be noted that warmth of feeling not clearness or fulness of perception, attends this spiritual recognition.]



Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
 Of those whose eyes are only turned below,  
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not  
 glow ?<sup>1</sup>

## LXXVI

But this is not my theme, and I return "  
 To that which is immediate, and require  
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,  
 A native of the land where I respire  
 The clear air for a while a passing guest,  
 Where he became a being, whose desire  
 Was to be glorious, 'twas a foolish quest,  
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest

## LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,"  
 The apostle of Affliction, he who threw  
 Enchantment over Passion, and from Woe  
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew

<sup>1</sup> *And gaze upon the ground with sordid thoughts and slow* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *But this is not a time—I must return* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *Here the reflecting Sophist* — —[MS]

<sup>i</sup> [Compare Coleridge's *Dejection An Ode*, iv 4-9—

"And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the earth"]

The breath which made him wretched, yet he knew  
 How to make Madness beautiful and cast  
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue<sup>1</sup>  
 Of words like sunbeams dazzling as they past  
 The eyes which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast

## LXXVIII

His love was Passion's essence—as a tree  
 On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame  
 Kindled he was and blasted for to be  
 Thus and enamoured were in him the same<sup>2</sup>  
 But his was not the love of living dame  
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams  
 But of ideal Beauty which became  
 In him existence and overflowing teems  
 Along his burning page distempered though it seems

## LXXIX

*This* breathed itself to life in *this*  
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet  
 This hallowed too the memorable kiss<sup>3</sup>  
 Which every morn his fevered lip would greet  
 From hers who but with friendship his would meet  
 But to that gentle touch through brain and breast

<sup>1</sup> *O'er sinful deeds and thoughts the heavenly hue  
 With words like sunbeams dazzling as they passed  
 The eye that o'er them shed deep tears which flowed too fast —[MS]  
 O'er deeds and thoughts of error the bright hue —[MS erased]*

<sup>2</sup> *Like him enamoured were to die the same —[MS]*

Flashed the thrilled Spirit's love-devouring heat,<sup>1</sup>  
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest  
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess

## LXXV

HIS life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
 Or friends by him self-banished,<sup>1</sup> for his mind  
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,  
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,<sup>2</sup>  
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind  
 But he was phrensied, wherefore, who may know?  
 Since cause might be which Skill could never find,<sup>3</sup>  
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe,  
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show

## LXXVI

For then he was inspired,<sup>2</sup> and from him came,  
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,

1 *self consuming heat* —[MS *crased*]

11 *For its own cruel workings the most kind* —[MS *crased*]

111 *Since cause might be yet leave no trace behind* —[MS]

1 [As, for instance, with Madame de Warens, in 1738, with Madame d'Epinaÿ, with Diderot and Grimm, in 1757, with Voltaire, with David Hume, in 1766 (see "Rousseau in England," *Q R*, No 376, October, 1898), with every one to whom he was attached or with whom he had dealings, except his illiterate mistress, Theresa le Vasseur (See *Rousseau*, by John Morley, 2 vols, 1888, *passim*)]

2 ["He was possessed, as holier natures than his have been, by an enthusiastic vision, an intoxicated confidence, a mixture of sacred rage and prodigious love, an insensate but absolutely disinterested revolt against the stone and iron of a reality which he was bent on melting in a heavenly blaze of splendid aspiration and irresistibly persuasive expression"—*Rousseau*, by John Morley, 1886, i 137]

Those oracles which set the world in flame <sup>1</sup>  
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more  
 Did he not this for France? which lay before  
 Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years? <sup>2</sup>  
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore  
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers  
 Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown  
 fears?

## LXXVII

They made themselves a fearful monument <sup>1</sup>  
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew <sup>2</sup>  
 Breathed from the birth of Time the veil they rent  
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — thoughts which grew  
 Born with the birth of Time — — [MS]

<sup>2</sup> — even let me view  
 But good alas — — [MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Rousseau published his *Discourses* on the influence of the sciences on manners and on inequality (*Sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes*) in 1750 and 1753. *J'mile ou de l'Éducation* and *Du Contrat Social* in 1762.]

<sup>2</sup> [What Rousseau's Discourse [*Sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité etc.*] meant is not that all men are born equal. He never says this. His position is that the artificial differences springing from the conditions of the social union do not coincide with the differences in capacity springing from original constitution—that the tendency of the social union as now organized is to deepen the artificial inequalities and make the gulf between those endowed with privilege and wealth and those not so endowed ever wider and wider. It was [the influence of Rousseau and those whom he inspired] which though it certainly did not produce yet did as certainly give a deep and remarkable bias first to the American Revolution and a dozen years afterwards to the French Revolution.—*Rousseau* 1838, 181, 182.]

But good with ill they also overthrew,  
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
 Upon the same foundation, and renew  
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled,  
 As heretofore, because Ambition was self-willed

## LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured<sup>1</sup>  
 Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt  
 They might have used it better, but, allured  
 By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt  
 On one another, Pity ceased to melt  
 With her once natural charities But they,  
 Who in Oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,  
 They were not eagles, nourished with the day,  
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

## LXXXIV

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
 That which disfigures it, and they who war  
 With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear  
 Silence, but not submission in his lair  
 Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
 Which shall atone for years, none need despair  
 It came—it cometh—and will come, the power  
 To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *in both we shall be slower* —[MS *erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [The substitution of "one" for "both" (see *var* 1) affords

## LXXV

Clear placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake  
 With the wild world I dwelt in is a thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction, once I loved  
 Torn Ocean's roar but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so  
 moved

## LXXVI

It is the hush of night and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains dusk yet clear  
 Mellowed and mingling yet distinctly seen  
 Save darkened Jura,<sup>1</sup> whose cap heights appear  
 I recipitously steep and drawing near  
 I here breathes a living fragrance from the shore  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more

conclusive proof that the meaning is that the next revolution would do its work more thoroughly and not leave things as it found them ]

1 [After sunset the Jura range which lies to the west of the Lake would appear darkened in contrast to the after glow in the western sky ]

## LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes <sup>1</sup>  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill, <sup>11</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
 But that is fancy for the Starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of Love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.<sup>111</sup>

## LXXXVIII

Ye Stars <sup>1</sup> which are the poetry of Heaven <sup>1</sup>  
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you, for ye are  
 A Beauty and a Mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That Fortune, Fame, Power, Life, have named them-  
 selves a Star <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *He is an endless reveller* —[*MS* erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Hum merry with light talking with his mate* —[*MS* erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Deep into Nature's breast the existence which they lose* —[*MS*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Anacreon (Εἰς τέττιγα), *Car m* λημ line 15—  
 Τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὐ σε τέλει]

<sup>2</sup> [For the association of "Fortune" and "Fame" with a star, compare stanza vi lines 5, 6—

## LXXXIX

All Heaven and Earth are still—though not in sleep  
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most <sup>1</sup>  
 And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep —  
 All Heaven and Earth are still From the high host  
 Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast  
 All is concentrated in a life intense  
 Where not a beam nor air nor leaf is lost  
 But hath a part of Being and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and Defence

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
 The *star* which rises o'er her steep etc <sup>2</sup>

And the allusion to Napoleon's star stanza xxxviii line 9—

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the lostest *Star*

Compare too the opening lines of the *Star as to Augusta*  
 (July 24 1816)—

Though the day of my destiny's over  
 And the *star* of my fate has declined

Power<sup>3</sup> is symbolized as a star in *Numb* xxix 17 There shall come a *star* out of Jacob and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel and in the divine proclamation I am the root and the offspring of David and the bright and morning *star* (*Rev* xxi 16)

The inclusion of life among star similes may have been suggested by the astrological terms house of life and lord of the ascendant Wordsworth in his Ode (*Intimations of Immortality etc*) speaks of the soul as our life's *star* Mr Tozer who supplies most of these comparisons adds a line from Shelley's *Adonais* 55 8 (Pisa 181)—

The soul of Adonais like a *star* ]

1 [Compare Wordsworth's sonnet It is a Beauteous etc —

It is a beauteous evening calm and free  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration ]

[Here too the note is Wordsworthian, though Byron



## XC

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are *lost* alone.  
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
 And purifies from self it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of Music, which makes known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,<sup>1</sup>  
 Binding all things with beauty, — 'twould disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm

## XCI

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places, and the peak

1 *It is a voiceless feeling itself felt* — [MS]

2 *Of a most inward music* — [MS]

represents as inherent in Nature, that "sense of something far more deeply interfused," which Wordsworth (in his *Lines* on Tintern Abbey) assigns to his own consciousness]

1 [As the cestus of Venus endowed the wearer with magical attraction, so the immanence of the Infinite and the Eternal in "all that formal is and fugitive," binds it with beauty and produces a supernatural charm which even Death cannot resist]

2 [Compare Herodotus, i 131, Οἱ δὲ νομίζουσι Διὶ μὲν, ἐπὶ τὰ ὑψηλότερα τῶν οὐρέων ἀναβαίνοντες, θυσίας ἐρδεῖν, τῷ δὲ Λύκλῳ πάντα τοῦ οὐρανοῦ Δία καλέοντες. Perhaps, however, "early Persian" was suggested by a passage in "that drowsy, frowsy poem, *The Excursion*"—

"The Persian—zealous to reject  
 Altar and image and the inclusive walls  
 And roofs and temples built by human hands—  
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops  
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,  
 Presented sacrifice to moon and stars"  
*The Excursion*, iv (*The Works of Wordsworth*, 1889, p. 461.)]

Of earth o'ergazing mountains <sup>28</sup> and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak  
 Upreared of human hands Come and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings—Goth or Greek—  
 With Nature's realms of worship earth and air—  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

## XCII

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh Night <sup>29</sup>  
 And Storm and Darkness ye are wondrous strong  
 Yet lovely in your strength as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in Woman! <sup>1</sup> Far along  
 From peak to peak the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud  
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

## XCIII

And this is in the Night — Most glorious Night! <sup>1</sup>  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

<sup>1</sup> — *Oh glorious Night*  
*That art not sent — — [MS.]*

<sup>1</sup> [Compare the well known song which forms the prelude  
 of the *Hebrew Melodies*—

She walks in beauty like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes ]

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!<sup>1</sup>  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,"  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's birth."<sup>11</sup>

## XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted "<sup>1</sup>  
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage

<sup>1</sup> *A portion of the Storm—a part of thee* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *a fiery sea* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *As they had found an hen and feasted o'er his birth* —  
 [MS erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *Hills which look like brethren with twin heights  
 Of a like aspect* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [There can be no doubt that Byron borrowed this metaphor from the famous passage in Coleridge's *Christabel* (ll 408-426), which he afterwards prefixed as a motto to *Fare Thee Well*

The latter half of the quotation runs thus—

"But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,  
 A dreary sea now flows between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once had been"]

Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed —  
 Itself expired but leaving them an age  
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage <sup>1</sup>

## XCV

Now where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand  
 For here not one but many make their play,  
 And fling their thunder bolts from hand to hand  
 Flashing and cast around of all the band  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked  
 His lightnings—as if he did understand  
 That in such gaps as Desolation worked  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked

## XCVI

Sky—Mountains—River—Winds—Lake—Lightnings  
 yel  
 With night, and clouds and thunder—and a Soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful, the far roll  
 Of your departing voices is the knoll <sup>1</sup>  
 Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest

<sup>1</sup> *Of sepa at ou drear — —[ MS erased ]*

<sup>1</sup> [There are numerous instances of the use of "knoll" as an alternative form of the verb "to knell" but Byron seems in this passage to be the authority for "knoll" as a substantive]

But where of ye, O Tempests ! is the goal ?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

## XCVII

Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul heart mind passions feelings—strong or  
     weak—  
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
 Bear, know, feel—and yet breathe—into *one* word,  
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak,  
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a  
     sword

## XCVIII

The Morn is up again, the dewy Morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom—  
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
 And living as if earth contained no tomb,  
 And glowing into day we may resume  
 The march of our existence and thus I,  
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room  
 And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly

## XCIX

Clarens ! sweet Clarens <sup>1</sup> birthplace of deep Love !  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate Thought  
 Thy trees take root in Love, the snows above <sup>1</sup>  
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught

<sup>1</sup> *The trees have grown from Love — — [MS erased]*

<sup>1</sup> [For Rousseau's description of Vevey see *Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloïse* Partie I Lettre xxiii *Œuvres de J. J. Rousseau* 1836 ii 36 Tantôt d'immenses rochers pen-  
 doient en ruines au dessus de ma tête Tantôt de hautes et  
 bruyantes cascades m'inondoient de leur épris brouillard  
 tantôt un torrent éternel ouvroit à mes côtés un abîme dont  
 les yeux n'osoient sonder la profondeur Quelquefois je me  
 perdois dans l'obscurité d'un bois touffu Quelquefois en  
 sortant d'un gouffre une agréable prairie réjouissoit tout à  
 coup mes regards Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage  
 et de la nature cultivée montrait partout la main des hommes  
 ou l'on eût cru qu'ils n'avoient jamais pénétré à côté d'une  
 caverne on trouvoit des maisons on voyoit des pampres  
 secs ou l'on n'eût cherché que des ronces des vignes dans  
 des terres éboullées d'excellens fruits sur des rochers et des  
 champs dans des précipices See too Lettre xxxviii p 56  
 Partie IV Lettre xi p 238 (the description of Julie's Ely-  
 sium) and Partie IV Lettre xvii p 60 (the excursion to  
 Meillerie)]

Byron infuses into Rousseau's accurate and charming  
 compositions of scenic effects if not the glory yet the  
 freshness of a dream " He belonged to the new age with its  
 new message from nature to man and in spite of theories  
 and prejudices listened and was convinced He extols  
 Rousseau's recognition of nature lifting it to the height of  
 his own argument but consciously or unconsciously he  
 desires to find and finds in nature a spring of imagination  
 undreamt of by the Apostle of Sentiment There is a whole  
 world of difference between Rousseau's persuasive and deli-  
 cate patronage of Nature and Byron's passionate though  
 somewhat belated surrender to her inevitable charm With  
 Rousseau Nature is a means to an end a conduct of refined  
 and heightened fancy whereas to Byron her reward was  
 with her a draught of healing and refreshment ]

And Sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought<sup>1</sup>  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly · the rocks,<sup>1</sup>  
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the Soul with Hope that woos, then  
 mocks

## C

Clarens<sup>1</sup> by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—<sup>1</sup>  
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
 To which the steps are mountains, where the God  
 Is a pervading Life and Light,—so shown<sup>1</sup>  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
 In the still cave and forest, o'er the flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,  
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power<sup>1</sup>  
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour

## CI.

All things are here of *Him*, from the black pines,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar

<sup>1</sup> *By rays which tinge them* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Clarens—sweet Clarens—thou art Love's abode—  
 Undying Love's—who here hath made a throne* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *And guided it with Spirit which is shown  
 From the steep summit to the rushing Rhone* —[MS erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *whose arching power  
 Surpasses the strong storm in its most desolate hour* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Partie IV Lettre xii, *Œuvres*, etc., ii 262 “Un torrent, formé par la fonte des neiges, rouloit à vingt pas de nous une eau bourbeuse, et charrioit avec bruit du limon, du sable et des pierres Des forêts de noirs sapins nous ombrageoient tristement à droite Un grand bois de chênes étoit à gauche au-delà du torrent”]

Of torrents, where he listeneth to the vines  
 Which slope his green path downward to the shore,  
 Where the bowed Waters meet him, and adore  
 Kissing his feet with murmurs, and the Wood  
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar  
 But light leaves young as joy, stands where it stood<sup>1</sup>  
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude

## CII

A populous solitude of bees and birds  
 And fairy formed and many-coloured things  
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than words<sup>11</sup>  
 And innocently open their glad wings  
 Fearless and full of life the gush of springs,  
 And fall of lofty fountains and the bend  
 Of stirring branches and the bud which brings  
 The swiftest thought of Beauty here extend  
 Mingling—and made by Love—unto one mighty end

## CIII

He who hath loved not here would learn that lore<sup>1</sup>  
 And make his heart a spirit, he who knows

<sup>1</sup> *But branches young as Heaven — — [MS erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *— with sweeter voice than words — [MS]*

<sup>1</sup> [Compare the *Pervigilium Veneris*—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit

Quique amavit cras amet

( Let those love now who never loved before

Let those who always loved now love the more<sup>11</sup>)

Parnell's *Vigil of Venus* *British Poets* 1794, vii 7 ]



That tender mystery, will love the more ,  
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from  
     those,<sup>1</sup>  
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die ,  
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

## CIV

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections, but he found  
 It was the scene which Passion must allot  
 To the Mind's purified beings, 'twas the ground  
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hallowed it with loveliness 'tis lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness, here the Rhone  
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a  
     throne

## CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes  
 Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name ,<sup>22</sup> r  
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,  
 A path to perpetuity of Fame

<sup>1</sup>      *have driven him to repose* —[*MS*]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau, lib iv, *passim*]

They were gigantic minds and their steep aim  
 Was Titan like on daring doubts to pile  
 Thoughts which should call down thunder and the flame  
 Of Heaven again assu'd—if Heaven, the while  
 On man and man's research could deign do more than  
 smile

## CVI

The one was fire and fickleness<sup>1</sup> a child  
 Most mutable in wishes but in mind  
 A wit as various—gay grave sage or wild—  
 Historian bard philosopher combined<sup>2</sup>  
 He multiplied himself among mankind  
 The Proteus of their talents But his own

- 1 *Coping with all and leaving all behind—  
 Within himself existed all mankind—  
 And laid this gift at their feet, betrayed his own  
 His own was ridicule which as the Wind—[MS.]*

1 [In his appreciation of Voltaire Byron no doubt had in mind certain strictures of the Lake school—a school as it is called I presume from their education being still incomplete Coleridge in *The Friend* (1850 i 168) contrasting Voltaire with Erasmus affirms that the knowledge of the one was solid through its whole extent and that of the other extensive at a chief rate in its superficiality and characterizes the wit of the Frenchman as being without imagery without character and without that pathos which gives the magic charm to genuine humour and Wordsworth in the second book of *The Excursion* (*Works of Wordsworth* 1889 p 434) unalarmed by any consideration of wit or humour writes down Voltaire's *Optimist* (*Candide ou L'Optimisme*) which was accidentally discovered by the Wanderer in the Solitary's pent house swoln with scorching damp as the dull product of a scoffer's pen Byron reverts to these contumelies in a note to the Fifth Canto of *Don Juan* (see *Life Appendix* p 809) and lashes the school *secundum artem*]

Breathed most in ridicule, which, as the wind,  
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,  
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.<sup>1</sup>

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
 In meditation dwelt with learning wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer  
 The lord of irony, that master-spell,

<sup>1</sup> *concentering thought*  
*And gathering wisdom* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [In his youth Voltaire was imprisoned for a year (1717-18) in the Bastille, by the regent Duke of Orleans, on account of certain unacknowledged lampoons (*Regnante Puer o, etc*), but throughout his long life, so far from "shaking thrones," he showed himself eager to accept the patronage and friendship of the greatest monarchs of the age of Louis XV, of George II and his queen, Caroline of Anspach, of Frederick II, and of Catharine of Russia. Even the Pope Benedict XIV accepted the dedication of *Mahomet* (1745), and bestowed an apostolical benediction on "his dear son." On the other hand, his abhorrence of war, his protection of the oppressed, and, above all, the questioning spirit of his historical and philosophical writings (*e g* *Les Lettres sur les Anglais*, 1733, *Annales de l'Empire depuis Charlemagne*, 1753, etc) were felt to be subversive of civil as well as ecclesiastical tyranny, and, no doubt, helped to precipitate the Revolution.

The first half of the line may be illustrated by his quarrel with Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy, which resulted in the production of the famous *Diatribes of Doctor Akakia, Physician to the Pope* (1752), by a malicious attack on Maupertuis's successor, Le Franc de Pompignan, and by his caricature of the critic Elie Catharine Fréron, as *Frélon* ("Wasp"), in *L'Ecossoise*, which was played at Paris in 1760 —[*Life of Voltaire*, by F. Espinasse, 1892, pp 94, 114, 144]

Which stung his foes to wrath which grew from fear<sup>1</sup> 1  
 And doomed him to the zealots ready Hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well

## CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes—for by them,  
 If mented the penalty is paid  
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn  
 The hour must come when such things shall be made  
 Known unto all—or hope and dread allayed  
 By slumber on one pillow in the dust<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, thus much we are sure must lie decayed  
 And when it shall revive as is our trust  
 Twill be to be forgiven—or suffer what is just

1 Which stung / is swarming / with rage and fear —[MS]

11 In sleep upon one pillow — —[MS]

1 [The first three volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* contrary to the author's expectation did not escape criticism and remonstrance. The Rev David Chetsum (in 1777 and (enlarged) 1778) published *An Examination of etc* and Henry Edward Davis in 1778 *Remarks on the memorable Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters*. Gibbon replied by a *Vindication* issued in 1779. Another adversary was Archdeacon George Travis who in his *Letter* defended the authenticity of the text on 'Three Heavenly Witnesses' (1 John v. 7) which Gibbon was at pains to deny (ch xxxvii note 120). Among other critics and assailants were Joseph Milner, Joseph Priestley and Richard Watson afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. (For Porson's estimate of Gibbon, see preface to *Letters to Mr Archdeacon Travis etc* 1790)]

2 [There is no reason to suppose that this is to be taken ironically. He is not certain whether the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed or whether all secrets shall be kept in the silence of universal slumber but he looks to the possibility of a judgment to come. He is speaking for

## CIX.

But let me quit Man's works, again to read  
 His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend  
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
 Until it seems prolonging without end. •  
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er<sup>1</sup>  
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
 To their most great and growing region, where  
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air

## CX

Italia too! Italia! looking on thee,  
 Full flashes on the Soul the light of ages,  
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
 To the last halo of the Chiefs and Sages  
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages,  
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires, still,<sup>2</sup>

mankind generally, and is not concerned with his own beliefs or disbeliefs ]

1 [The poet would follow in the wake of the clouds. He must pierce them, and bend his steps to the region of their growth, the mountain-top, where earth begets and air brings forth the vapours. Another interpretation is that the Alps must be pierced in order to attain the great and ever-ascending regions of the mountain-tops ("greater and greater as we proceed"). In the next stanza he pictures himself looking down from the summit of the Alps on Italy, the goal of his pilgrimage.]

2 [The Roman Empire engulfed and comprehended the great empires of the past—the Persian, the Carthaginian, the Greek. It fell, and kingdoms such as the Gothic (A.D. 493-554), the Lombardic (A.D. 568-774) rose out of its ashes, and in their turn decayed and passed away.]

The fount at which the panting Mind assuages  
 Her thirst of knowledge quaffing there her fill  
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill

## CXI

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
 Renewed with no kind auspices —to feel  
 We are not what we have been and to deem  
 We are not what we should be —and to steel  
 The heart against itself and to conceal  
 With a proud caution love, or hate or aught,—  
 Passion or feeling purpose grief or zeal —  
 Which is the tyrant Spirit of our thought  
 Is a stern task of soul —No matter—it is taught <sup>1</sup>

## CXII

And for these words, thus woven into song  
 It may be that they are a harmless wile —<sup>1</sup>  
 The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,  
 Which I would seize in passing to beguile

<sup>1</sup> *They are but as a self-deceiving wile —[MS. erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *The shadows of the things that pass along —[MS.]*

<sup>1</sup> [The task imposed upon his soul which dominates every other instinct is the concealment of any and every emotion—love or hate or aught—not the concealment of the particular emotion—love or hate—which may or may not be the master spirit of his thought. He is anxious to conceal his feelings—not to keep the world in the dark as to the supreme feeling which holds the rest subject.]

My breast, or that of others, for a while  
 Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not <sup>1</sup>  
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot,  
 I stood and stand alone, remembered or forgot.

## CXIII

I have not loved the World, nor the World me;  
 I have not flattered its rank breath,<sup>1</sup> nor bowed  
 To its idolatries a patient knee,  
 Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud  
 In worship of an echo in the crowd  
 They could not deem me one of such I stood  
 Among them, but not of them <sup>2</sup> in a shroud  
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still  
 could,  
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued <sup>3</sup> <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fame is the dream of boyhood—I am not  
 So young as to regard the frown or smile  
 Of crowds as making an immortal lot —[MS (lines 6, 7 raised) ]*

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, act III sc I, lines 66, 67—

“For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
 Regard me as I do not flatter”]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Manfred*, act II sc 2, lines 54–57—

“My spirit walked not with the souls of men,  
 Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes,  
 The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
 The aim of their existence was not mine”]

## CXX

I have not loved the World no the World me —

B ut let us part fair foes, I do bel eve

Though I have found them no that there may be

Words which are things — hopes which will not  
deceive

And Virtues which are merciful nor weave

Snares for the failing, I would also deem

O'er others griefs that some sincerely grieve—<sup>1</sup>

That two or one are almost what they seem —

That Goodness is no name — and Happiness no dream

## CXXI

My daughter! with thy name this song begun!

My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end! —

I see thee no — I hear thee not — but none

Can be so wrapt in thee Thou art the Friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend

Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold

My voice shall with thy future visions blend

And reach into thy heart — when mine is cold —

A token and a tone even from thy father's mould

<sup>1</sup> *O'er many a smother'd grief —* {1851}

<sup>1</sup> [Byron was at first in some doubt whether he should or should not publish the concluding stanzas of *Childe Harold* (those to my daughter) but in a letter to Murray October 9 1816 he reminds him of his later determination to publish them with the rest of the Canto"]



## CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch  
 Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see  
 Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch  
 Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee!  
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,  
 This, it should seem, was not reserved for me—  
 Yet this was in my nature as it is,  
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this

## CXVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,<sup>1</sup>  
 I know that thou wilt love me though my name ,

I [“His allusions to me in *Childe Harold* are cruel and cold, but with such a semblance as to make *me* appear so, and to attract sympathy to himself. It is said in this poem that hatred of him will be taught as a lesson to his child. I might appeal to all who have ever heard me speak of him, and still more to my own heart, to witness that there has been no moment when I have remembered injury otherwise than affectionately and sorrowfully. It is not my duty to give way to hopeless and wholly unrequited affection, but so long as I live my chief struggle will probably be not to remember him too kindly”—(*Letter of Lady Byron to Lady Anne Lindsay*, extracted from Lord Lindsay's letter to the *Times*, September 7, 1869)]

According to Mrs Leigh (see her letter to Hodgson, Nov., 1816, *Memoirs of Rev F Hodgson*, 1878, II 41), Murray paid Lady Byron “the compliment” of showing her the transcription of the Third Canto, a day or two after it came into his possession. Most probably she did not know or recognize Claire's handwriting, but she could not fail to remember that but one short year ago she had herself been engaged in transcribing *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* for the press. Between the making of those two “fair copies,” a tragedy had intervened.]

Should be shut from thee as a spell still fraught  
 With desolation and a broken charm  
 Though the grave closed between us — were the same  
 I know that thou wilt love me—though to drain<sup>1</sup>  
 My blood from out thy being were an aim  
 And an attainment —all would be in vain —  
 Still thou wouldst love me still that more than life retain

## CXVIII

The child of Love!<sup>2</sup> though born in bitterness,  
 And nurtured in Convulsion! Of thy sire  
 These were the elements —and thine no less  
 As yet such are around thee —but thy fire  
 Shall be more tempered and thy hope far higher  
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea  
 And from the mountains where I now respire  
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee  
 As—with a sigh—I deem thou mightst have been to me!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *End of Canto Third*

*Byron July 4 1816 Donizetti—[C]*

<sup>2</sup> [The Countess Guiccioli is responsible for the statement that Byron looked forward to a time when his daughter would know her father by his works. Then said he shall I triumph and the tears which my daughter will then shed together with the knowledge that she will have the feelings with which the various allusions to herself and me have been written will console me in my darkest hours. Ada's mother may have enjoyed the smiles of her youth and childhood but the tears of her maturer age will be for me —*My Recollections of Lord Byron* by the Countess Guiccioli 1869 p 17-]

<sup>3</sup> [For a biographical notice of Ada Lady Lovelace including letters elsewhere unpublished to Andrew Crosse see *Ada Byron*, von E. Kölbner *Englische Studien* 1894 vii 154-163]



NOTES  
TO  
CHILDE HAROLDS  
PILGRIMAGE  
CANTO III

---

I

In pride of place here list the Eagle flew  
Stanza xviii line 3

PRIDE of place is a term of falconry and means the highest pitch of flight See *Macbeth* etc—

An eagle towering in his pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed  
[ A falcon towering in her pride of place etc  
*Macbeth* act ii sc 4 line 1 ]

Such as Harmodius drew on Athens tyrant Lord  
Stanza xx line 9

See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogeiton the best English translation is in Blinds *Anthology* by Mr Denman—

With myrtle my sword will I wreath etc

[*Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology etc*, 1806 pp 24 25 The *Scholium* attributed to Callistratus (*Poete Lyrici Græci* Bergk. Lipsie 1866 p 1 90) begins thus—

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,  
 Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,  
 Ὃτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην  
 Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποίησάτην

"Hence," says Mr Tozei, "'the sword in myrtles drest' (Keble's *Christian Year*, Third Sunday in Lent) became the emblem of assertors of liberty"—*Childe Harold*, 1885, p 262 ]

## 3

And all went merry as a marriage bell  
 Stanza xxi. line 8

On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels [See notes to the text ]

## 4

And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !  
 Stanza xxvi line 9

Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant, Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five"

[Sir Evan Cameron (1629-1719) fought against Cromwell, finally yielding on honourable terms to Monk, June 5, 1658, and for James II at Killiecrankie, June 17, 1689. His grandson, Donald Cameron of Lochiel (1695-1748), celebrated by Campbell, in *Lochiel's Warning*, 1802, was wounded at Culloden, April 16, 1746. His great-great-grandson, John Cameron, of Fassiefern (b 1771), in command of the 92nd Highlanders, was mortally wounded at Quatre-Bras, June 16, 1815. Compare Scott's stanzas, *The Dance of Death*, lines 33, 34 —

"Where through battle's rout and reel,  
 Storm of shot and hedge of steel,  
 Led the grandson of Lochiel,  
 Valiant Fassiefern

And Morven long shall tell,  
 And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,  
 How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,  
 Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra  
 Of conquest as he fell "

Compare, too, Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, stanza xxi lines 14, 15—

"And Cameron, in the shock of steel,  
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel"]

## 5

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves

Stanza xxvii line 1

The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes famous in Bojardo's *Orlando* and immortal in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

[It is a far cry from Soignies in South Brabant to Ardennes in Luxembourg. Possibly Byron is confounding the *sylvus* quibus nomen Arduenna (Tacitus *Ann* 3 4) the scene of the revolt of the Treviri with the *sylvus* Teutoburgiensis (the Teutoburgen or Lippische Wald which divides Lippe Detmold from Westphalia), where Arminius defeated the Romans (Tacitus *Ann* 1 60). (For Bojardo's *Ardenna* see *Orlando Innamorato* lib 1 canto st. 30.) Shakspeare's Arden the immortal forest in *As You Like It* 'favours' his own Arden in Warwickshire but derived its name from the forest of Arden in Lodge's *Rosalind*.]

## 6

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring

Stanza xxx line 9

My guide from Mount St Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a path's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay but will probably soon be effaced: the plough has been upon it and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished the guide said: Here Major Howard lay. I was near him when wounded. I told him my relationship and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action though

this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Charonea, and Marathon, and the field around Mount St Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

[For particulars of the death of Major Howard, see *Personal Memoirs, etc.*, by Pryse Lochart Gordon, 1830, ii 322, 323.]

## 7

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore

Stanza xxxv line 6

The (fabled) apples on the brink of the Lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes.

[Compre Facitus, *Histor.*, lib. v. 7, "Cuncta sponte edita, aut manu sata, sive herbarum tenues, aut flores, ut solitam in speciem adolevere, atra et inania velut in cinerem vane-sunt." See, too, *Deut.* xxxii 32, "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter."

They are a species of gill-nut, and are described by Curzon (*Visits to Monasteries of the Levant*, 1897, p. 141) who met with the tree that bears them, near the Dead Sea, and, mistaking the fruit for a ripe plum, proceeded to eat one, whereupon his mouth was filled "with a dry bitter dust."

"The apple of Sodom" is supposed by some to refer to the fruit of *Solanum Sodomum* (allied to the tomato), by others to the *Calotropis procera* (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art "Apple").]

## 8

For sceptred Cynics Earth were far too wide a den

Stanza xli line 9

The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them, perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyrannv. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals, and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to

Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army rubbing his hands over a fire This is pleasanter than Moscow would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark

## 9

What want these outlaws conquerors should have?

Stanza xlviii line 6

What wants that knave that a king should have? was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements See the Ballad

[Johnie Armstrong the laird of Gilnockie on the occasion of an enforced surrender to James V (1532) came before the king somewhat too richly accoutred and was hanged for his effrontery—

There hang nine targats at Johnie's hat

And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—

What wants that knave a king suld have

But the sword of honour and the crown ?

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* 1821 i 177 ]

## 10

The castled Crag of Drachenfels

Song stanza i line 1

The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of the Seven Mountains over the Rhine banks it is in ruins and connected with some singular traditions It is the first in view on the road from Bonn but on the opposite side of the river on this bank nearly facing it are the remains of another called the Jews Castle and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful

[The castle of Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock) stands on the summit of one but not the highest of the Siebengebirge an isolated group of volcanic hills on the right bank of the Rhine between Remagen and Bonn The legend runs that in one of the caverns of the rock dwelt the dragon which was slain by Siegfried the hero of the Nibelungen Lied Hence the *vin du pays* is called *Drachenblut* ]



## II

The whiteness of his soul—and thus men o'er him wept  
Stanza lvi line 9

The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough, France adored, and her enemies admired, both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word, but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison.

A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine [April 18, 1797]. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:

“The Army of the Sambre and Meuse  
to its Commander-in-Chief  
Hoche”

This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

[The tomb of François Séverin Desgravins Marceau (1769–1796, general of the French Republic) bears the following epitaph and inscription —

“‘Hic cineres, ubique nomen’

“Ici repose Marceau, né à Chartres, Eure et-Loir, soldat à seize ans, général à vingtdeux ans. Il mourut en combattant pour sa patrie, le dernier jour de l'an iv de la République française. Qui que tu sois, ami ou ennemi de ce jeune héros, respecte ces cendres.”

A bronze statue at Versailles, raised to the memory of General Hoche (1768–1797) bears a very similar record—

“A Lazare Hoche, né à Versailles le 24 juin, 1768, sergent à seize ans, général en chef à vingt-cinq, mort à vingt-neuf, pacificateur de la Vendée”]

## 12

Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall

Stanza lvi line 1

Ehrenbreitstein *z.e.* the broad stone of honour one of the strongest fortresses in Europe was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been and could only be reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta it did not much strike by comparison but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight when a ball struck immediately below it.

[Ehrenbreitstein which had resisted the French under Marshal Boufflers in 1680 and held out against Marceau (1795-96) finally capitulated to the French after a prolonged siege in 1799. The fortifications were dismantled when the French evacuated the fortress after the Treaty of Lunéville in 1801. The Treaty of Leoben was signed April 18 1797.]

## 13

Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering  
ghost

Stanza lxii line 9

The chapel is destroyed and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian Legion in the service of France who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors less successful invasions. A few still remain notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country) and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions who carried them off to sell for knife handles a purpose for which the whiteness imbued by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero for which the sole excuse is that if I had not the next passer by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

[Charles the Bold was defeated by the Swiss at the Battle of Morat June ~ 1476. It has been computed that more than twenty thousand Burgundians fell in the battle. At first to avoid the outbreak of a pestilence the bodies were

thrown into pits "Nine years later the mouldering remains were unearthed, and deposited in a building on the shore of the lake, near the village of Meyriez. During three succeeding centuries this depository was several times rebuilt. But the ill-starred relics were not destined even yet to remain undisturbed. At the close of the last century, when the armies of the French Republic were occupying Switzerland, a regiment consisting mainly of Burgundians, under the notion of effacing an insult to their ancestors, tore down the 'bone-house' at Morat, covered the contents with earth, and planted on the mound 'a tree of liberty'. But the tree had no roots, the rains washed away the earth, again the remains were exposed to view, and lay bleaching in the sun for a quarter of a century. Travellers stopped to gaze, to moralize, and to pilfer, postilions and poets scraped off skulls and thigh-bones. At last, in 1822, the vestiges were swept together and re-sepulchred, and a simple obelisk of marble was erected, to commemorate a victory well deserving of its fame as a military exploit, but all unworthy to be ranked with earlier triumphs, won by hands pure as well as strong, defending freedom and the right"—*History of Charles the Bold*, by J. F. Kirk, 1868, iii 404, 405.

Mr Murray still has in his possession the parcel of bones—the "quarter of a hero"—which Byron sent home from the field of Morat.]

## 14

Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands

Stanza lxv line 9

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

[Avenches (Wifflisburg) lies due south of the Lake of Morat, and about five miles east of the Lake of Neuchâtel. As a Roman colony it bore the name of *Pia Flavia Constantia Emerita*, and circ 70 A.D. contained a population of sixty thousand inhabitants. It was destroyed first by the Alemanni and, afterwards, by Attila. "The Emperor Vespasian—son of the banker of the town," says Suetonius (lib viii 1)—"surrounded the city by massive walls, defended it by semicircular towers, adorned it with a capitol, a theatre, a forum, and granted it jurisdiction over the outlying dependencies.

"To-day plantations of tobacco cover the forgotten streets of Avenches, and a single Corinthian column ['the lonelier column,' the so-called *Cicognier*], with its crumbling arcade,

remains to tell of former grandeur"—*Historical Sketches in  
the Quarterly Review* 1873 by Cecil Chesterton (vol. 16)  
[16]

## 15

And held within the turn ere ruin—*see line 10*  
Stanza lxvi line 3

Julia Alpinus a young woman perished soon after  
a vain endeavour to save her father condemned to death  
a traitor by Julius Cæsar. Her story was discovered  
many years ago—it is the story of Julia Alpinus. The  
infelicitous patris infelix proles. Dev. Ventur. Sacerd.  
Exorite patris recem non potes. Male mori in fatis ul-  
teris. Vixit annos XLIII.—I know of no human con-  
science so affecting as this for a history of deeper interest. The  
are the names at last which which it is to perish and  
which we turn with a true and lively interest from the  
wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of en-  
quests and battles with which the mind is tormented for a time  
to a false and feverish sympathy from whence it recovers at  
length with all the natural consequence of a violent reaction.

[A mutinous outbreak among the Helvæ which had been  
provoked by the distresses of the twenty first year of the  
war, speedily quelled by the Roman general Julius Cæsar.  
Venturum surrendered, and the young Alpinus a  
chief slain and supposed his leader was single shot for his  
moment and put to death. "The rest was left to the  
left to the ruth or ruthlessness of Vitellius." *Historical Sketches*  
[18] Julius Alpinus and here it is the happy revelation  
of a sixteenth-century cleric. It is years since I read  
Stanhope that this inscription was given by the Duke of  
Wilhelm a noted forger of *Vitellius* to Julius and  
Lipsius handed over to Cæsar. Nobody ever before  
or since Wilhelm has even pretended to have seen the stone  
as to any son or daughter of Julius Alpinus history is  
wholly silent (*Quarterly Review* June 1861 vol. lvi p. 61  
*Historical Sketches* by Lord Mahon 1891 p. 995]

## 16

In the sun's face like vnder Alpine snow  
Stanza lxvii line 8

This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd 1816)  
which even at this distance dazzles mine—(July 10th) I  
this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of

Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat, the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

[The first lines of the note dated June 3, 1816, were written at "Dejean's Hôtel de l'Angleterre" at St. Julien, a small suburb of Geneva, on the northern side of the lake. On the 10th of June Byron removed to the Campagne Diodati, about two miles from Geneva, on the south shore of the lake (*Life of Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, 1896, pp. 307-309).]

## 17

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone

Stanza lxxi line 3

The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

[The blueness of the Rhone, which has been attributed to various causes, is due to the comparative purity of the water. The yellow and muddy stream, during its passage through the lake, is enabled to purge itself to a very great extent of the solid matter held in suspension—the glacial and other detritus—and so, on leaving its vast natural filtering-bed, it flows out clear and blue—it has regained the proper colour of pure water.]

## 18

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss

Stanza lxxix line 3

This refers to the account, in his *Confessions*, of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words, which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation, a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

[Here is Rousseau's "passionate, yet not impure," description of his sensations. "J'ai dit qu'il y avoit loin de l'Hermitage à Eaubonne, je passois par les coteaux d'Andilly qui sont charmans. Je rêvois en marchant à celle que j'allois voir, à l'accueil caressant qu'elle me feroit, au baiser qui m'attendoit à mon arrivée. Ce seul baiser, ce baiser funeste avant même

de le recevoir, m'embrasoit le sang à tel point que ma tête se troubloit un éblouissement m'aveugloit mes genoux tremblants ne pouroient me soutenir j'étois forcé de m'arrêter de m'asseoir toute ma machine étoit dans un désordre inconcevable j'étois prêt à me vanouir A l'instant que je la voyois tout étoit réparé je ne sentoits plus auprès d'elle que l'importunité d'une vigueur inépuisable et toujours inutile — *Les Confessions* Partie II livre ix *Œuvres Complètes de J. J. Rousseau* 1837 i 333

Byron's mother 'would have it that her son was like Rousseau but he disclaimed the honour antithetically and with needless particularity (see his letter to Mrs Byron and a quotation from his *Detached Thoughts Letters* 1898 i 19 note) There was another point of unlikeness which he does not mention Byron on the passion of love does not make for morality, but he eschews nastiness The loves of Don Juan and Haidée are chaste as snow compared with the unspeakable philanderings of the elderly Jean Jacques and the mistress of St Lambert'

Nevertheless his mother was right There was a resemblance and consequently an affinity between Childe Buron and the visionary of Geneva — delineated by another seer or visionary as the dreamer of love sick tales and the spinner of speculative cobwebs shy of light as the mole but as quick eared too for every whisper of the public opinion the teacher of Stoic pride in his principles yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct — *The Friend Works of S. T. Coleridge*, 1853 ii 14]

## 19

Of earth o'ergazing mountains and thus take

Stanza xci line 5

It is to be recollected that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered not in the *Temple* but on the *Mount* To waive the question of devotion and turn to human eloquence — the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies Cicero spoke in the forum That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli or by the springs with Mount Ida above and the plain and rivers and

Mont Blanc and Mont Argemière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat, the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles

[The first lines of the note dated June 3, 1816, were written at "Dejean's Hôtel de l'Angleterre, at Sécheion, a small suburb of Geneva, on the north side of the lake" On the 10th of June Byron removed to the Campagne Diodati, about two miles from Geneva, on the south shore of the lake (*Life of Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, 1896, pp 307-309)]

## 17

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone

Stanza LXI line 3

The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago

[The blueness of the Rhone, which has been attributed to various causes, is due to the comparative purity of the water. The yellow and muddy stream, during its passage through the lake, is enabled to purge itself to a very great extent of the solid matter held in suspension—the glacial and other detritus—and so, on leaving its vast natural filtering-bed, it flows out clear and blue—it has regained the proper colour of pure water]

## 18

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss

Stanza LXIV line 3

This refers to the account, in his *Confessions*, of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words, which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation, a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean

[Here is Rousseau's "passionate, yet not impure," description of his sensations "J'ai dit qu'il y avoit loin de l'Hermitage à Eaubonne, je passois par les coteaux d'Andilly qui sont charmans. Je rêvois en marchant à celle que j'allois voir, à l'accueil caressant qu'elle me feroit, au baiser qui m'attendoit à mon arrivée. Ce seul baiser, ce baiser funeste avant même

de le recevoir, m'embrasoit le sang à tel point, que ma tête de troublait un éblouissement m'aveuglait mes genoux tremblants ne pouvoient me soutenir j'étois forcé de m'arrêter. Je m'asseoir toute ma machine étoit dans un désordre inconcevable j'étois prêt à m'évanouir. A l'instant que je la voyois tout étoit réparé je ne sentois plus auprès d'elle que l'opportunité d'une vigueur inépuisable et toujours inutile.

— *Les Confessions* Partie II livre ix *Œuvres Complètes* de J. J. Rousseau 1837 i 233

"Byron's mother would have it" that her son was like Rousseau but he disclaimed the honour antithetically and with needless particularity (see his letter to Mrs Byron and a quotation from his *Detached Thoughts* *Letters* 1898, i 19<sup>th</sup> note). There was another point of unlikeness which he does not mention. Byron on the passion of love does not make for morality, but he eschews nastiness. The loves of Don Juan and Haidée are chaste as snow compared with the unspeakable philanderings of the elderly Jean Jacques and the mistress of St Lambert.

Nevertheless his mother was right. There was a resemblance and consequently an affinity between Childe Buron and the visionary of Geneva — delineated by another seer or visionary as the dreamer of love sick tales and the spinner of speculative cobwebs shy of light as the mole but as quick eared too for every whisper of the public opinion the teacher of Stoic pride in his principles yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct — *The Friend* *Works* of S. T. Coleridge, 1833 ii 174]

## 19

Of earth's orgazing mountains and thus take  
Stanza xci line 3

It is to be recollected that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered not in the *Temple* but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion and turn to human eloquence — the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumult or by the springs with Mount Ida above and the plain and rivers and



archipelago around you, and another to trim your taper  
 ver it in a snug library—*thus* I know Were the early and  
 apid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed  
 o any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement  
 aith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume  
 either to canvass nor to question), I should venture to  
 scribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the  
 unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers The  
 Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower  
 orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accus-  
 omed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, whei-  
 ver they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently  
 n the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry  
 or the purpose of a bed or cushion as required), the cere-  
 nony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally  
 bsorbed, and only living in their supplication nothing can  
 isturb them On me the simple and entire sincerity of these  
 en, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon  
 hem, made a far greater impression than any general rite  
 which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I  
 ave seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun,  
 ncluding most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the  
 Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the  
 Mahometan Many of the negroes, of whom there are  
 numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free  
 exercise of their belief and its rites, some of these I had a  
 distant view of at Patras, and, from what I could make out  
 of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description,  
 and not very agreeable to a spectator

[For this profession of "natural piety," compare Rousseau's  
*Confessions*, Partie II livre XII (*Œuvres Complètes*, 1837,  
 341)—

"Je ne trouve pas de plus digne hommage à la Divinité  
 que cette admiration muette qu'excite la contemplation de  
 ses œuvres, et qui ne s'exprime point par des actes  
 developpes Je comprends comment les habitants des  
 villes, qui ne voient que des murs, des rues et des crimes,  
 ont peu de foi, mais je ne puis comprendre comment des  
 campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point  
 avoir Comment leur âme ne s'élève-t-elle pas cent fois le  
 jour avec extase à l'Auteur des merveilles qui les frappent?

Dans ma chambre je prie plus rarement et plus seche-  
 ment, mais à l'aspect d'un beau paysage je me sens ému  
 sans pouvoir dire de quoi"

Compare, too, Coleridge's lines "To Nature"—

"So will I build my altar in the fields,  
 And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,

And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields  
 Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee  
 Thee only, God I and Thou shalt not despise  
 Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice

*Poetical Works* 1893 p 190 ]

## O

The sky is changed !— and such a change ! Oh Night !  
 Stanza xcv line 1

The thunder storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June 1816 at midnight. I have seen among the Aroceraunian mountains of Chimari several more terrible but none more beautiful

## I

And Sun set into rose hues sees them wrought.  
 Stanza xcix line 5

Pousseau's *Héloïse* Lettre 17 Part IV note Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi heure après le soleil couché leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose* qu'on aperçoit de fort loin <sup>1</sup> This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie — J'allai à Vévey loger à la Clef et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne

<sup>1</sup> [*Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloïse* Œuvres Complètes d J J Rousseau Paris 1837 ii 26 ]

<sup>2</sup> [The Clef is now a café on the Grande Place and still distinguished by the sign of the key. But Vevey had other associations for Rousseau more powerful and more persuasive than a solitary visit to an inn. Madame Warens says General Read possessed a charming country resort midway between Vevey and Chillon, just above the beautiful village of Clarens. It was situated at the Bassets amid scenery whose exquisite features inspired some of the fine imagery of Rousseau. It is now called the Bassets de Pury.

The exterior of the older parts has not been changed.

The stairway leads to a large *salon* whose windows command a view of Meillerie St Gingolph, and Bouveret, beyond the lake. Communicating with this *salon* is a large dining room.

These two rooms open to the east upon a broad terrace.

je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles. Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire,<sup>1</sup> et pour un St Preux, mais ne les y cherchez pas"—*Les Confessions*, [P I liv 4, *Œuvres, etc.*, 1837, i 75]—In July [June 23-27], 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva,<sup>2</sup> and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his *Héloïse*, I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St Gingo, Meillerie, Evian,<sup>3</sup> and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all, the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion, it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of

At a corner of the terrace is a large summer-house, and through the chestnut trees one sees as far as Les Crêtes, the hillocks and bosquets described by Rousseau. Near by is a dove-cote filled with cooing doves. In the last century this site (Les Crêtes) was covered with pleasure-gardens, and some parts are even pointed out as associated with Rousseau and Madame de Warens"—*Historic Sketches of Vaud, etc.*, by General Meredith Read, 1897, i 433-437. There was, therefore, some excuse for the guide (see Byron's *Diary*, September 18, 1816) "confounding Rousseau with St Preux, and mixing the man with the book"]

1 [Claire, afterwards Madame Orbe, is Julie's cousin and confidante. She is represented as whimsical and humorous. It is not impossible that "Claire," in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, "bequeathed her name" to Claire, otherwise Jane Clairmont.]

2 [Byron and Shelley sailed round the Lake of Geneva towards the end of June, 1816. Writing to Murray, June 27, he says, "I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the *Héloïse* before me," and in the same letter announces the completion of a third canto of *Childe Harold*. He revisited Clarens and Chillon in company with Hobhouse in the following September (see extracts from a Journal, September 18, 1816, *Life*, pp 311, 312).]

3 [Boveret, St Gingo, Evian.]

our own participation of its good and of its glory it is the great principle of the universe which is there more condensed but not less manifested and of which though knowing ourselves a part we lose our individuality and mingle in the beauty of the whole — If Rousseau had never written nor lived the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them — I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie<sup>1</sup> (where we landed for some time) to St Gingo during a lake storm which added to the magnificence of all around although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St Gingo I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a chateau<sup>2</sup> [Château des Crêtes] The

1 [Byron mentions the squall off Meillerie in a letter to Murray dated Ouchy near Lausanne June 7 1816. Compare too Shelley's version of the incident. The wind gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously and as it came from the remotest extremity of the lake produced waves of a frightful height and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. I felt in this near prospect of death a mixture of sensations among which terror entered though but subordinately. My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone but I know that my companion would have attempted to save me and I was overcome with humiliation when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve mine. — *Letters from Abroad etc Essays* by Percy Bysshe Shelley edited by Mrs Shelley 1840 ii 68 69]

2 [Byron and Shelley slept at Clarens June 6 1816. The windows of their inn commanded a view of the *Bosquet de Julie*. In the evening we walked thither. It is indeed Julia's wood the trees themselves were aged but vigorous. We went again (June 27) to the *Bosquet de Julie* and found that the precise spot was now utterly obliterated and a heap of stones marked the place where the little chapel had once stood. Whilst we were execrating the author of this brutal folly our guide informed us that

hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods, one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie," and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clirens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made that 'La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs'

## 22

Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name  
Stanza cv line 2

Voltaire and Gibbon

[François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778) lived on his estate at Ferney, five miles north of Geneva, from 1759 to 1777. "In the garden at Ferney is a long *berceau* walk, closely arched over with clipped horn-beam—a verdant cloister, with gaps cut here and there, admitting a glimpse of the prospect. Here Voltaire used to walk up and down, and dictate to his secretary."—*Handbook for Switzerland*, p. 174.]

Previous to this he had lived for some time at Lausanne, at "Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb," at Monrion, "a square building of two storeys, and a high garret, with wings, each fashioned like the letter L," and

the land belonged to the Convent of St Bernard, and that this outrage had been committed by their orders. I knew before that if avarice could harden the hearts of men, a system of prescriptive religion has an influence far more inimical to natural sensibility. I know that an isolated man is sometimes restrained by shame from outraging the venerable feelings arising out of the memory of genius, which once made nature even lovelier than itself, but associated man holds it as the very sacrament of this union to forswear all delicacy, all benevolence, all remorse, all that is true, or tender, or sublime."—*Essays, etc.*, 1840, ii 75.]

afterwards in the spring of 1757 at No 6 Rue du Grand Chene — *Historic Studies* n 210 218 219

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794) finished (1788) *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* at 'La Grotte' an ancient and spacious mansion behind the church of St Francis at Lausanne which was demolished by the Swiss authorities in 1879. Not only has the mansion ceased to exist but the garden has been almost entirely changed. The wall of the Hotel Gibbon occupies the site of the famous wooden pavilion or summer house and of the berceau of plum trees which formed a verdant gallery completely arched over head and which were called after Gibbon La Gibbonnière — *Historic Studies* i i n 493

In 1816 the pavilion was utterly decayed and the garden neglected but Byron gathered a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia* and some rose leaves from his garden and enclosed them in a letter to Murray (June 27 1816). Shelley on the contrary refrained from doing so fearing to outrage the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau the contemplation of whose imperishable creations had left no vacancy in my heart for mortal things. Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit — *Essays etc* 1840 n 76]

23

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued  
Stanza cxiii line 9

— If t be so  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind  
*Macbeth* [act iii sc i line 64]

24

O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve  
Stanza cxiv line 7

It is said by Rochefoucault that there is *always* some thing in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them

[ Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas — *Appendice aux Maximes de La Rochefoucauld* *Pantheon Littéraire* Paris 1836 p 460 ]



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE



## CANTO THE FOURTH

Visto ho Toscana Lombardia Romagna  
Quel monte che divide e quel che serra  
Italia e un mare e l'altro che la bagna  
*Ariosto Satira iv lines 58-60*





## INTRODUCTION TO THE FOURTH CANTO

THE first draft of the Fourth Canto of *Child Harold* which embodies the original and normal conception of the poem was the work of twenty six days. On the 17th of June 1817 Byron wrote to Murray "You are out about the Third Canto. I have not done nor designed a line of continuation to that poem. I was too short a time at Rome for it and have no thought of recommencing. But in spite of this assertion the numbers came," and on June 26 he made a beginning. Thirty stanzas were roughened off on the 1st of July fifty six were accomplished by the 9th ninety and eight by the 15th and on July 20 he announces the completion of the fourth and ultimate canto of *Child Harold*. It consists of 16 stanzas. One stanza (xl) was appended to the fair copy. It suggested a parallel between Ariosto the Southern Scott and Scott the Northern Ariosto and excited some misgiving.

In commending his new poem to Murray (July 30 August 7) Byron notes three points in which it differed from its predecessors. It is "the longest of the four" it treats more of works of art than of nature there are no metaphysics in it—at least, I think not. In other words. The Fourth Canto is not a continuation of the Third. I have parted company with Shelley and Wordsworth. Subject matter and treatment are alike new.

The poem as it stood was complete and as a poem it lost as well as gained by the insertion of additional stanzas and groups of stanzas, "purple patch" on "purple patch," each by itself so attractive and so splendid. The pilgrim finds himself at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs. He

beholds in a vision the departed glories of "a thousand years" The "long array of shadows," the "beings of the mind," come to him "like truth," and repeople the vacancy But he is an exile, and turns homeward in thought to "the inviolate island of the sage and free" He is an exile and a sufferer He can and will endure his fate, but "ever and anon" he feels the prick of woe, and with the sympathy of despair would stand "a ruin amidst ruins," a desolate soul in a land of desolation and decay He renews his pilgrimage He passes Arquà, where "they keep the dust of Laura's lover," lingers for a day at Feriara, haunted by memories of "Torquato's injured shade," and, as he approaches "the fair white walls" of Florence, he re-echoes the "Italia! oh, Italia!" of Filicaja's impassioned strains At Florence he gazes, "dazzled and drunk with beauty," at the "goddess in stone," the Medicean Venus, but forbears to "describe the indescribable," to break the silence of Art by naming its mysteries Santa Croce and the other glories "in Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine," he passes by unsung, if not unseen, but Thrasymene's "sheet of silver," the "living crystal" of Clitumnus' "gentlest waters," and Terni's "matchless cataract," on whose verge "an Iris sits," and "lone Soracte's ridge," not only call forth his spirit's homage, but receive the homage of his Muse

And now the Pilgrim has reached his goal, "Rome the wonderful," the sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art

Henceforth the works of man absorb his attention Pompey's "dread statue," the Wolf of the Capitol, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Palatine, the "nameless column" of the Forum, Trajan's pillar, Egeria's Grotto, the ruined Colosseum, "arches on arches," an "enormous skeleton," the Colosseum of the poet's vision, a multitudinous ring of spectators, a bloody Circus, and a dying Gladiator, the Pantheon, S Nicola in Carcere, the scene of the Romana Caritas, St Peter's "vast and wondrous dome,"—are all celebrated in due succession Last of all, he "turns to the Vatican," to view the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, the counterfeit presentments of ideal suffering and ideal beauty His "shrine is won," but ere he bids us farewell he climbs the Alban Mount, and as the Mediterranean once

more bursts upon his sight, he sums the moral of his argument "Man and all his works are as a drop of rain in the Ocean 'the image of eternity the throne of the Invisible'!"

Byron had no sooner completed "this fourth and ultimate canto" than he began to throw off additional stanzas. His letters to Murray during the autumn of 1817 announce these successive lengthenings but it is impossible to trace the exact order of their composition. On the 7th of August the canto stood at 130 stanzas on the 21st at 133 on the 4th of September at 144 on the 17th at 150 and by November 15 it had reached 167 stanzas. Of nineteen stanzas which were still to be added six—on the death of the Princess Charlotte (died November 6 1817)—were written at the beginning of December and two stanzas (clxxvii clxxviii) were forwarded to Murray in the early spring of 1818.

Of these additions the most notable are four stanzas on Venice (including stanza xiii on "The Horses of St Mark") "The sunset on the Brenta" (stanzas xxvii-xxix) "The tombs in Santa Croce—the apostrophe to the all Etruscan three" "Petrarch Dante, Boccaccio" (stanzas liv-lx).

"Rome a chaos of ruins—antiquarian ignorance" (stanzas lxxx-lxxxii) "The nothingness of Man—the hope of the future—Freedom" (stanzas xciii-xcvi) "The Tarpeian Rock—the Forum—Rienzi" (stanzas cxii-cxiv) "Love Life and Reason" (stanzas cxv-cxxvii) "The Curse of Forgiveness" (stanzas cxxxv-cxxxvii) "The Mole of Hadrian" (stanza cli) "The death of the Princess Charlotte" (stanzas clxi-clxxii) "Nemi" (stanzas clxxiii clxxiv) "The Desert and one fair Spirit" (stanzas clxxvii clxxviii).

Some time during the month of December 1817 Byron wrote out a fair copy of the entire canto numbering 184 stanzas (*MSS D*) and on January 7, 1818, Hobhouse left Venice for England with the whole of the *MSS vii Beppo* (begun October 1817) and the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* together with a work of his own a volume of essays on Italian literature the antiquities of Rome etc. which he had put together during his residence in Venice (July—December 1817) and proposed to publish as an appendix to *Childe Harold*. In his preface to *Historical Illustrations*

*etc.*, 1818, Hobhouse explains that on his return to England he considered that this "appendix to the Canto would be swelled to a disproportioned bulk," and that, under this impression, he determined to divide his material into two parts. The result was that "such only of the notes as were more immediately connected with the text" were printed as "Historical Notes to Canto the Fourth," and that his longer dissertations were published in a separate volume, under his own name, as *Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*. To these "Historical Notes" an interest attaches apart from any consideration of their own worth and importance, but to understand the relation between the poem and the notes, it is necessary to retrace the movements of the poet and his annotator.

Byron and Hobhouse left the Villa Diodati, October 5, 1816, crossed the Simplon, and made their way together, *via* Milan and Verona, to Venice. Early in December the friends parted company. Byron remained at Venice, and Hobhouse proceeded to Rome, and for the next four months devoted himself to the study of Italian literature, in connection with archæology and art. Byron testifies (September 14, 1817) that his researches were "indefatigable," that he had "more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon." Hobhouse left Rome for Naples, May 21, returned to Rome, June 9, arrived at Terni, July 2, and early in July joined Byron on the Brenta, at La Mira. The latter half of the year (July—December, 1817) was occupied in consulting "the best authorities" in the Ducal Library at Venice, with a view to perfecting his researches, and giving them to the world as an illustrative appendix to *Childe Harold*. It is certain that Byron had begun the fourth canto, and written some thirty or more stanzas, before Hobhouse rejoined him at his villa of La Mira on the banks of the Brenta, in July, 1817, and it would seem that, although he had begun by saying "that he was too short a time in Rome for it," he speedily overcame his misgivings, and accomplished, as he believed, the last "fytte" of his pilgrimage. The first draft was Byron's unaided composition, but the "additional stanzas" were largely due to Hobhouse's suggestions in the course of

conversation if not to his written researches Hobhouse himself made no secret of it. In his preface (p. 5) to *Historical Illustrations* he affirms that both illustrations and notes were for the most part written while the noble author was yet employed in the composition of the poem. They were put into the hands of Lord Byron much in the state in which they now appear and writing to Murray December 7 1817, he says "I must confess I feel an affection for it [Canto IV] more than ordinary, as part of it was begot as it were under my own eyes for although your poets are as shy as elephants and camels yet I have not unfrequently, witnessed his lordship's coupleting and some of the stanzas owe their birth to our morning walk or evening ride at La Mira." Forty years later in his revised and enlarged *Illustrations* (*Italy Remarks made in Several Visits from the year 1816 to 1834* by the Right Hon. Lord Broughton C. C. B. 1859, p. 11) he reverts to this collaboration. When I rejoined Lord Byron at La Mira I found him employed upon the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* and later in the autumn he showed me the first sketch of the poem. It was much shorter than it afterwards became and it did not remark on several objects which appeared to me peculiarly worthy of notice. I made a list of these objects and in conversation with him gave him reasons for the selection. The result was the poem as it now appears and he then engaged me to write the notes.

As the delicate spirit of Shelley suffused the third canto of *Childe Harold* so the fourth reveals the presence and co-operation of Hobhouse. To his brother poet he owed a fresh conception perhaps a fresh appreciation of nature to his lifelong friend a fresh enthusiasm for art and a host of details dry bones which he awakened into the fulness of life.

The Fourth Canto was published on Tuesday April 8 1818. It was reviewed by [Sir] Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review* No. XXXVII April 1818 and by John Wilson in the *Edinburgh Review* No. 59 June, 1818. Both numbers were published on the same day September 6 1818.

## CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV

ORIGINAL DRAFT [MS M]

[June 26—July 19 1817]

- Stanza 1 "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,"—
- „ III—VI "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,"—  
"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,"—
- „ XV "Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file,"—
- „ XVIII—XXVI "I loved her from my boyhood—she to  
me,"—"The Commonwealth of Kings—the Men of  
Rome!"—
- „ XXX—XXXIX "There is a tomb in Arqua,—reared in  
air,"—"Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas  
his,"—
- „ XLII—XLVI "Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast,"—"That  
page is now before me, and on mine,"—
- „ XLVIII—I "But Arno wins us to the fair white  
walls,"—"We gaze and turn away, and know not  
where,"—
- „ LIII "I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,"—
- „ LI—LXXIX "There be more things to greet the heart  
and eyes,"—"The Niobe of nations! there she  
stands,"—
- „ LXXXIII "Oh, thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's  
wheel,"—
- „ LXXXIV "The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou di-  
vine,"—
- „ LXXXVII—XCII "And thou, dread Statue! yet existent  
in,"—"And would be all or nothing—nor could  
wait,"—
- „ XCIX—CVIII "There is a stern round tower of other  
days,"—"There is the moral of all human tales,"—

- Stanza cx. Tully was not so eloquent as thou'—  
 , cxl 'Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome'—  
 , cxv-cxix. "Egeria! sweet creation of some heart"—  
 And didst thou not thy breast to his replying—  
 , cxxviii-cxxxi Arches on arches! as it were that  
 Rome—And if my voice break forth tis not that  
 now—  
 , cxxxviii-cl "The seal is set—Now welcome thou  
 dread Power!—The starry fable of the Milky  
 Way—  
 clii-clxvi But lo! the Dome—the vast and won-  
 drous Dome—And send us prying into the  
 abyss—  
 clxxi 'But I forget—My Pilgrim's shrine is won—  
 clxxvi Upon the blue Symplegades long years"—  
 clxxix Roll on thou deep and dark blue Ocean—  
 roll!"—  
 clxxx His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy  
 fields—  
 , clxxxiii-clxxxvi 'Thou glorious mirror where the  
 Almighty's form—Firewell! a word that must  
 be and hath been—

#### ADDITIONAL STANZA

- Stanza xl Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those"—  
 (17 stanzas)

#### ADDITIONS BOUND UP WITH MS M

- Stanza ii She looks a sea Cybele fresh from Ocean—  
 , xii-xiv The Suabian sued and now the Austrian  
 reigns—(November 10 1817)—In youth She  
 was all glory—a new Tyre—  
 , xvi When Athens armies fell at Syracuse—  
 xvii "Thus Venice! if no stronger claim were  
 thine—  
 xxvii-xxix The Moon is up and yet it is not  
 night—Filled with the face of heaven which  
 from afar—  
 xliii Yet Italy! through every other land—



- Stanza li "Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?"—
- " li "Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,"—
- " li -li "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie,"—"What  
is her Pyramid of precious stones?"—
- " lxx -lxxii "The Goth, the Christian—Time—War  
—Flood, and Fire,"—"Alas! the lofty city! and  
alas!"—
- " lxxx "Sylla was first of victors, but our own,"—
- " lxxxi "The third of the same Moon whose former  
course,"—
- " xciii -xcvi "What from this barren being do we  
reap?"—"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered  
be,"—
- " ci "Admire—cult—despise—laugh—weep,—for  
here,"—
- " cii -civ "Where is the rock of Triumph, the high  
place,"—"Then turn we to her latest Tribune's  
name,"—
- " cxiii "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the  
cure,"—
- " cxv -cxvii "Few—none—find what they love or  
could have loved,"—"Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis  
a base,"—
- " cxxxi -cxxxii "That curse shall be Forgiveness,—  
Have I not,"—"But I have lived, and have not  
lived in vain,"—
- " cli "Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on  
high,"—
- " clvii -clxii "Haik! forth from the abyss a voice  
proceeds," (On the death of the Princess Char-  
lotte, November 6, 1817)—"These might have  
been her destiny—but no,"—
- " clxiii "Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills,"—
- " clxiv "And near, Albano's scarce divided waves,"—
- " clxvii "Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-  
place,"—(1818)
- " clxxviii "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,"—  
(1818)
- " clxxi "The armaments which thunderstrike the  
walls,"—

Stanza clxxxii Thy shores the empires changed in all  
save thee —

(3 stanzas)

ADDITIONS INCLUDED IN *MS D*<sup>1</sup> BUT NOT AMONG *MSs W*

Stanza xli The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust —  
xcvi But France got drunk with blood to vomit  
crime —  
xcviii Yet, Freedom yet thy banner torn but  
flying "—  
cxc Alas ! our young affections run to waste,  
cxi Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art —  
cxii Of its own beauty is the mind diseased "—  
cxiii We wither from our youth, we gasp away, —

(Seven stanzas)

<sup>1</sup> *MS D* Byron's final fair copy is in the possession of  
the Lady Dorchester



TO  
JOHN HOBHOUSE ESQ A M F R S  
&c &c &c

VENICE January 2 1818

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold* the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public In parting with so old a friend<sup>1</sup> it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship than—though not ungrateful—I can or could be to *Childe Harold* for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting—to yourself

In so doing I recur from fiction to truth and in dedicating to you in its complete or at least concluded state a poetical work which is the longest the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years intimacy with a man of learning of talent of steadiness and of honour It is not

1 [Compare Canto IV stanza cliv—

“But where is he the Pilgrim of my Song  
He is no more—these breathings are his last ]

for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery, yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship, and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,<sup>1</sup> but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last, and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe, and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects

1 [His marriage Compare the epigram, "On my Wedding-Day," sent in a letter to Moore, January 2, 1820—

"Here's a happy new year!—but with reason

I beg you'll permit me to say—

Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,

But as *few* as you please of the *day*"]

With regard to the conduct of the last canto there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly if at all separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive like the Chinese in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*,<sup>1</sup> whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese it was in vain that I asserted and imagined that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim and the very anxiety to preserve this difference and disappointment at finding it unavailing so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been or may be formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference the work is to depend on itself and not on the writer and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation transient or permanent which is to arise from his literary efforts deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections and for the whole of the notes excepting a few of the shortest I am indebted to yourself<sup>2</sup> and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate and no very grateful task to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst

1 [Some fancy me no Chinese because I am formed more like a man than a monster and others wonder to find one born five thousand miles from England endued with common sense. He must be some Englishman in disguise.—*The Citizen of the World or a Series of Letters from a Chinese Philosopher at London to his Friends in the Last* 176 Letter xxxiii.]

2 [*Vide ante* Introduction to Canto IV, p. 315.]

whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova,<sup>1</sup> Monti Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albizzi, Merzofanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres, and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne

<sup>1</sup> [Antonio Canova, sculptor, 1757-1822, Vincenzo Monti, 1754-1828, Ugo Foscolo, 1776-1827 (see *Life*, p. 456, etc.), Ippolito Pindemonte, 1753-1828 (see Letter to Murray, June 4, 1817), poets, Ennius Quirinus Visconti, 1751-1818, the valuer of the Elgin marbles, archaeologist, Giacomo Morelli, 1745-1819, bibliographer and scholar (the architect Cosimo Morelli, born 1732, died in 1812), Leopoldo Conte de Cicognara, 1767-1834, archaeologist, the Contessa Albizzi, 1769<sup>2</sup>-1836, authoress of *Ritratti di Uomini Illustri* (see *Life*, pp. 331, 413, etc.), Giuseppe Merzofanti, 1774-1849, linguist, Angelo Mai (cardinal), 1782-1854, philologist, Andreas Moustoxides, 1787-1860, a Greek archaeologist, who wrote in Italian, Francesco Aglietti (see *Life*, p. 378, etc.), 1757-1836, Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri, 1772-1826 (see *Life*, p. 339).

For biographical essays on Monti, Foscolo, and Pindemonte, see "Essay on the Present Literature of Italy" (Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, 1818, pp. 347, sq.) See, too, *Italian Literature*, by R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D., 1898, pp. 333-337, 337-341, 341-342.]

sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition a dangerous doctrine the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds namely that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours that man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people or if such a word be admissible their *capabilities*<sup>1</sup> the facility of their acquisitions the rapidity of their conceptions the fire of their genius their sense of beauty and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions the desolation of battles and the despair of ages their still unquenched longing after immortality "—the immortality of independence And when we ourselves in riding round the walls of Rome heard the simple lament of the labourers chorus

Roma ! Roma ! Roma ! Roma non è più come era prima !<sup>2</sup>  
it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns over the carnage of Mont St Jean<sup>3</sup> and the betrayal of Genoa of Italy of France and of the world

1 [Shelley (notes M Darmesteter) in his preface to the *Prometheus Unbound* emploie le mot sans demander pardon" The mass of capabilities remains at every period materially the same the circumstances which awaken it to action perpetually change Capability in the sense of undeveloped faculty or property a condition physical or otherwise capable of being converted or turned to use (*N Eng Dict*) appertains rather to material objects To apply the term figuratively to the forces inherent in national character savoured of a literary indecorum Hence the apology ]

2 [Addison *Cato* act v sc 1 line 3—

' It must be so—*Plato* thou reason'st well !—  
Else whence this pleasing hope this fond desire  
This longing after immortality ? ]

3 [Shelley chose this refrain as the motto to his unfinished lines addressed to his infant son—

My lost William thou in whom  
Some bright spirit lived— ]

4 [Scott commented severely on this opprobrious designation of the great and glorious victory of Waterloo in his critique on the Fourth Canto *Q R* No xxxvii April 1818 ]



by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history <sup>1</sup> For me,—

“Non movero mu corda

Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda ”

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus, <sup>2</sup> it is enough for them to look at home For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, “Verily they *will* have their reward,” and at no very distant period

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state, and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged

And affectionate friend,

BYRON

<sup>1</sup> [*The substance of some letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon* 1816 2 vols]

<sup>2</sup> [In 1817]



*Lord Byron*



## CANTO THE FOURTH<sup>1</sup>

### I

I STOOD in Venice on the ' Bridge of Sighs    <sup>2</sup> " "  
 A Palace and a prison on each hand  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the Enchanter's wand    <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Venice and La Mira on the Brenta]

Copied August 1817

Begun, June 26 Finished July 9th MS MS]

<sup>2</sup> [Byron sent the first stanza to Murray July 1 1817  
 'the shaft of the column is a specimen Gifford Frere and  
 many more to whom Murray ventured to show it ex-  
 pressed their approval (*Memoir of John Murray* i 385)]

The Bridge of Sighs "he explains (i.e. *Ponte de Sospiri*)  
 'is that which divides or rather joins the palace of the  
 Doge to the prison of the state' Compare *The Two*  
*Foscari* act iv sc 1—

"In Venice 'but s' a traitor  
 But me no 'buts unless you would pass o'er  
 The Bridge which few repress

This however is an anachronism The Bridge of Sighs  
 was built by Antonio da Ponte in 1597 more than a century  
 after the death of Francesco Foscari It is says Mr  
 Ruskin, "a work of no merit and of a late period owing  
 the interest it possesses chiefly to its pretty name and to  
 the ignorant sentimentalism of Byron (*Stones of Venice*  
 1853 ii 304 iii 359)]

<sup>3</sup> [Compare *Mysteries of Udolpho* by Mrs Ann Rad-  
 cliffe 1794 ii 35 36—

Its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics

A thousand Years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
 Looked to the wing'd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred  
 isles !<sup>1</sup>

## II

She looks a sea Cybele,<sup>1</sup> fresh from Ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A Ruler of the waters and their powers

<sup>1</sup> *throned on her Seventy Isles* — [MS M altern reading, D] appeared as if they had been called up from the Ocean by the wand of an enchanter"]

I Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true — "Quo fit ut qui supernè [ex specula aliqua eminentiore] urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere" [*De Venetæ Urbis situ Narratio*, lib 1 *Ital Ill Script*, 1600, p 4 Marcus Antonius Coccius Sabellicus (1436-1506) wrote, *inter alia*, a *History of Venice*, published in folio in 1487, and *Rhapsodiæ Historiarum Enneades, a condito mundo, usque ad A C 1504* His description of Venice (*vide supra*) was published after his death in 1527 Hofmann does not give him a good character "Obiit A C 1506, turpi morbo confectus, ætat 70, relicto filio notho" But his *Αυτοκριτάριον* implies that he was satisfied with himself

"Quem non res hominum, non omnis ceperat ætas,  
 Scribentem capit hæc Coccion urna brevis"

*Lexicon Universale*, art "Marcus," etc

Cybele (sometimes written Cybelle and Cybèle), the "mother of the Goddesses," was represented as wearing a mural crown — "coronamque turritam gestare dicitur" (Albricus Phil, *De Imag Deor*, xii) Venice with her tiara of proud towers is the earth-goddess Cybele, having "suffered a sea-change"]

And such she was,—her daughters had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations and the exhaustless East <sup>1</sup>  
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers <sup>2</sup>  
 In purple was she robed <sup>3</sup> and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased <sup>11</sup>

## III

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more <sup>11</sup>  
 And silent rows the songless Gondolier, <sup>3</sup>  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And Music meets not always now the ear

1 *From spoils of many nations and the East —*

{MS M D erased }

11 *Monarchs sat down — —* {D erased }

1 [ 'Gems wrought into drinking vessels among which the least precious were framed of turquoise jasper, or amethyst unnumbered jacinths emeralds sapphires chrysolites and topazes and lastly those matchless caruncles which placed on the High Altar of St. Marks blazed with intrinsic light and scattered darkness by their own beams —these are but a sample of the treasures which accrued to Venice (Villehardouin lib iii p 19) (See *Sketches from Venetian History* 1831 i 161 ) ]

2 [After the fall of Constantinople in 104, the illustrious Dandolo was permitted to tinge his buskins in the purple hue distinctive of the Imperial Family to claim exemption from all feudal service to the Emperor, and to annex to the title of Doge of Venice the proud style of Despot of Romania and Lord of One fourth and One eighth of the Roman Empire (*ibid* 1831, i 167) ]

3 [The gondoliers (see Hohhouse's note 11) used to sing alternate stanzas of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* capping each other like the shepherds in the *Bucolics*. The rival reciters were sometimes attached to the same gondola but often the response came from a passing gondolier a stranger to the singer who challenged the contest Rogers in his

Those days are gone but Beauty still is here.  
 States fall Arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,<sup>1</sup>  
 The Revel of the earth—the Masque of Italy !

## IV

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway ,

1 *The pleasure place of all festivity* —[MS M]

*Italy*, laments the silence which greeted the swan-song of his own gondolier—

" He sung,  
 As in the time when Venice was Herself,  
 Of Tancred and Erminia On our oars  
 We rested , and the verse was verse divine !  
 We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—  
 For none took up the strain, none answer'd him ,  
 And, when he ceased, he left upon my ear  
 A something like the dying voice of Venice ! "

*The Gondola* (*Poems*, 1852, ii 79).

Compare, too, Goethe's "Letters from Italy," October 6, 1786 "This evening I bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chaunt Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own This must actually be ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half-forgotten traditions of former times I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one *singer* before and the other behind me They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately

"Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice the multitude admire force above everything—anxious only to be heard as far as possible Over the silent mirror it travels far"—*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p 73 ]

Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto <sup>1</sup> Shylock and the Moor  
 And Pierre <sup>2</sup> can not be swept or worn away—  
 The keystones of the Arch <sup>1</sup> though all were o'er  
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore

1 [The Rialto or Rivo alto 'the middle group of islands between the shore and the mainland' on the left of the Grand Canal was the site of the original city and till the sixteenth century its formal and legal designation. The Exchange or Banco Giro was held in the piazza opposite the church of San Giacomo which stands at the head of the canal to the north of the Ponto di Rialto. It was on the Rialto that Antonio rated Shylock about his 'usances.

What news on the Rialto?' asks Solanio (*Merchant of Venice* act i sc 3 line 102 act iii sc 1 line 1). Byron uses the word symbolically for Venetian commerce.]

2 [Pierre is the hero of Otway's *Venice Preserved*. Shylock and the Moor stand where they did but what of Pierre? If the name of Otway—master of the tragic art—and the title of his masterpiece—*Venice Preserved* or *The Plot Discovered* (first played 1682)—are not wholly forgotten Pierre and Monimia and Belvidera have "decayed" and are memorable chiefly as favourite characters of great actors and actresses. Genest notes twenty revivals of the *Venice Preserved* which was played as late as October 27 1837 when Macready played Pierre and Phelps Jaffier. 'No play that I know' says Hartley Coleridge (*Essays* 1851 ii 56) gains so much by acting as *Venice Preserved*. Miss O'Neill I well remember made me weep with Belvidera but she would have done the same had she spoken in an unknown tongue' Byron who professed to be a 'great admirer of Otway' in a letter to Hodgson August 2 1811 (*Letters* 1898 i 339 note 1) alludes to some lines from *Venice Preserved* (act ii sc 3) which seem to have taken his fancy. Two lines spoken by Belvidera (act ii) if less humorous are more poetical—

"Oh the day  
 Too soon will break and wake us to our sorrow  
 Come come to bed and bid thy cares Good night!" ]



## V.

The Beings of the Mind are not of clay  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray  
 And more beloved existence <sup>1</sup> that which Fate  
 Prohibits to dull life in this our state <sup>1</sup>  
 Of mortal bondage, by these Spirits supplied,  
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate,  
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,  
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void

## VI

Such is the refuge of our youth and age  
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy, <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Denies to the dull trick of life* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Dream*, <sup>1</sup> —

“The mind can make  
 Substance, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and give  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh”

The ideal personages of the poet's creations have the promise of immortality. The ideal forms which people his imagination transfigure and supplant the dull and grievous realities of his mortal being and circumstance, but there are “things” more radiant, more enchanting still, the “strong realities” of the heart and soul—hope, love, joy. But they pass <sup>1</sup>. We wake, and lo! it was a dream.]

<sup>2</sup> [“In youth I wrote because my mind was full,  
 And now because I feel it growing dull”

*Don Juan*, Canto XIV stanza 1

In youth the poet takes refuge, in the ideal world, from the crowd and pressure of blissful possibilities, and in age, when hope is beyond hope, he peoples the solitude with beings of the mind.]

And this worn feeling peoples many a page—<sup>i</sup>  
 And may be that which grows beneath mine eye <sup>ii</sup>  
 Yet there are things whose strong reality  
 Outshines our fairy land, in shape and hues <sup>iii</sup>  
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky  
 And the strange constellations which the Muse  
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse

## VII

I saw or dreamed of such—but let them go,—  
 They came like Truth—and disappeared like dreams  
 And whatsoever they were—are now but so  
 I could replace them if I would, still teems  
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems  
 Such as I sought for and at moments found  
 Let these too go—for waking Reason deems  
 Such overweening phantasies unsound  
 And other voices speak and other sights surround

## VIII

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes  
 Have made me not a stranger to the mind  
 Which is itself no changes bring surprise  
 Nor is it harsh to make nor hard to find

<sup>i</sup> *And this worn feeling — —* —[Editions 1816-1891]

<sup>ii</sup> *And may be that which* { *springs* } — —[MS M]  
   { *spreads* }

<sup>iii</sup> *Outshines our Fairy-lands—things in shape and hue* —[MS M]



## X

My name from out the temple where the dead  
 Are honoured by the Nations—let it be—  
 And light the Laurels on a loftier head !  
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
 ' Sparta hath many a worthier son than he <sup>1</sup>  
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need—  
 The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree  
 I planted—they have torn me,—and I bleed  
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such  
 a seed

## XI

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord <sup>1</sup>  
 And annual marriage now no more renewed—  
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored  
 Neglected garment of her widowhood !

<sup>1</sup> *The widowed Adriatic mourns her Doge*—[MS *W* erased]

<sup>1</sup> The answer of the mother of Brasidas the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son

[Βρ σίδας γὰρ ἦν μὲν ἀνὴρ ἀγ. ὁδὸς πολλὰ ἡ δὲ ἐκείνου κρείσσορες  
 ἔτη Σπάρτη Plutarchi *Moralia Apophthegmata Laconica*  
 (Tauchnitz 180) ii 177]

<sup>2</sup> [The Bucentaur the state barge in which on Ascension Day the Doge of Venice used to wed the Adriatic by dropping a ring into it" was broken up and rifled by the French in 1797 (*note*, by Rev E C Owen *Childe Harold*, 1897 p 197)]

Compare Goethe's 'Letters from Italy' October 5 1786  
 To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word I should say that it is a state galley The older one of which we still have drawings justified this appellation still more than

St. Mark yet sees his Lion<sup>1</sup> where he stood<sup>34</sup>  
 Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,  
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,<sup>1 2</sup>  
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
 When Venice was a Queen with an unequalled dower

<sup>1</sup> *Even on the pillar* —[*MS M, D erased.*]

the present one, which, by its splendour, makes us forget the original . . .

"The vessel is all ornament, we ought to say, it is overladen with ornament, it is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for no other use. This state-galley is a good index to show what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves."—*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p 68

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic"—

"She was a maiden City, bright and free,  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate,  
 And when she took unto herself a Mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea"

*Works*, 1888, p 180 ]

<sup>1</sup> [For "Lion," see Hobhouse's note iii. The "Horses of St Mark" (*vide post*, stanza xiii line 1), which, according to history or legend, Augustus "conveyed" from Alexandria to Rome, Constantine from Rome to Constantinople, Dandolo, in 1204, from Constantinople to Venice, Napoleon, in 1797, from Venice to Paris, and which were restored to the Venetians by the Austrians in 1815, were at one time supposed to belong to the school of Lysippus. Haydon, who published, in 1817, a curious etching of "The Elgin Horse's Head," placed side by side with the "Head of one of the Horses now at Venice," subscribes the following critical note "It is astonishing that the great principles of nature should have been so nearly lost in the time between Phidias and Lysippus. Compare these two heads. The Elgin head is all truth, the other all manner." Hobhouse pronounces the "Horses" to be "irrevocably Chian," but modern archæologists regard both "school" and exact period as uncertain.]

<sup>2</sup> [According to Milman (*Hist of Lat Christianity*, v. 144), the humiliation of Barbarossa at the Church of St Mark took place on Tuesday, July 24, 1177. *À propos* of the return of the Pope and Emperor to the ducal palace, he quotes "a curious passage from a newly recovered poem,

## XII

The Suabian sued and now the Austrian reigns—<sup>4 H</sup>

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt

Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces and chains

Clank over sceptred cities, Nations melt

From Powers high pinnacle when they have felt

The sunshine for a while and downward go

Like Lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!<sup>1 5</sup>

'Th octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe

1 — *who quelled the imperial foe* — [MS M erased]

— *empire's all conquering foe* — [MS M]

by Godfrey of Viterbo an attendant on the Emperor So great was the press in the market that the aged Pope was thrown down—

Jam Papa perisset in arto

Cæsar ibi vetulum nō relevasset eum

"This he remarks 'is an odd contrast of real life with romance ]

1 [ Oh for one hour of Dundee ' was the exclamation of a Highland chieftain at the battle of Sheriffmuir November 13 1715 (Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* III Series chap x *Prose Works* Paris 1830 vii 768) Wordsworth makes the words his own in the sonnet In the Pass of Killicranky (an Invasion being expected October 1805) (*Works* 1888 p 61)—

O for a single hour of that Dundee

Who on that day the word of onset gave !

And Coleridge in a letter to Wordsworth (February 8 1804) thinking perhaps less of the chieftain than the sonnet exclaims Oh for one hour of Dundee ! How often shall I sigh 'Oh for one hour of *The Recluse* ' —an aspiration which Byron would have worded differently ]

[Compare *Marino Faliero* act iv sc 2 lines 157 158—

Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers

To vanquish empires and refuse their crown

The vessels that bore the bishops of Soissons and

## XIII

Before St Mark still glow his Steeds of brass  
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun  
 But is not Doria's menace<sup>1</sup> come to pass? "  
 Are they not bridled? Venice, lost and won,  
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
 Sinks, like a sea-weed unto whence she rose "<sup>2</sup>

1        *into whence she rose* —[*Editions 1818-1891*]

Troyes, the *Paradise* and the *Pilgrim*, were the first which grappled with the Towers of Constantinople [April, 1204]

The bishops of Soissons and of Troyes would have placed the blind old Doge Dandolo on the imperial throne, his election was opposed by the Venetians. But probably the wise patriotism of Dandolo himself, and his knowledge of the Venetian mind, would make him acquiesce in the loss of an honour so dangerous to his country. Venice might have sunk to an outpost, as it were, of the Eastern Empire —Milman's *Hist of Lat Christianity*, v 350, 353, 354]

1 [Hobhouse's version (see *Hist Notes*, No 11) of the war of Chioggia is not borne out by modern research. For example, the long speech which Chinazzo attributes to the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, is probably mythical. The actual menace of the "bitting and bridling the horses of St Mark" is assigned by other historians to Francesco Carrara. Doria was not killed by a stone bullet from the cannon named The Trevisana, but by the fall of the Campanile in Chioggia, which had been struck by the bullet (*Venice, an Historical Sketch of the Republic*, by Horatio F Brown, 1893, pp 225-234)]

2 [Compare the opening lines of Byron's *Ode on Venice*—

"Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls  
 Are level with the waters, there shall be  
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,  
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea!"

Shelley, too, in his *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, bewailed the approaching doom of the "sea-girt city"  
 But threatened cities, like threatened men, live long, and







Better he whelmed beneath the waves and shun  
 Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes,<sup>1</sup>  
 From whom Submission wings an infamous repose

ΛΙΥ

In youth She was all glory,—a new Tyre —  
 Her very by word sprung from Victory,  
 The "Planter of the Lion,"<sup>1</sup> which through fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject Earth and Sea,

<sup>1</sup> *E'en in Destruction's heart* — — [MS M]

since its annexation to Italy in 1866 a revival of trade and the re-establishment of the arsenal have brought back a certain measure of prosperity.]

<sup>1</sup> That is the Lion of St Mark the standard of the republic which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Pianta leone Pantaleon Pantaloon

[The Venetians were nicknamed Pantaloni. Byron who seems to have relied on the authority of a Venetian glossary assumes that the "by word" may be traced to the patriotism of merchant princes who were reputed to hoist flags with the Venetian lion waving to the breeze on every rock and barren headland of Levantine waters (*Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzetti* translated by J. Addington Symonds 1890 Introd. part II p. 44) and that in consequence of this spread eagleism the Venetians were held up to scorn by their neighbours as "planters of the lion"—a reproach which conveyed a tribute to their prowess. A more probable explanation is that the "by word" with its cognates "Pantaleone" the typical masque of Italian comedy—progenitor of our "Pantaloon" and pantaloni pantaloons the typical Venetian costume—derive their origin from the baptismal name Pantaleone frequently given to Venetian children in honour of St Pantaleon of Nicomedia physician and martyr whose cult was much in vogue in Northern Italy and especially in Venice where his relics which "coruscated with miracles" were the object of peculiar veneration.]

St Pantaleon was known to the Greek Church as Παντ λεημων that is the "all pitiful" and in Latin his name is spelled *Pantaleymon* and *Pantaleemon*. Hagiologists seem to have been puzzled but the compiler of the *Acta Sanctorum*

Though making many slaves, Herself still free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite,<sup>1</sup>  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia!<sup>2</sup> Vouch it, ye  
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!<sup>3</sup>  
 For ye are names no Time nor Tyranny can blight

## XV.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file  
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust,  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
 Have yielded to the stranger empty halls,

for July 27, St. Pantaleon's Day in the Roman calendar (xxviii 397-426), gives the preference to Pantaleon, and explains that he was hailed as Pantaleemon by a divine voice at the hour of his martyrdom, which proclaimed "cum non amplius esse vocandum Pantaleonem, sed Pantaleemonem"

The accompanying woodcut is the reproduction of the frontispiece of a black-letter tract, composed by Augustinus de Cremâ, in honour of the "translation" of one of the sainted martyr's arms to Crema, in Lombardy. It was printed at Cremona, in 1493.]

1 Shakespeare is my authority for the word "Ottomite" for Ottoman. "Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites" (see *Othello*, act ii sc 3, line 161) —[*MS D*]

2 ["On 29th September (1669) Candia, and the island of Candia, passed away from Venice, after a defence which had lasted twenty-five years, and was unmatched for bravery in the annals of the Republic"—*Venice, an Historical Sketch*, by Horatio F. Brown, 1893, p. 378.]

3 ["The battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571] lasted five hours. The losses are estimated at 8000 Christians and 30,000 Turks. The chief glory of the victory rests with Sebastian Veniero and the Venetians"—*Venice, etc.*, 1893, p. 368.]

# S. PAN TALEON





Thin streets and foreign aspects such as must  
 Too oft remind her who and what enthral<sup>7</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice lovely walls

## XVI

When Athens armies fell at Syracuse  
 And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war  
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse<sup>1</sup>  
 Her voice their only ransom from afar<sup>1</sup>  
 See<sup>1</sup> as they chant the tragic hymn the car  
 Of the o'ermastered Victor stops—the reins  
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar  
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains  
 And bids him thank the Bard for Freedom and his  
 strains<sup>1</sup>

## XVII

Thus Venice<sup>1</sup> if no stronger claim were thine  
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot—

<sup>1</sup> *And won her hopeless children from afar* —[MS M D erased]

<sup>11</sup> *And sends him ransoms to bless his poet's strains* —[MS M]

or *And sends him honours to bless the poet for his strains* —

[MS D erased]

<sup>1</sup> [The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias* cap. xxix (*Plut Vit Lipsiæ* 1813 v 154). The dramas of Euripides were so popular throughout all Sicily that those Athenian prisoners who knew portions of them won the affections of their masters. I cannot refrain from mentioning this story though I fear its trustworthiness is much inferior to its pathos and interest. —Grote's *History of Greece* 1859 vii 186]

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot<sup>1</sup>  
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants, and thy lot  
 Is shameful to the nations, most of all,  
 Albion<sup>1</sup> to thee<sup>1</sup> the Ocean queen should not  
 Abandon Ocean's children, in the fall  
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall<sup>2</sup>

## XVIII

I loved her from my boyhood she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water-columns from the sea  
 Of Joy the sojourn, and of Wealth the mart.  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,<sup>1</sup><sup>2</sup>  
 Had stamped her image in me, and even so,

<sup>1</sup> *Thy love of Tasso's verse should cut the knot* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *for come it will and shall* —[MS M, D erased]

<sup>111</sup> *And Otway's—Radcliffe's—Schiller's—Shakespeare's art* —  
 [MS M, D]

<sup>1</sup> [By the Treaty of Paris, May 3, 1814, Lombardy and Venice, which since the battle of Austerlitz had formed part of the French kingdom of Naples, were once more handed over to Austria. Great Britain was represented by "a bungler even in its disgusting trade" (*Don Juan*, Dedication, stanza xiv), Lord Castlereagh.]

<sup>2</sup> Venice Preserved, Mysteries of Udolpho, The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian, The Merchant of Venice, Othello

[For *Venice Preserved*, *vide ante*, stanza iv line 7, *note*. To the *Mysteries of Udolpho* Byron was indebted for more than one suggestion, *vide ante*, stanza i line 14, *note*, and *Mysteries*, etc., London, 1794, 2 39. "The air bore no sounds, but those of sweetness echoing along each margin of the canal and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moonlit terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairy-land." The scene of Schiller's

Although I found her thus we did not part,<sup>1</sup>  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe  
 Than when she was a boast & marvel and a show

## XIX

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and thought  
 And meditation chastened down, enough  
 And more it may be, than I hoped or sought,  
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some  
 From thee, fair Venice!<sup>1</sup> have their colours caught  
 I here are some feelings Time can not benumb<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor Torture shake or mine would now be cold and  
 dumb

<sup>1</sup> *Thou h I ha'e found her thus we will not part* —[MS M]

<sup>2</sup> *The Past at least is mine—whatever may come  
 But when the heart is full the lips must needs be dumb —*  
 [MS M erased]  
 — or else mine now were cold and dumb —[MS M]

*Der Geisterseher* (*Werke* 1819 v 97 sq) is lud at Venice  
 This [the Doge's palace] was the thing that most struck  
 my imagination in Venice—more than the Rialto which I  
 visited for the sake of Shylock and more, too than  
 Schiller's *Armensian* a novel which took a great hold of me  
 when a boy It is also called the *Ghost Seer* and I never  
 walked down St Marks by moonlight without thinking of  
 it and at nine o'clock he died! [1 or allusion to the same  
 incident see Rogers's *Italy* (*Poems* 1857 ii 73)] But I hate  
 things *all fiction* and therefore the *Merchant* and *Othello*  
 have no great associations for me but *Pierre* has"—Letter  
 to Murry Venice April 7 1817 (For an earlier reference  
 to the *Ghost seer* see *Oscar of Alva Poetical Works*, 1898  
 i 131 note)]

<sup>1</sup> [Shelley in his *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*,





But from their nature will the Tannen<sup>1</sup> grow<sup>1</sup>  
 Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,  
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks  
 Of eddyng storms, yet springs the trunk, and mocks  
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks  
 Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,"  
 And grew a giant tree, the Mind may grow the same.

<sup>1</sup> *But there are mounds which as the Tannen grow* —[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Of shrubless granite* —[MS M erased]

allows to Venice one lingering glory "one remembrance more sublime"—

"That a tempest-cleaving swan  
 Of the songs of Albion,  
 Driven from his ancestral streams  
 By the might of evil dreams,  
 Found a nest in thee, and Ocean  
 Welcomed him with such emotion,  
 That its joy grew his, and sprung  
 From his lips like music flung  
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit,  
 Chastening terior"]

<sup>1</sup> *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

[Byron did not "know German" (Letter to Murray, June 7, 1820), and he may, as Mr Tozer suggests, have supposed that the word "tannen" denoted not "fir trees" generally, but a particular kind of fir tree. He refers, no doubt, to the Ebel-tanne (*Abies pectinata*), which is not a native of this country, but grows at a great height on the Swiss Alps and throughout the mountainous region of Central Europe.]

## XXI

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
 In bare and desolated bosoms mute<sup>1</sup>  
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
 And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed  
 In vain should such example be, if they,  
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood  
 Endure and shrink not we of nobler clay  
 May temper it to bear—it is but for a day

## XXII

All suffering doth destroy or is destroyed<sup>1</sup>  
 Even by the sufferer—and in each event  
 Ends—Some with hope replenished and rebuoyed  
 Return to whence they came—with like intent

<sup>1</sup> *In rocks and unsupporting places* — —[MS *W* erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Cicero *De Finibus* II xix controverts the maxim of Epicurus that a great sorrow is necessarily of short duration a prolonged sorrow necessarily light Quod autem magnum dolorem brevem longinquum levem esse dicitis id non intelligo quale sit video enim et magnos et eodem bene longinquos dolores But the sentiment is adopted by Montaigne (I xiv) ed 1580 p 66 Tu ne la sentiras guiere long temps si tu la sens trop elle mettra fin à soy ou à toy l'un et l'autre revient à un ( Si tu ne la portes elle t'emportera note ) And again by Sir Thomas Brown, Sense endureth no extremities and sorrows destroy us or themselves (see Darmesteter *Childe Harold* 188, p 193) Byron is not refining upon these conceits but is drawing upon his own experience Suffering which does not kill is subject to change and 'continueth not in one stay but it remains within call and returns in an hour when we are not aware ]

And weave their web again, some, bowed and bent,  
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
 And perish with the reed on which they leant,  
 Some seek devotion    toil—war—good or crime,  
 According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued

There comes a token like a Scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued,  
 And slight withal may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound<sup>1</sup>

A tone of music    summer's eve    or spring—<sup>1</sup>

A flower    the wind—the Ocean    which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly  
 bound,

1. *A tone of music—evening in spring*  
 or,        *twilight—eve in spring*—[MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Bishop Blougram's lament on the instability of unfaith—

“Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,  
 A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,  
 A chorus-ending from Euripides,—  
 And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears

To rap and knock and enter in our soul,  
 Take hands and dance there”

Browning's *Poetical Works*, 1869, v 268 ]

## XXIV

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind  
 But feel the shock renewed nor can efface  
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind  
 Which out of things familiar, undesigned,  
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
 The Spectres whom no exorcism can bind —  
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew—  
 The mourned—the loved—the lost—too many ! yet how  
 few !<sup>1</sup>

## XXV

But my Soul wanders I demand it back  
 To meditate amongst decay and stand  
 A ruin amidst ruins, there to track  
 Fallen states and buried greatness o'er a land  
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,  
 And *is* the loveliest and must ever be  
 The master mould of Nature's heavenly hand,  
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free —  
 The beautiful—the brave—the Lords of earth and  
 sea

1 [Compare Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, I. xxxiii. lines 1,

'They come in dim procession led,  
 The cold the faithless and the dead']

## XXVI.

The Commonwealth of Kings the Men of Rome <sup>1</sup>

And even since, and now, fair Italy !

Thou art the Garden of the World, the Home

Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;

Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?

Thy very weeds are beautiful thy waste

More rich than other climes' fertility ,

Thy wreck a glory and thy ruin graced

With an immaculate chain which cannot be defaced.

## XXVII

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night

Sunset divides the sky with her a sea

Of glory streams along the Alpine height

Of blue Friuli's mountains, <sup>1</sup> Heaven is free

From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,

Melted to one vast Iris of the West,

Where the Day joins the past Eternity ,

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest

Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest ! <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ["Friuli's mountains" are the Julian Alps, which lie to the north of Trieste and north-east of Venice, "the hoar and aery Alps towards the north," which Julian and Count Maddalo (*vide post*, p. 349) saw from the Lido. But the Alpine height along which "a sea of glory" streamed—"the peak of the far Rætian hill" (stanza xxviii line 4)—must lie to the westward of Venice, in the track of the setting sun.]

<sup>2</sup> The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an

## XXVIII

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven but still  
 Yon sunny Sea heaves brightly and remains  
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill  
 As Day and Night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaimed her order —gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta <sup>1</sup> where their hues instil  
 The odorous purple of a new born rose  
 Which streams upon her stream and glassed within it  
 glows

Italian sky yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth) as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta near La Mira

[Compare Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo* (*Poetical Works* 1895 1 343)—

How beautiful is sunset when the glow  
 Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee  
 Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy!

We stood  
 Looking upon the evening and the flood  
 Which lay between the city and the shore  
 Paved with the image of the sky the hoar  
 And aery Alps towards the north appeared  
 Thro' mist an heaven sustaining bulwark reared  
 Between the East and West and half the sky  
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry  
 Dark purple at the zenith which still grew  
 Down the steep West into a wondrous hue  
 Brighter than burning gold ]

1 [The Brenta rises in Tyrol and flowing past Padua falls into the Lagoon at Fusina Mira or La Mira where Byron colonized in the summer of 1817 and again in 1819 is on the Brenta some six or seven miles inland from the Lagoon ]

## XXIX

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters ! all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse  
 And now they change—a paler Shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains, parting Day  
 Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away  
 The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone and all is gray

## XXX

There is a tomb in Arqua, reared in air,  
 Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose  
 The bones of Laura's lover here repair  
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
 The Pilgrims of his Genius He arose  
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes  
 Watering the tree which bears his Lady's name<sup>1 2 11</sup>  
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to Fame

1 [The Abbé de Sade, in his *Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque* (1767), affirmed, on the strength of documentary evidence, that the Laura of the sonnets, born de Noves, was the wife of his ancestor, Hugo de Sade, and the mother of a large family "Gibbon," says Hobhouse (*note viii*), "called the abbé's memoirs a 'labour of love' (see *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. *note* 1), and followed him with confidence and delight," but the poet James Beattie (in a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, August 17, 1782) disregarded them as a "romance," and, more recently, "an ingenious Scotchman" [Alexander Fraser

## XXXI

They keep his dust in Arqua<sup>2</sup> where he died—<sup>\*</sup>

The mountain village where his latter days

Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee) in an *Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch* (1810) had re-established the ancient prejudice in favour of Laura's virginity. Hobhouse appears but his note is somewhat ambiguous to adopt the view of the ingenious Scotchman. To pass to contemporary criticism Dr Garnett in his *History of Italian Literature* 1898 (pp 66-71) without attempting to settle the everlasting controversy regards the abbé's documentary evidence as for the most part worthless and relying on the internal evidence of the sonnets and the dialogue and on the facts of Petrarch's life as established by his correspondence (a complete series of Petrarch's letters was published by Giuseppe Fracassetti in 1859) inclines to the belief that it was the poet's status as a cleric and not a husband and family which proved a bar to his union with Laura. With regard however to "one piece of documentary evidence" namely Laura de Sade's will Dr Garnett admits that if this were producible and on being produced proved genuine the coincidence of the date of the will April 3 1348 with a note in Petrarch's handwriting dated April 6 1348 which records the death of Laura would almost establish the truth of the abbé's theory in the teeth of all objections.]

I [ He who would seek, as I have done the last memorials of the life and death of Petrarch in that sequestered Euganean village [Arqua] is about twelve miles south west of Padua] will still find them there. A modest house apparently of great antiquity passes for his last habitation. A chair in which he is said to have died is shown there. And if these details are uncertain there is no doubt that the sarcophagus of red marble supported on pillars in the churchyard of Arqua contains or once contained his mortal remains. Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse visited the spot more than sixty years ago in a sceptical frame of mind for doubts had at that time been thrown on the very existence of Laura and the varied details of the poet's life which are preserved with so much fidelity in his correspondence were almost forgotten.—*Petrarch* by H Reeve 1879 p 14. In a letter to Hoppner September 1., 1817 Byron says that he was moved to turn aside in a second visit to Arqua. Two years later, October, 1819 he in vain persuaded Moore to spare a



Went down the vale of years , and 'tis their pride  
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,  
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
 His mansion and his sepulchre both plain<sup>1</sup>  
 And venerably simple such as raise  
 A feeling more accordant with his strain  
 Than if a Pyramid formed his monumental fane<sup>2</sup>

## XXVII

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
 Is one of that complexion which seems made  
 For those who their mortality<sup>1</sup> have felt,  
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed  
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,  
 Which shows a distant prospect far away  
 Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,  
 For they can lure no further , and the ray<sup>2</sup>  
 Of a bright Sun can make sufficient holiday,

<sup>1</sup> *His mansion and his monument* —[MS M, D erased]

<sup>11</sup> *formed his sepulchral fane* —[MS M]

day or two to go with me to Arquà I should like," he said, "to visit that tomb with you—a pair of poetical pilgrims—eh, Tom, what say you?" But "Tom" was for Rome and Lord John Russell, and ever afterwards bewailed the lost opportunity "with wonder and self-reproach" (*Life*, p 423, *Life*, by Karl Elze, 1872, p 235)]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Wordsworth's *Ode*, "Intimations of," etc , \1 lines 9-11—

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality"]

<sup>2</sup> ["Euganeis istis in collibus domum parvam sed

## XXIII

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers  
 And shining in the brawling brook where-by  
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality—  
 If from society we learn to live,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis Solitude should teach us how to die,  
 It hath no flatterers—Vanity can give  
 No hollow aid, alone—man with his God must strive<sup>2</sup>

## XXIV

Or it may be with Demons<sup>3</sup> who impair  
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey

<sup>1</sup> Society's the school where taught to live —[MS *My erisel*]

<sup>2</sup> — the soul with God must strive —[MS *My erasel*]

delectabilem et honestam struxi hic quanquam æger  
 corpore tranquillus animo frater dego sine tumultibus sine  
 erroribus sine curis legens semper et scribens Deum  
 ludans —Petrarca *Epistola Seniles* iv 6 (*Opera* Basileæ  
 1581 p 938)

See too the notes to *Argo* (Rogers's *Italy Poems* 183  
 ii 105-109) which record the pilgrimage of other poets  
 Boccaccio and Alfieri to the great laureates tomb and  
 compare with Byron's stanzas the whole of that exquisite  
 cameo delicate and yet durable as if graved on chalcedony]

<sup>3</sup> The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as  
 with our better thoughts Satan chose the wilderness for the  
 temptation of our Saviour And our unsullied John Locke  
 preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude

[He always chose to have company with him if it were  
 only a child for he loved children and took pleasure in  
 talking with those that had been well trained (*Life of John  
 Locke* by H R Fox Bourne ii 537) Lady Masham's  
 daughter Esther and his wife Betty Clarke aged eleven  
 years were among his child friends]

In melancholy bosoms—such as were  
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,  
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay  
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away,<sup>1</sup>  
 Making the Sun like blood, the Earth a tomb,  
 The tomb a hell and Hell itself a murkier gloom.<sup>1-</sup>

## XXXV.

Ferrara<sup>1 1</sup> in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the Seats  
 Of former Sovereigns, and the antique brood  
 Of Este,<sup>2</sup> which for many an age made good  
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore

<sup>1</sup> Which dies not nor can ever pass away —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>11</sup> The tomb a hell—and life one universal gloom —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Byron passed a single day at Ferrara in April, 1817, went over the castle, cell, etc., and a few days after wrote *The Lament of Tasso*, the manuscript of which is dated April 20, 1817. The Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* was not begun till the end of June in the same year.]

<sup>2</sup> [Of the ancient family of Este, Marquesses of Tuscany, Azzo V was the first who obtained power in Ferrara in the twelfth century. A remote descendant, Nicolo III (b. 1384, d. 1441), founded the University of Parma. He married for his second wife Parisina Malatesta (the heroine of Byron's *Parisina*, published February, 1816), who was beheaded for adultery in 1425. His three sons, Lionel (d. 1450), the friend of Poggio Bracciolini, Boiso (d. 1471), who established printing in his states, and Ercole (d. 1505), the friend of Boiardo,—were all patrons of letters and fosterers of the Renaissance. Their successor, Alphonso I (1486–1534), who married Lucrezia Borgia, 1502, honoured himself by attaching Ariosto to his court, and it was his grandson,

Patron or Tyrant, as the changing mood  
 Of petty power impelled of those who wore  
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before



And Tasso is their glory and their shame—

Hark to his strain<sup>1</sup> and then survey his cell<sup>11</sup>

Alphonso II (d 1597) who first befriended and afterwards on the score of lunacy imprisoned Tasso in the Hospital of Sant Anna (1579-86)]

1 [It is a fact that Tasso was an involuntary inmate of the Hospital of Sant Anna at Ferrara for seven years and four months—from March 1579 to July 1586—but the causes the character and the place of his imprisonment have been subjects of legend and misrepresentation. It has long been known and acknowledged (see Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations* 1818 pp 5-31) that a real or feigned passion for Duke Alphonso's sister Leonora d'Este was not the cause or occasion of his detention and that the famous cell or dungeon (nine paces by six, and about seven high) was not the original place of the poet's confinement. It was as Shelley says (see his letter to Leacock, November 7 1818) "a very decent dungeon" but it was not Tasso's. The setting of the story was admitted to be legendary but the story itself that a poet was shut up in a madhouse because a vindictive magnate resented his love of independence and impatience of courtly servitude, was questioned only to be reasserted as historical. The publication of Tasso's letters by Guastini in 1853 a review of Tasso's character and career in Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* and more recently Signor Angelo Solerti's monumental work *Vita di Torquato Tasso* (1895), which draws largely upon the letters of contemporaries the accounts of the ducal court, and other documentary evidence have in a great measure exonerated the duke at the expense of the unhappy poet himself. Briefly Tasso's intrigues with rival powers—the Medici at Florence the papal court and the Holy Office at Bologna—aroused the alarm and suspicion of the duke, whilst his general demeanour and his outbursts of violence and temper compelled rather than afforded, a pretext for his confinement. Before his final and fatal return to Ferrara he had been duly warned

And see how deally earned Torquato's fame,  
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell  
 The miserable Despot could not quell  
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend

that he must submit to be treated as a person of disordered intellect, and that if he continued to throw out hints of designs upon his life and of persecution in high places, he would be banished from the ducal court and dominions. But return he would, and at an inauspicious moment, when the duke was preoccupied with the ceremonies and festivities of a third marriage. No one attended to him or took heed of his arrival, and, to quote his own words, "in a fit of madness" he broke out into execrations of the ducal court and family, and of the people of Ferrara. For the offence he was shut up in the Hospital of Santi' Anna, and for many months treated as an ordinary lunatic. Of the particulars of his treatment during these first eight months of his confinement, apart from Tasso's own letters, there is no evidence. The accounts of the hospital are lost, and the *Libri di spesa* (*R. Arch. di Stato in Modena, Camere Ducale Casa, Amministrazione*, Solerti, iii. *Docu.* 47) do not commence till November 20, 1579. Two years later, the *Libri di spenderia* (Solerti, iii. *Docu.* 51), from January, 1582, onward, show that he was put on a more generous diet, and it is known that a certain measure of liberty and other indulgences were gradually accorded. There can, however, be little doubt that for many months his food was neglected and medical attendance withheld. His statement, that he was denied the rites of the Church, cannot be gainsaid. He was regarded as a lunatic, and, as such, he would not be permitted either to make his confession or to communicate. Worse than all, there was the terrible solitude. "E sovia tutto," he writes (May, 1580), "m'affligge la solitudine, mia crudele e natural nimica." No wonder the attacks of delirium, the "unwonted lights," the conference with a familiar spirit, followed in due course. Byron and Shelley were ignorant of the facts, and we know that their scorn and indignation were exaggerated and misplaced. But the "pity of it" remains, that the grace and glory of his age was sacrificed to ignorance and fear, if not to animosity and revenge. (See *Tasso*, by E. J. Hasell, *History of the Italian Renaissance*, by J. A. Symonds, *Quart. Rev.*, October, 1895, No. 364, art. v., *Vita di Torquato Tasso*, 1895, i. 312-314, 410-412, etc.)]

With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
 Where he had plunged it    Glory without end  
 Scattered the clouds away—and on that name attend

## XXXVII

The tears and prunes of all time while thine  
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink  
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line  
 Is shaken into nothing—but the link  
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn  
 Alfonso <sup>1</sup> how thy ducal pageants shrink  
 From thee <sup>1</sup> if in another station born <sup>1</sup>  
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn

## XXXVIII

*Thou!* formed to eat and be despised and die  
 Even as the beasts that perish—save that thou  
 Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty —  
*He!* with a glory round his furrowed brow  
 Which emanated then and dazzles now  
 In face of all his foes the Cruscan quire <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And thou for no one useful purpose born* —[MS M erased]

<sup>2</sup> [Solerti (*Vita* i. 418) combats the theory advanced by Hobbouse (see *note* x) that Lionardo Salviati in order to curry favour with Alphonso was responsible for the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan Academy. He assigns their unfavourable criticism to literary sentiment or prejudice and not to personal animosity or intrigue. The *Gerusalemme Liberata* was dedicated to the glory of the house of Este and though the poet was in

And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow<sup>1</sup>  
 No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,  
 That whetstone of the teeth    Monotony in wile!<sup>11</sup>

## XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his  
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
 Aimed with her poisoned arrows, but to miss.  
 Oh, Victor unsurpassed in modern song!

<sup>1</sup> *And baffled Gaul whose rancour could allow* —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Which grates upon the teeth* —[MS *M* erased]

disgrace, the duke was not to be propitiated by an attack upon the poem. Moreover, Salviani did not publish his theses in his own name, but under a *nom de guerre*, "L'Infamato"]

<sup>1</sup> [Hobhouse, in his *note* \, quotes Boileau, but not in full. The passage runs thus—

"Tous les jours, à la cour, un sot de qualité  
 Peut juger de travers avec impunité,  
 A Malherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,  
 Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile"

Perhaps he divined that the phrase, "un sot de qualité," might glance back on a "noble author," who was about to admit that he could not savour Horace, and who turned aside from Mantua and memories of Virgil to visit Ferrara and the "cell" where Tasso was "encaged" (See Darmesteter's *Notes to Childe Harold*, pp 201, 217)

If "the Youth with brow serene," as Hugo calls him, had lived to read *Dédain A Lord Byron*, in 1811, he would have passed a somewhat different criticism on French poetry in general—

"En vain vos légions l'environnent sans nombre,  
 Il n'a qu'à se lever pour couvrir de son ombre  
 A la fois tous vos fronts,  
 Il n'a qu'à dire un mot pour couvrir vos voix gémées,  
 Comme un chat en passant couvrie le bruit des ailes  
 De mille moucheron!"

*Les Feuilles d'Automne*, par Victor Hugo,  
 Bruxelles, 1833, pp 59, 63]

Each year brings forth its millions—but how long  
 The tide of Generations shall roll on  
 And not the whole combined and countless throng  
 Compose a mind like thine? though all in one<sup>1</sup>  
 Condensed their scattered rays—they would not form  
 a Sun<sup>1</sup>

## XL

Great as thou art yet paralleled by those  
 Thy countrymen before thee born to shine  
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry first rose  
 The Tuscan Father's Comedy Divine  
 Then not unequal to the Florentine  
 The southern Scott the minstrel who called forth  
 A new creation with his magic lute  
 And like the Ariosto of the North<sup>1</sup>  
 Sang Ladye love and War Romance and Knightly Worth

<sup>1</sup> *Could mount into a mind like thine* — — [MS *M* erased]

<sup>11</sup> — *they would not form the Sun* — [MS *M*]

<sup>1</sup> [In a letter to Murray (August 7 1817) Byron throws out a hint that Scott might not like being called the Ariosto of the North and Murray seems to have caught at the suggestion. With regard to the Ariosto of the North rejoins Byron (September 17 1817) surely their themes Chivalry war and love were as like as can be and as to the compliment if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto you would not hesitate about that. If you think Scott will dislike it say so and I will expunge. Byron did not know that when Scott was at college at Edinburgh he had had the audacity to produce a composition in which he weighed Homer against Ariosto and pronounced him wanting in the balance or that he made a practice of reading through the *Orlando* of Ariosto once every year (see *Memoirs of*



## XLI

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust " "

The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves,

Nor was the ominous element unjust,

For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves " "

Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,

And the false semblance but disgraced his brow.

Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,

Know, that the lightning sanctifies below " "

Whate'er it strikes; yon head is doubly sacred now

*the Life, etc.*, 1871, pp 12, 747), but the parallel had suggested itself. The key-note of "the harpings of the north," the chivalrous strain of "shield, lance, and brand, and plume and scarf," of "gentle courtesy," of "valour, lion-mettled lord," which the "Introduction to *Marmion*" precludes, had been already struck in the opening lines of the *Orlando Furioso*—

"Le Donne, i Cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori,  
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto"

Scott, we may be assured, was neither disconcerted nor uplifted by the parallel. Many years before (July 6, 1812), Byron had been at pains to inform him that so august a critic as the Prince Regent "preferred you to every bard past and present," and "spoke alternately of Homer and yourself." Of the "placing" and unplacing of poets there is no end. Byron had already been sharply rebuked by the *Edinburgh Review* for describing *Christabel* as a "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem," and his appreciation of Scott provoked the expostulation of a friendlier critic. "Walter Scott," wrote Francis Hodgson, in his anonymous *Monitor of Childe Harold* (1818), "(*credite posteri*, or rather *posteriori*), is designated in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* as 'the Northern Ariosto,' and (droller still) Ariosto is denominated 'the Southern Scott.' This comes of mistaking horse-chestnuts for chestnut horses"]

## XLII

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast<sup>1</sup>

The fatal gift of Beauty which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past—  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame<sup>1</sup>  
And annals graved in characters of flame  
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful and couldst claim  
Thy right and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress

## XLIII

Then mightst thou more appal—or less desired  
Be homely and be peaceful undeplord<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And on thy brow in characters of flame  
To write the words of sorrow and of shame —[MS M erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *— unbetrayed  
To death by thy vain charms — —[MS M erased]*

<sup>1</sup> The two stanzas xlii and xliii are with the exception of a line or two a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja —  
Italia Italia O tu cui feo la sorte! —*Poesie Toscane*  
18 3 p 149

[ Italia, Italia o tu cui feo la sorte  
Dono infelice di bellezza ond'hai  
Funestà dote d'infiniti guai  
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte  
Deh fossi tu men bella o almen più forte  
Onde assai più ti paventasse o assai  
T amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai  
Par che si strugga e pur ti sfida a morte  
Chè or giu dall'Alpi non vedrei torrenti  
Scender d'armati nè di sangue tinti  
Bever l'onda del Po gallici armenti  
Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta  
Pugnar col braccio di straniero genti  
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta"]

For thy destructive charms, then, still untired,  
 Would not be seen the armed torrents poured  
 Down the deep Alps, nor would the hostile horde  
 Of many-nationed spoils from the Po  
 Quaff blood and water, nor the stranger's sword  
 Be thy sad weapon of defence and so,  
 Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe

## XLIV

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,  
 The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,<sup>1</sup>  
 The friend of Tully as my bark did skim  
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,  
 Came Megara before me, and behind  
 Ægina lay Piræus on the right,

1 The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me Ægina was behind, Megara before me, Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view"—See Middleton's *Cicero*, 1823, ii 144

[The letter is to be found in Cicero's *Epist. ad Familiares*, iv 5 Byron, on his return from Constantinople on July 14, 1810, left Hobhouse at the Island of Zea, and made his own way to Athens As the vessel sailed up the Saronic Gulf, he would observe the "prospect" which Sulpicius describes]

And Corinth on the left, I lay reclined  
 Along the prow and saw all these unite  
 In ruin—even as he had seen the desolate sight

## XLV

For Time hath not rebuilt them but upreared  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site  
 Which only make more mourned and more endeared  
 The few last rays of their far scattered light  
 And the crushed relics of their vanished might  
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite<sup>1</sup>  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears drawn from such pilgrimage

## XLVI

That page is now before me and on mine  
 His Country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perished states he mourned in their decline  
 And I in desolation all that *was*  
 Of then destruction *is* and now, alas!  
 Rome—Rome imperial bows her to the storm<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *These carcases of cities* — —[MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> [ By the events of the years 1813 and 1814 the house of Austria gained possession of all that belonged to her in Italy either before or in consequence of the Peace of Campo Formio (October 17 1797). A small portion of Ferrara to the north of the Po (which had formed part of the Papal dominions) was ceded to her as were the Valteline Bormio Chiavenna and the ancient republic of Ragusa. The

In the same dust and blackness, and we pass  
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm

## XLVII

Yet, Italy ! through every other land  
 Thy wrongs should ring and shall from side to side,<sup>2</sup>  
 Mother of Arts ! as once of Arms ! thy hand  
 Was then our Guardian, and is still our Guide .  
 Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide  
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of Heaven !  
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,  
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven

## XLVIII

But Aino wins us to the fair white walls,  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls  
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps

emperor constituted all these possessions into a separate and particular state, under the title of the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy"—Koch's *History of Europe*, p. 234 ]

1 It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, " Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jaceat, instar Gigantei cada-veris corrupti atque undique exesi "

[See *De Fortunæ Varietate*, ap *Nov Thes Ant Rom*, ap Sallengre, i 502 ]

2 [Compare Milton, *Sonnet* XLII —

" my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side "]

Her corn, and wine, and oil—and Plenty leaps  
 To laughing life, with her redundant Horn  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born <sup>1</sup>  
 And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new Morn

## XLIX

There, too the Goddess loves in stone and fills <sup>1</sup> <sup>4</sup>  
 The air around with Beauty—we inhale <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Where Luxury might well only be born  
 And buried Learning goes forth into fresher morn —*  
 [MS M erased]

<sup>11</sup> *There too the Goddess breathes in stone and fills —* [MS M]

<sup>111</sup> *— and we draw  
 As from a fountain from mortal hills —* [MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> [The wealth which permitted the Florentine nobility to indulge their taste for modern that is refined luxury was derived from success in trade. For example Giovanni de Medici (1360-1428) the father of Cosmo and great grand father of Lorenzo de Medici was a banker and Levantine merchant. As for the Renaissance to say nothing of Petrarch of Florentine parentage two of the greatest Italian scholars and humanists—Ficino born A.D. 1430 and Poliziano born 1454—were Florentines and Poggio was born A.D. 1380 at Terra Nuova on Florentine soil.]

<sup>2</sup> [The statue of Venus de' Medici which stands in the Tribune of the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence is said to be a late Greek (first or second century B.C.) copy of an early reproduction of the Cnidian Aphrodite the work perhaps of one of his sons Hepheisodotos or Timarchos. (See *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque* par Maxime Collignon Paris 1897 II 641.) In a Catalogue Raisonné of *La Galerie de Florence* 1804 in the editor's possession which opens with an eloquent tribute to the enlightenment of the Medici *la fameuse Venus* is conspicuous by her absence. She had been deported to Paris by Napoleon but when Lord Byron spent a day in Florence in April 1817 and returned drunk with Beauty from the two galleries the lovely lady thanks to the much abused Powers was once more in her proper shrine.]

The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
 Part of its immortality the veil  
 Of heaven is half undrawn—within the pale  
 We stand, and in that form and face behold  
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail,  
 And to the fond Idolaters of old  
 Envy the innate flash which such a Soul could mould

## I

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
 Dazzled and drunk with Beauty,<sup>1</sup> till the heart

1 [Byron's contempt for connoisseurs and dilettanti finds expression in *English Bards, etc.*, lines 1027-1032, and, again, in *The Curse of Minerva*, lines 183, 184. The "stolen copy" of *The Curse* was published in the *New Monthly Magazine (Poetical Works)*, 1898, i 453) under the title of *The Malediction of Minerva, or, The Athenian Marble-Market*, a title (see line 7) which must have been invented by and not for Byron. He returns to the charge in *Don Juan*, Canto II stanza cxviii lines 5-9—

" a statuary,  
 (A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
 I've seen much finer women ripe and real,  
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal) "

Even while confessing the presence and power of "triumphal Art" in sculpture, one of "the two most artificial of the Arts" (see his letter to Murray, April 26, 1817), then first revealed to him at Florence, he took care that his enthusiasm should not be misunderstood. He had made bitter fun of the art-talk of collectors, and he was unrepentant, and, moreover, he was "not careful" to incur a charge of indifference to the fine arts in general. Among the "crowd" which found their place in his complex personality, there was "the barbarian," and there was "the philistine," and there was, too, the humourist who took a subtle pleasure in proclaiming himself "a plain man," puzzled by subtleties, and unable to catch the drift of spirits finer than his own.]

Reels with its fulness, there—for ever there—  
 Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
 We stand as captives and would not depart  
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes  
 Blood—pulse—and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's  
 prize

## LI

Appear'st thou not to Paris in this guise?  
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or  
 In all thy perfect Goddess ship, when lies  
 Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?  
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
 Laid on thy lap his eyes to thee upturn  
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek!<sup>1</sup> while thy lips are  
 With lava kisses melting while they burn  
 Showered on his eyelids brow, and mouth as from an  
 urn!

1

Ὠφθαλμοῖς στίβῳ

Atque oculos pascit uterque suos  
 OVID *Amor*, lib ii [Eleg , line 6]

[Compare too Lucretius lib i lines 36-38—

'Atque ita suspiciens tereti cervice reposta  
 Pascit amore avidos inhians in te Dea, visus  
 Equae tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore

and *Measure for Measure*, act ii sc line 179—

And feast upon her eyes ]



## LII

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love—<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
 Then full divinity inadequate  
 That feeling to express, or to improve  
 The Gods become as mortals and man's fate "  
 Has moments like their brightest, but the weight  
 Of earth recoils upon us, let it go!<sup>1</sup>  
 We can recall such visions, and create,  
 From what has been, or might be, things which grow  
 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below

## LIII.

I leave to leainéd fingers, and wise hands,  
 The Artist and his Ape, to teach and tell  
 How well his Connoisseurship understands  
 The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell  
 Let these describe the undescribable  
 I would not their vile breath should cusp the stream  
 Wherein that Image shall for ever dwell  
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

i *Glowing and all-diffused* —[MS M erased]  
 ii *and our Fate* —[MS M]

i [As the immortals, for love's sake, divest themselves of their godhead, so do mortals, in the ecstasy of passion, recognize in the object of their love the incarnate presence of deity Love, like music, can raise a "mortal to the skies" and "bring an angel down" In this stanza there is, perhaps, an intentional obscurity in the confusion of ideas, which are "thrown out" for the reader to shape for himself as he will or can]

## LIV

In Santa Croce's<sup>1</sup> holy precincts lie<sup>2</sup>  
 Ashes which make it holier dust which is  
 Even in itself an immortality  
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this  
 The particle of those sublimities  
 Which have relapsed to chaos—here repose  
 Angelo's—Alfieri's<sup>2</sup> bones—and his<sup>3</sup>  
 The starry Galileo with his woes,  
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose<sup>4</sup>

1 [The church of Santa Croce contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and Alfieri make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy." (Letter to Murray, April 26 1817). Michael Angelo, Alfieri, and Machiavelli are buried in the south aisle of the church. Galileo, who was first buried within the convent, now rests with his favourite pupil Vincenzo Vivanti in a vault in the south aisle. Canova's monument to Alfieri was erected at the expense of his so-called widow, Louise, born von Stolberg and (177-78) consort of Prince Charles Edward.]

2 [Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803) is one of numerous real and ideal personages with whom, as he tells us (*Life*, p. 644), Byron was wont to be compared. Moore perceives and dwells on the resemblance. A passage in Alfieri's autobiography (*La Vie de V. A. écrite par lui-même*, Paris 1809, p. 17) may have suggested the parallel—

Voici une esquisse du caractère que je manifestais dans les premières années de ma raison naissante. Taciturne et tranquille pour l'ordinaire, mais quelquefois extrêmement pétulant et babillard, presque toujours dans les extrêmes, obstiné et rebelle à la force, fort soumis aux avis qu'on me donnait avec amitié, contenu plutôt par la crainte d'être grondé que par toute autre chose, d'une timidité excessive et inflexible quand on voulait me prendre à rebours.

The resemblance as Byron admits related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. Both were noble, both were poets, both were patrician republicans, and both were

## LV

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
 Might furnish forth creation Italy <sup>1</sup>  
 Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand  
 rents  
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny "  
 And hath denied, to every other sky,  
 Spirits which soar from ruin thy Decay  
 Is still impregnate with divinity,  
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray,  
 Such as the great of yore, Canova <sup>1</sup> is to-day

<sup>1</sup> *Might furnish forth a Universe* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *And ruin of thy beauty, shall deny  
 And hath denied, to every other sky  
 Spirits that soar like thine, from thy decay  
 {Still springs some son of the Divinity  
 {Still springs some work of the Divinity,—[D]  
 And gilds thy ruins with reviving ray—  
 And what these were of yore—Canova is to-day —[MS M]*

lovers of pleasure as well as lovers and students of literature, but their works do not provoke comparison "The quality of 'a narrow elevation' which [Matthew] Arnold finds in Alfieri," is not characteristic of the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*

Of this stanza, however, Alfieri's fine sonnet to Florence may have been the inspiration I have Dr Garnett's permission to cite the following lines of his admirable translation (*Italian Literature*, 1898, p 321) —

"Was Angelo born here? and he who wove  
 Love's chain with sorcery of Tuscan tongue,  
 Indissolubly blent? and he whose song  
 Laid bare the world below to world above?  
 And he who from the lonely valley clove  
 The azure height and tied the stars among?  
 And he whose searching mind the monarch's wrong,  
 Fount of the people's misery did prove?"]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare "Lines on the Bust of Helen by Canova," which were sent in a letter to Murray, November 25, 1816—

## LVI

But where repose the all Etruscan three—

Dante and Petrarch and, scarce less than they

The Bard of Prose creative Spirit ! he<sup>1</sup>

Of the Hundred Tales of Love—where did they lay

Their bones distinguished from our common clay

In death as life? Are they resolved to dust

And have their Country's Marbles nought to say?

Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?

Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

## LVII

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar<sup>1</sup> &c.

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore<sup>91</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Their great Contemporary* — —[MS M erased]

“In this beloved marble view

Above the works and thoughts of man

What nature *could* but *would not* do

And Beauty and Canova can

In *Beppo* (stanza xlv1) which was written in October 1817 there is a further allusion to the genius of Canova]

<sup>1</sup> [Dante died at Ravenna September 14 1321 and was buried in the Church of S. Francesco. His remains were afterwards transferred to a mausoleum in the friars cemetery on the north side of the church which was raised to his memory by his friend and patron Guido da Polenta. The mausoleum was restored more than once and rebuilt in its present form in 1780 at the cost of Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. On the occasion of Dante's sixcentenary in 1865 it was discovered that at some unknown period the skeleton with the exception of a few small bones which remained in an urn which formed part of Gonzaga's structure had been placed for safety in a wooden box and enclosed in a wall of the old Braccioforte Chapel which lies outside the church

Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,<sup>3</sup>  
 Proscribed the Bard whose name for evermore  
 Their children's children would in vain adore  
 With the remoise of ages, and the crown<sup>4 20 11</sup>

towards the Piazza "The bones found in the wooden box were placed in the mausoleum with great pomp and exultation, the poet being now considered the symbol of a united Italy The wooden box itself has been removed to the public library"—*Handbook for Northern Italy*, p 539, note

The house which Byron occupied during his first visit to Ravenna—June 8 to August 9, 1819—is close to the Cappella Braccioforte In January, 1820, when he wrote the Fourth Canto of *Don Juan* ("I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid," stanza civ), he was occupying a suite of apartments in the Palazzo Guiccioli, No 328 in the Via di Porta Adriana Compare Rogers's *Italy*, "Bologna," *Poems*, ii 118—

"Ravenna<sup>1</sup> where from Dante's sacred tomb  
 He had so oft, as many a verse declares,  
 Drawn inspiration"]

2 [The story is told in Livy, lib xxxviii cap 53 "Thenceforth no more was heard of Africanus He passed his days at Linternum [on the shore of Campania], without thought or regret of Rome Folk say that when he came to die he gave orders that he should be buried on the spot, and that there, and not at Rome, a monument should be raised over his sepulchre His country had been ungrateful—no Roman funeral for him" It is said that his sepulchre bore the inscription "Ingrata patria, cineres meos non habebis" According to another tradition, he was buried with his family at the Porta Capena, by the Cælian Hill]

3 [Compare Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i 1—

"Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos"]

4 [Petiarch's *Africa* brought him on the same day (August 23, 1340) offers of the laurel wreath of poetry from the University of Paris and from the Senate of Rome He chose in favour of Rome, and was crowned on the Capitol, Easter Day, April 8, 1341 "The poet appeared in a royal mantle preceded by twelve noble Roman youths clad in scarlet, and the heralds and trumpeters of the Roman Senate"—*Petrarch*, by Henry Reeve, p 92]

Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore  
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His Life his Fame, his Grave, though rifled—not thine  
 own<sup>1</sup>

## LVIII

Boccaccio<sup>2</sup> to his parent earth bequeathed<sup>3</sup> —  
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,

1. *Boccaccio to his parent earth begs that  
 The dust of him whom thou hast seen lie  
 With me yon sacred and immortal earth be  
 O'er him who found thee long ago  
 That mine in its place be buried  
 And I have time to make it sing  
 For a earth—and scattered while the silent sky  
 Flushed its red glow and Wnd—  
 The Island that is this is that a World to me —*  
 [O crowd]

1 [Tommasini in the *Lettere del Petrarca* (pp. 168-17 ed. 1630) assigns the outrage to a party of Venetians who broke open Petrarch's tomb in 1630, and took away some of his bones probably with the object of selling them" Hobhouse in note ix says that one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine but does not quote his authority (See the notes to H. F. Foer's *Childe Harold* p. 30)]

2 [Giovanni Boccaccio was born at Paris (or Certaldo) in 1313, passed the greater part of his life at Florence, died and was buried at Certaldo whence his family are said to have sprung in 1375. His sepulchre which stood in the centre of the Church of St. Michael and St. James known as the Canonica was removed in 1783 on the plea that a recent edict forbidding burial in churches applied to ancient interments. The stone that covered the tomb was broken and thrown aside as useless into the adjoining cloisters (*Handbook for Central Italy*, p. 171). Ignorance pleads Hobhouse may share the crime with bigotry. But it is improbable that the hyena bigots—that is the ecclesiastical authorities—were ignorant that Boccaccio was a bitter satirist of Churchmen or that he transferred the functions and histories of Hebrew prophets and prophetesses and of Christian saints and apostles nay, the highest mysteries and most awful

With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed  
 O'er him who foimed the Tuscan's siren tongue? <sup>1</sup>  
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 The poetry of speech? No, even his tomb  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,  
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom*!

## LIX

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust,  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
 The Cæsar's pageant,<sup>2</sup> shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more

objects of Christian Faith, to the names and drapery of Greek and Roman mythology"—(Unpublished MS note of S T Coleridge, written in his copy of Boccaccio's *Opere*, 4 vols 1723) They had their revenge on Boccaccio, and Byron has had his revenge on them]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Beppo*, stanza xlv —

"I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
 Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
 And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
 With syllables which breathe of the sweet South"

Compare, too, the first sentence of a letter which Byron wrote "on a blank leaf of the volume of 'Corinne,'" which Teresa [Guiccioli] left in forgetfulness in a garden in Bologna "AMOR MIO,—How sweet is this word in your Italian language!" (*Life of Lord Byron*, by Emilio Castelar, p 145)]

<sup>2</sup> [By "Cæsar's pageant" Byron means the pageant decreed by Tiberius Cæsar Compare *Don Juan*, Canto XV stanza xlix —

"And this omission, like that of the bust  
 Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius"

At the public funeral of Junia, wife of Cassius and sister of

Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling Empire ! honoured sleeps <sup>1</sup>  
 The immortal Exile, — Arqua too her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps  
 While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps <sup>1</sup>

## LX

What is her Pyramid of precious stones ? <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>12</sup>  
 Of porphyry, jasper agate and all hues  
 Of gem and marble to encrust the bones  
 Of merchant-dukes ? <sup>2</sup> the momentary dews

1 *Shelter of exiled Empire* — — [MS *is erased*]

Brutus AND — the busts of her husband and brother were not allowed to be carried in the procession because they had taken part in the assassination of Julius Cæsar. But none the less *Præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur* (Tacitus *Ann* iii 76) Their glory was conspicuous in men's minds because their images were withheld from men's eyes. As Tacitus says elsewhere (ii 76) *Negatus honor gloriæ intendit*.]

1 [The inscription on Ricci's monument to Dante in the Church of Santa Croce — *A majoribus ter frustra decretum* — refers to the vain attempts which Florence had made to recover the remains of her exiled and once neglected poet.]

2 [I also went to the Medici chapel — fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished and will remain so (Letter to Murray, April 26 1817). The bodies of the grand dukes lie in the crypt of the Cappella dei Principi or Medicean Chapel which forms part of the Church of San Lorenzo. The walls of the chapel are encrusted with rich marbles and stones of price to garniture the edifice. The monuments to Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent with Michael Angelo's allegorical figures of Night and Morning Aurora and Twilight are in the adjoining Cappella dei Depositi or Sagrestia Nuova.]



Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,  
 Whose names are Mausoleums of the Muse,  
 Are gently prest with far more reverent tread  
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

## LXI

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes  
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,  
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow Sister vies,<sup>1</sup>  
 There be more marvels yet but not for mine.  
 For I have been accustomed to entwine  
 My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,  
 Than Art in galleries though a work divine  
 Calls for my Spirit's homage, yet it yields  
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

1 [The Duomo, crowned with Brunelleschi's cupola, and rich in sculpture and stained glass, is, as it were, a symbol of Florence, the shrine of art. Browning, in his inspired vision of St Peter's at Rome in *Christmas Eve*, catches Byron's note to sound a loftier strain—

“Is it really on the earth  
 This miraculous dome of God?”

“It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate that of the cathedral, as it rose in the grey of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said, after a pause, ‘Come te non voglio! Meglio di te non posso’ He never, indeed, spoke of it but with admiration, and, if we may believe tradition, his tomb, by his own desire, was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi”—Rogers's *Italy Poems*, ii 315, note to p 133, line 5—“Beautiful Florence”]

## LXII

Is of another temper and I roam  
 By Thrasimene's lake,<sup>1</sup> in the defiles  
 Fatal to Roman rashness more at home,  
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
 Come back before me as his skill beguiles  
 The host between the mountains and the shore  
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files<sup>2</sup>  
 And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore  
 Reek through the sultry plain with legions scattered o'er

## LXIII

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds,  
 And such the storm of battle on this day,  
 And such the frenzy whose convulsion blinds  
 To all save Carnage that beneath the fray  
 An Earthquake<sup>2</sup> reeled unheededly away!<sup>3</sup>  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet

1 *Where Courage perished in unyielding files* —[MS. M.]

1 [Byron contrary to traditional use (see Wordsworth's sonnet *Near the Lake of Thrasymene* and Rogers's *Italy* see note p. 378) sounds the final vowel in Thrasymene. The Greek, Latin and Italian equivalents bear him out but most probably he gave Thrasymene and himself an extra syllable *vel metri vel euphoniæ causâ*.]

2 [ *Tantusque fuit ardor armorum adeo intentus pugnar animus ut eum motum terræ qui multarum urbium Italiæ magnas partes prostravit averitque cursu rapidos amnes mare fluminibus inexit montes lapsu ingenti proruit nemo pugnantium senserit* (Livy xxii 5). Polybius says nothing about an earthquake and Ihne (*Hist. of Rome* ii 207-210)

And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet <sup>1</sup>

## LXIV

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel, Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, recked not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw <sup>1</sup>  
 From their down-toppling nests, and bellowing herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains and Man's dread hath no  
 words

<sup>1</sup> *Fly to the clouds for refuge and withdraw  
 From their unsteady nests* —[MS M]

is also silent, but Pliny (*Hist Nat*, ii 84) and Cœlius Antipater (ap Cic, *De Div*, i 35), who wrote his *Annales* about a century after the battle of Lake Thrasymenus (B C 217), synchronize the earthquake and the battle. Compare, too, Rogers's *Italy*, "The Pilgrim" *Poems*, 1852, ii 152—

"From the Thrasymene, that now  
 Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,  
 And from the shore that once, when armies met,  
 Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible  
 The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away"

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet (No 211), "Near the Lake of Thrasymene" (*Works*, 1888, p 756)—

"When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,  
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,  
 Checked not its rage, unfelt the ground did rock,  
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim,—  
 Now all is sun-bright peace"]

## LXV

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ,  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ,  
 Her agéd trees rise thick as once the slain  
 Lay where their roots are but a brook hath ta'en—  
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ,  
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
 Made the earth wet and turned the unwilling waters red<sup>1</sup>

## LXVI

But thou Clitumnus !<sup>1</sup> in thy sweetest wave  
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
 The haunt of river Nymph to gaze and lave  
 Her limbs where nothing hid them thou dost rear  
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk white steer  
 Grazes—the purest God of gentle waters !

1 *Made fit the earth* — — [MS *M* erased ]

1 No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus between Foligno and Spoleto and no site or scenery even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple the reader is referred to *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, p. 35

[Compare Virgil *Georg.* ii 146—

Hinc albi Clitumne greges et maxuma taurus  
 Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro

The waters of certain rivers were supposed to possess the quality of making the cattle which drank from them white (See Pliny, *Hist Nat* ii 103 and compare Silius Italicus *Pun* ii 545 546—

And most serene of aspect, and most clear;  
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—  
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple<sup>1</sup> still,  
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps  
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its memory of thee, beneath it sweeps

<sup>1</sup> *Upon a green declivity* —[MS M]

“ et patulis Clitumnus in arvis  
 Candentes gelido perfundit flumine tauros )

For a charming description of Clitumnus, see Pliny's letter “Romano Suo,” *Epist.*, viii 8 “At the foot of a little hill covered with old and shady cypress trees, gushes out a spring, which bursts out into a number of streamlets, all of different sizes Having struggled, so to speak, out of its confinement, it opens out into a broad basin, so clear and transparent, that you may count the pebbles and little pieces of money which are thrown into it The banks are clothed with an abundance of ash and poplar, which are so distinctly reflected in the clear water that they seem to be growing at the bottom of the river, and can easily be counted Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, in which is a statue of the river-god Clitumnus”—*Pliny's Letters*, by the Rev A Church and the Rev W. J Brodribb, 1872, p 127 ]

<sup>1</sup> [The existing temple, now used as a chapel (St Salvatore), can hardly be Pliny's *templum priscum* Hobhouse, in his *Historical Illustrations*, pp. 37-41, defends the antiquity of the “façade, which consists of a pediment supported by four columns and two Corinthian piers, two of the columns with spiral fluting, the others covered with fish-scaled carvings” (*Handbook for Central Italy*, p 289), but in the opinion of modern archæologists the whole of the structure belongs to the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era It is, of course, possible, indeed probable, that ancient materials were used when the building was reconstructed Pliny says the “numerous chapels” dedicated to other deities were scattered round the shrine of Clitumnus ]

Thy current's calmness, oft from out it leaps  
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,  
 While chance, some scattered water lily sails  
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling  
 tales

## LXVIII

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place<sup>1</sup>  
 If through the air a Zephyr more serene  
 Win to the brow tis his, and if ye trace  
 Along his margin a more eloquent green  
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
 Sprinkle its coolness and from the dry dust  
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
 With Nature's baptism — tis to him ye must  
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *There is a course where Lovers evening tales — [MS M erased]*

<sup>1</sup> ["On my way back [from Rome] close to the temple by its banks I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus the prettiest little stream in all poesy — Letter to Murray, June 4 1817"]

<sup>2</sup> [By 'disgust' a prosaic word which seems to mar a fine stanza Byron does not mean distaste aversion from the nauseous but tastelessness the inability to enjoy taste Compare the French *Avoir du dégoût pour la vie* To be out of conceit with life Byron was a lover of Nature but it was seldom that he felt her healing power or was able to lose himself in his surroundings But now for the moment he experiences that sudden uplifting of the spirit in the presence of natural beauty which brings back 'the splendour in the grass the glory in the flower' ]

## LXIX.

The roar of waters <sup>1</sup>—from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice,  
 The fall of waters <sup>1</sup> rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss,  
 The Hell of Waters <sup>1</sup> where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture, while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

## LXX

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald —how profound <sup>1</sup>  
 The gulf <sup>1</sup> and how the Giant Element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,"  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

## LXXI

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea

<sup>1</sup> *Making it as an emerald* —[D]

<sup>11</sup> *Leaps on from rock to rock—with mighty bound* —[MS M]

Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers which flow gushingly  
 With many windings through the vale —Look back  
 Lo! where it comes like an Eternity  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track  
 Charming the eye with dread —a matchless cataract<sup>1</sup>

## LXXII

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge  
 From side to side beneath the glittering morn  
 An Iris<sup>2</sup> sits, amidst the infernal surge  
 Like Hope upon a death bed, and unworn

1 I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred if the traveller has time for one only but in any point of view, either from above or below it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together the Staubbach Reichenbach Pisse Vache fall of Arpenaz etc. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak not yet having seen it.

[The Falls of Reichenbach are at Rosenlaui, between Grindelwald and Meiringen the Salanfe or Pisse Vache descends into the valley of the Rhone near Martigny the Nant d'Arpenaz falls into the Arve near Magland on the road between Cluses and Sallanches.]

2 Of the time place and qualities of this kind of iris the reader will see a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like 'the Hell of waters' that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto†

\* *Manfred* act II sc 1 note This Iris is formed by the rays of the sun on the lower part of the Alpine torrents it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit and so close that you may walk into it this effect lasts till noon

† This is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots



Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable men

plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial — this of the Velino, and the one at Ivolto. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Pic' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer, *Epist ad Attic*, lib iv 15), and the ancient naturalists ["In lacu Velino nullo non die apparere arcus"] (Plin, *Hist Nat*, lib ii cap lxx), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald Manut, *De Reatina Urbis Agroque*, ap Sallengre, *Nov Theſ Ant Rom*, 1735, tom i p 773, *sq*.

[The "Falls of the Anio," which passed over a wall built by Sixtus V, and plunged into the Grotto of Neptune, were greatly diminished in volume after an inundation which took place in 1826. The New Falls were formed in 1834.]

herself into hell, for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description

"Est locus Itahæ  
 densis hunc frondibus atrum  
 Urguet utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus  
 Dat sonitum saxi et torto vertice torrens  
 Hic specus horrendum et sævi spiracula Ditis  
 Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago  
 Pestiferas aperit fauces'

*Æneid*, vii 563-570

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her exit and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion"—*Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, by Joseph Addison, Esq, 1761, pp 100, 101

## LXXIII

Once more upon the woody Apennine—

The infant Alps which—had I not before

Gazed on their mightier Parents where the pine

Sits on more shaggy summits and where roar<sup>1</sup>

The thundering Lauwine<sup>1</sup>—might be worshipped more

But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear

Her never trodden snow, and seen the hoar

Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near—

And in Chumari heard the Thunder Hills of fear

## LXXIV

Th Acroceraunian mountains of old name

And on Parnassus seen the Eagles fly

- <sup>1</sup> *Dares not ascend the summit —*  
 or *Clies a more rocky summit —* —[MS *M* erased]  
<sup>11</sup> *But I have seen the virgin Jungfrau rear* —[D]

<sup>1</sup> In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of Lauwine

[Byron is again at fault with his German Lauwine (see Schiller *Wilhelm Tell* act iii sc 3) signifies an avalanche not avalanches. In stanza xii line 7 a similar mistake occurs. It may seem strange that for the sake of local colouring or for metrical purposes he should substitute a foreign equivalent which required a note for a fine word already in vogue. But in 1817 avalanche itself had not long been naturalized. Fifty years before the Italian *valanca* and *valanche* had found their way into books of travel but avalanche appears first (see *N Eng Dict*, art *Avalanche*) in 1789 in Coxes *Trav Swit* xxxviii ii 3 and in poetry perhaps in Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches* which were written in 1791—? Like canon and veldt in our own day it might be regarded as on probation. But the fittest has survived and Byron's unlovely and misbegotten Lauwine has died a natural death.]

Like Spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
 For still they soared unutterably high  
 I've looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye,  
 Athos Olympus—Ætna—Atlas—made  
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,  
 All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed  
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

## LXXX

For our remembrance, and from out the plain  
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
 And on the curl hangs pausing not in vain  
 May he, who will, his recollections rake,  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latian echoes—I abhorred  
 Too much, to conquer for the Poet's sake,<sup>1</sup>  
 The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word  
 In my repugnant youth,<sup>2</sup> with pleasure to record

1 These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homo," etc., \* but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty, that we learn by rote before we can get by heart, that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor

[\* "Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mr Northerton, I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though, perhaps, you have never read Pope's Homer"—'D—n Homer with all my heart,' says Northerton 'I have the marks of him yet There's Thomas of our regiment always carries a Homo in his pocket'—*The History of Tom Jones*, by H. Fielding, vii 12]

## LXXXI

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned

My sickening memory and though Time hath taught

understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life as well as Latin and Greek to relish or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare ( "To be or not to be" for instance) from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old as an exercise not of mind but of memory so that when we are old enough to enjoy them the taste is gone and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent young persons are taught from more common authors and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow though an idle boy and I believe no one could or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always been and with reason—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life and my preceptor the Rev Dr Joseph Drury was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed whose warnings I have remembered but too well though too late when I have erred—and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil if by more closely following his injunctions he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

~ [The construction is somewhat involved but the meaning is obvious. As a schoolboy the Horatian Muse could not tempt him to take the trouble to construe Horace and even now Soracte brings back unwelcome memories of confinements lingering hour say 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon 3rd school (see *Life* p. 8). Moore says that the interlined translations on Byron's school books are a proof of the narrow extent of his classical attainments. He must soon have made up for lost time and conquered for the poet's sake, as numerous poetical translations from the classics including the episode of Nisus and Euryalus evidently a labour of love testify. Nor too does the trouble he took and the pride he felt in *Hints from Horace* correspond with this profession of invincible distaste.]

My mind to meditate what then it learned,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought "  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before  
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health but what it then detested, still abhor."

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace—whom I hated so,  
 Not for thy faults, but mine it is a curse  
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,  
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
 Our little life, nor Baid prescribe his art,  
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
 Awakening without wounding the touched heart,  
 Yet fare thee well upon Soracte's ridge we part

## LXXVIII

Oh, Rome ! my Country ! City of the Soul !  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone Mother of dead Empires ! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery  
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see  
 The cypress—hear the owl—and plod your way

<sup>1</sup> *My mind to analyse* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *Yet such the inveterate impression* —[MS M erased]

<sup>111</sup> *but what it then abhorred must still abhor* —[MS M]

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples—Ye !  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay

## LXXIV

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands  
 Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe <sup>1</sup>  
 An empty urn within her withered hands  
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago  
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now <sup>1</sup>  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless <sup>2</sup>

1 — in her tearless woe — [MS. M.]

1 [The tomb of the Scipios by the Porta Latina was discovered by the brothers Sassi in May 1780. It consists of several chambers excavated in the tuff. One of the larger chambers contained the famous sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus the great grandfather of Scipio Africanus which is now in the Vatican in the Atrio Quadrato. When the sarcophagus was opened in 1780 the skeleton was found to be entire. The bones were collected and removed by Angelo Quirini to his villa at Padua. The chambers contained numerous inscriptions which were detached and removed to the Vatican. Hobhouse (*Hist. Illustr.* pp. 169-171) it pains to point out that the discovery of 1780 confirmed the authenticity of an inscription to Lucius son of Barbatus Scipio which had been brought to light in 1615 and rejected by the Roman antiquaries as a forgery. He prints two of the inscriptions (*Handbook for Rome* pp. 278, 350, 351 ed. 1899).]

2 [The sepulchres were rifled says Hobhouse (*ibid.* p. 173) either to procure the necessary relics for churches dedicated to Christian saints or martyrs or (a likelier hypothesis) with the expectation of finding the ornaments buried with the dead. The sarcophagi were sometimes transported from their site and emptied for the reception of purer ashes. He instances those of Innocent II and Clement XII which were certainly constructed for heathen tenants.]

Of then heroic dwellers dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress <sup>1</sup>

## LXXX

The Goth, the Christian Time—War—Flood, and  
 Fire,<sup>2</sup>

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled City's pride .

<sup>1</sup> [The reference is to the historical inundations of the Tiber, of which a hundred and thirty-two have been recorded from the foundation of the city down to December, 1870, when the river rose to fifty-six feet—thirty feet above its normal level]

<sup>2</sup> [The Goths besieged and sacked Rome under Alaric, A.D. 410, and Totila, 546. Other barbarian invaders—Genseric, a Vandal, 455, Ricimer, a Sueve, 472, Vitiges, a Dalmatian, 537, Arnulph, a Lombard, 756—may come under the head of "Goth." "The Christian," "from motives of fanaticism"—Theodosius, for instance, in 426, and Stilicho, who burned the Sibylline books—despoiled, mutilated, and pulled down temples. Subsequently, popes, too numerous to mention, laid violent hands on the temples for purposes of repair, construction, and ornamentation of Christian churches. More than once ancient structures were converted into cannon-balls. There were, too, Christian invaders and sackers of Rome. Robert Guiscard (Hofmann calls him Wiscardus), in 1004, Frederic Barbarossa, in 1167, the Connétable de Bourbon, in 1527, may be instanced. "Time and War" speak for themselves. For "Flood," *vide supra*. As for "Fire," during the years 1082-84 the Emperor Henry IV burnt "a great part of the Leonine city," and Guiscard "burnt the town from the Flaminian gate to the Antonine column, and laid waste the Esquiline to the Lateran, thence he set fire to the region from that church to the Coliseum and the Capitol." Of earthquakes Byron says nothing, but there were earthquakes, *c.g.* in 422 and 1349. Another foe, a destroying angel who "wasteth at noonday," modern improvement, had not yet opened a seventh seal. (See *Historical Illustrations*, pp. 91-168)]

She saw her glories star by star expire,<sup>1</sup>  
 And up the steep barbarian Monarchs ride  
 Where the car climbed the Capitol <sup>2</sup> far and wide  
 Temple and tower went down nor left a site  
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, 'here was or is where all is doubly night?

## LXXXI

The double night of ages and of her<sup>11</sup>  
 Night's daughter, Ignorance,<sup>2</sup> hath wrapt and wrap

1 *She saw her glories one by one expire* —[MS M]

11 *The double night of Ruin* — —[MS M]

1 [Compare Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* 'Prophecy of Capys' stanzas xxx —

Blest and thrice blest the Roman  
 Who sees Rome's brightest day  
 Who sees that long victorious pomp  
 Wind down the Sacred Way  
 And through the bellowing Forum  
 And round the Suppliant's Grove  
 Up to the everlasting gates  
 Of Capitoline Jove ]

2 [The construction is harsh and puzzling. Apparently the subject of 'hath wrapt' is the double night of ages the subjects of 'wrap' the 'night of ages' and the night of Ignorance' but even so the sentence is ambiguous. Not less amazing is the confusion of metaphors. Rome is a desert through which we steer mounted presumably on a camel—the ship of the desert. Mistaken associations are as it were stumbling blocks and no sooner have we verified an association discovered a ruined temple in the exact site which Livy's pictured page has assigned to it—a discovery as welcome to the antiquarian as water to the thirsty traveller—than our theory is upset and we perceive that we have been deluded by a mirage.]



All round us, we but feel our way to err  
 The Ocean hath his chart, the Stars their map,  
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap,  
 But Rome is as the desert where we steer  
 Stumbling o'er recollections, now we clap  
 Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" "it is clear"  
 When but some false Mirage of ruin rises near

## LXXXII

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
 The trebly hundred triumphs!<sup>1</sup> and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be  
 Her resurrection, all beside—decay  
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was  
 free!

## LXXXIII

Oh, thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,  
 Triumphant Sylla!<sup>2</sup> Thou, who didst subdue

<sup>1</sup> *Alas, for Tully's voice, and Titus' sway  
 And Virgil's verse, the first and last must be  
 His Resurrection* —[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs [2 e from Romulus to the double triumph of Vespasian and Titus (*Hist*, vii 9)] He is followed by Panvinius, and Panvinius by Mr Gibbon and the modern writers

<sup>2</sup> Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of

Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel  
 The wrath of thy own wrongs or reap the due  
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine Eagles flew  
 O'er prostrate Asia,—thou, who with thy frown  
 Annihilated senates—Roman too,  
 With all thy vices—for thou didst lay down  
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown

## LXXXIV

Thy dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine  
 To what would one day dwindle that which made

Sylla alluded to in this stanza we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *announcement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us as it seems to have satisfied the Romans who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean no division of opinion they must have all thought like Eucrates that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul—( *Seigneur vous changez toutes mes idées de la façon dont je vous vois agir Je croyois que vous aviez de l'ambition mais aucun amour pour la gloire je voyois bien que votre âme étoit haute mais je ne soupçonnois pas quelle fut grande — Dialogue de Sylla et d'Lucrèce* ) *Considerations de la Grandeur des Romains etc* Paris 1795 11 19 By Charles de Secondat Baron de Montesquieu

[Stanza lxxxiii indicates the following events in the life of Sulla. In B.C. 81 he assumed the name of Felix (or according to Plutarch Epaphroditu *Plut. Vita* 181 iv 737) (line 1). Five years before this B.C. 86 during the consulship of Marius and Cinna his party had been overthrown and his regulations annulled but he declined to return to Italy until he had brought the war against Mithridates to a successful conclusion B.C. 83 (lines 3-6). In B.C. 81 he was appointed dictator (line 7) and B.C. 79 he resigned his dictatorship and retired into private life (line 9).]

Thou more than mortal? and that so supine  
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid? <sup>1</sup>  
 She who was named Eternal, and arrayed  
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veiled  
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed, <sup>11</sup>  
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,  
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hailed <sup>1</sup>

XXXX

Sylla was first of victors, but our own, <sup>111</sup>  
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell <sup>1</sup> he  
 Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne  
 Down to a block—immortal rebel <sup>1</sup> See  
 What crimes it costs to be a moment free,  
 And famous through all ages <sup>1</sup> but beneath  
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny,  
 His day of double victory and death  
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his  
 breath <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *how supine*  
*Into such dust deserted Rome should fade,*  
 or, *In self-woven sackcloth Rome should thus be laid —*  
 [MS M erased]

<sup>11</sup> *The Earth beneath her shadow and displayed*  
*Her wings as with the horizon and was hailed,*  
 or, *The rushings of his wings and was Almighty hailed —*  
 [MS M erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Sylla supreme of Victors—save our own*  
*The ablest of Usurpers—Cromwell—he*  
*Who swept off Senates—while he hewed the Throne*  
*Down to a block—immortal Villain! See*  
*What crimes, etc —* [MS M]

<sup>1</sup> On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of

## LXXXVI

The third of the same Moon whose former course  
 Had all but crowned him, on the selfsame day  
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
 And laid him with the Earth's preceding clay  
 And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway  
 And all we deem delightful and consume  
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way  
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?  
 Were they but so in Man's how different were his doom!

## LXXXVII

And thou dread Statue! yet existent in "H"  
 The austerest form of naked majesty—  
 Thou who beheldest mid the assassins din  
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie  
 Folding his robe in dying dignity—  
 An offering to thine altar from the Queen  
 Of gods and men great Nemesis! did he die  
 And thou too perish Pompey? have ye been  
 Victors of countless kings or puppets of a scene?

Dunbar [1650] a year afterwards he obtained his crown  
 ing mercy of Worcester [1651] and a few years after  
 [1658] on the same day which he had ever esteemed the  
 most fortunate for him died

1 [The statue of Pompey in the Sala dell Udinanza of  
 the Palazzo Spada is no doubt a portrait and belongs to  
 the close of the Republican period. It cannot however  
 with any certainty be identified with the statue in the Curia  
 at whose base great Cæsar fell (See *Antike Bildwerke  
 in Rom* F. Matz F. von Duhn 1 309)]

## LXXXVIII

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !<sup>1 2</sup>  
 She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart  
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
 Where, as a monument of antique art,  
 Thou standest Mother of the mighty heart,  
 Which the great Founder sucked from thy wild teat,  
 Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,  
 And thy limbs black with lightning dost thou yet  
 Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget ?

## LXXXIX

'Thou dost, but all thy foster-babes are dead  
 The men of iron, and the World hath reared  
 Cities from out their sepulchres men bled  
 In imitation of the things<sup>2</sup> they feared,  
 And fought and conquered, and the same course  
 steered,  
 At apish distance, but as yet none have,

1 [The bronze "Wolf of the Capitol" in the Palace of the Conservators is unquestionably ancient, belonging to the end of the sixth or beginning of the fifth century B C, and probably of Græco-Italian workmanship. The twins, as Winckelmann pointed out (see Hobhouse's *note*), are modern, and were added under the impression that this was the actual bronze described by Cicero, *Cat*, iii 8, and Virgil, *Æn*, viii 631 (See *Monuments de l'Art Antique*, par Olivier Ravet, Paris, 1884, Livraison 11, Planche 7)]

2 [The Roman "things" whom the world feared, set the fashion of shedding their blood in the pursuit of glory. The nations, of modern Europe, "bastard" Romans, have followed their example.]

Nor could the same supremacy have neared  
 Save one vain Man, who is not in the grave—  
 But, vanquished by himself to his own slaves a slave—<sup>1</sup>

## XC

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
 With steps unequal, for the Roman's mind  
 Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould <sup>2</sup>  
 With passions fiercer yet a judgment cold <sup>2</sup>  
 And an immortal instinct which redeemed  
 The frailties of a heart so soft yet bold—  
 Alcides with the distaff now he seemed  
 At Cleopatra's feet—and now himself he beamed

## XCI

And came—and saw—and conquered <sup>1 3</sup> But the man  
 Who would have tamed his Eagles down to flee

1 [Compare *The Age of Bronze* v—

The king of kings and yet of slaves the slave ]

<sup>2</sup> [In *Comparison of the Present State of France with that of Rome* etc published in the *Morning Post* September 21 1802 Coleridge speaks of Buonaparte as the new Cæsar but qualifies the expression in a note But if reserve if darkness if the employment of spies and informers if an indifference to all religions except as instruments of state policy with a certain strange and dark superstition respecting fate a blind confidence in his destinies—if these be any part of the Chief Consul's character they would force upon us even against our will the name and history of Tiberius —*Essays on His Own Times* ii 481 ]

3 [According to Suetonius i 37 the famous words *Veni*

Like a trained falcon, in the Gallic van,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which he, in sooth, long led to Victory,  
 With a deaf heart which never seemed to be  
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed,  
 With but one weakest weakness—Vanity<sup>2</sup>  
 Coquettish in ambition—still he aimed—  
 And what? can he avouch, or answer what he claimed?<sup>3</sup>

## XCII

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait  
 For the sure grave to level him, few years  
 Had fixed him with the Cæsars in his fate  
 On whom we tread. For *this* the conqueror rears  
 The Arch of Triumph<sup>1</sup> and for this the tears  
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,  
 An universal Deluge, which appears  
 Without an Ark for wretched Man's abode,  
 And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rainbow, God!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Of pellucid passions which raged angrily*—[MS *M* erased]

<sup>2</sup> *At what? can he reply? his lustre is unnamed*—

[MS *M* erased]

<sup>3</sup> *How oft—how long, oh God!*—[MS *M* erased]

*Vidi, Vici*, were blazoned on litters in the triumphal procession which celebrated Cæsar's victory over Pharnaces II, after the battle of Zela (B C 47)]

<sup>1</sup> [By "flee" in the "Gallic van," Byron means "fly towards, not away from, the foe" He was, perhaps, thinking of the Biblical phrases, "flee like a bird" (*Ps* vi i), and "flee upon horses" (*Isa* xxx 16), but he was not careful to "tame down" words to his own use and purpose]

## XCIII

What from this barren being do we reap? <sup>1</sup>

Our senses narrow and our reason frail  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep  
 And all things weighed in Custom's falsest scale  
 Opinion an Omnipotence —whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and Men grow pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright  
 And their free thoughts be crimes and Earth have too  
 much light

## XCIV

And thus they plod in sluggish misery

Rotting from sire to son and age to age <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And thus they sleep in some dull certainty* —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> — Omnes pœne veteres qui nihil cognosci nihil percipi nihil sciri posse dixerunt angustos sensus imbecillos animos brevia curricula vitæ et (ut Democritus) in profundo veritatem esse demersam opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri nihil veritati relinquere deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt —*Academ* lib 1 cap 12 The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may without injustice or affectation be transcribed in a poem written yesterday

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Gray's *Llegy* stanza xv —

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ]

<sup>3</sup> [Compare *As You Like It* act II sc 7 lines 26- 8—

And so from bourn to bourn we ripe and ripe  
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot  
 And thereby hangs a tale ]



Proud of then trampled nature, and so die,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
 Within the same Arena where they see  
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree

## XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between  
 Man and his Maker but of things allowed,  
 Averred, and known, and daily, hourly seen  
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,  
 And the intent of Tyranny avowed,  
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown  
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,  
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne,  
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done

## XCVI

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,  
 And Freedom find no Champion and no Child<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *For such existence is as much to die*—[MS *M* erased]  
 01, *Bequeathing their trampled natures till they die*—

[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> [In his speech *On the Continuance of the War with France*, which Pitt delivered in the House of Commons, February 17, 1800, he described Napoleon as "the child and champion of Jacobinism." At least the phrase occurs in

Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
 Sprung forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?  
 Or must such minds be nourished in the wild  
 Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar<sup>1</sup>  
 Of cataracts where nursing Nature smiled  
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more  
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

## XCVII

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime<sup>1</sup>  
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been<sup>2</sup>  
 To Freedom's cause in every age and clime  
 Because the deadly days which we have seen  
 And vile Ambition that built up between  
 Man and his hopes an adamant wall

<sup>1</sup> *Deep in the lone Savannah — — [MS W erased]*

<sup>2</sup> *Too long hath Earth been drunk with blood and crime —*

*[MS W erased]*

<sup>3</sup> *Her span of freedom hath but fatal been  
 To that of any coming age or clime — [MS W]*

the report which Coleridge prepared for the *Morning Post* of February 18 1800 and it appears in the later edition in the Collection of Pitt's speeches. It does not occur in the speech as reported by the *Times*. It is curious that in the jottings which Coleridge Parliamentary reporter *pro hac vice* scrawled in pencil in his note book the phrase appears as 'the nursing and champion of Jacobinism' and it is possible that the alternative of the more rhetorical but less forcible 'child' was the poet's handiwork. It became a current phrase and Coleridge more than once reverts to it in the articles which he contributed to the *Morning Post* in 1800 (See *Essays on His Own Times* ii 93 and iii 1009-1019 and *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* 1895 i 377 note)).

And the base pageant<sup>1</sup> last upon the scene,  
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
 Which nips Life's tree, and dooms Man's worst his  
 second fall<sup>2</sup>

## LXVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
 The loudest still the Tempest leaves behind ,  
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
 Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,  
 But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find  
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North .  
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth

## LXIX

There is a stern round tower of other days,<sup>1</sup>  
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,

<sup>1</sup> [By the "base pageant" Byron refers to the Congress of Vienna (September, 1815), the "Holy Alliance" (September 26), into which the Duke of Wellington would not enter, and the Second Treaty of Paris, November 20, 1815]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Shelley's *Hellas Poems*, 1895, II 358—

"O Slavery ! thou frost of the world's prime,  
 Killing its flowers, and leaving its thorns bare !"]

<sup>3</sup> [Shelley chose the first two lines of this stanza as the motto for his *Ode to Liberty*]

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove [Four words, and two initials, compose the whole of the transcription which, whatever was its ancient position,

Such as an arm's baffled strength delays  
 Standing with half its battlements aloft  
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown  
 The garland of Eternity, where wave  
 The green leaves over all by Time o'erthrown —  
 What was this tower of strength? within its cave  
 What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave

## C.

But who was she the Lady of the dead  
 Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?  
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?  
 What race of Chiefs and Heroes did she bear?  
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?  
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not  
 So honoured—and conspicuously there  
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot  
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

1 *So massily begirt—what lay I — — [MS. V.]*

is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre CÆCILIA  
 Q. CRISTICI F. METELLÆ CRASSÆ

The Swell family were in possession of the fortress in 1317, and the German army of Henry VII. marched from Rome, attacked, took and burnt it, but were unable to make themselves by force masters of the citadel—that is the tomb. The fence of stone refers to the quadrangular basement of concrete on which the circular tower rests. The tower was originally coated with marble which was stripped off for the purpose of making lime. The work of destruction is said to have been earned out during the interval between Loggios (see his *De Fort. Var.* 17 p. 341, *Not. Ihes. Ant. Rom.* 1735, 1. 501 sq.) first and second visits to Rome. (See Hobhouse's *Hist. Illust.*, pp. 70–73. *Handbook for Rome* p. 360.)

## CI

Was she as those who love their lords, or they  
 Who love the lords of others? such have been  
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say  
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
 Or the light an of Egypt's graceful Queen,  
 Profuse of joy or 'gainst it did she war,  
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean  
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
 Love from amongst her griefs? for such the affections  
 are<sup>1</sup>

## CII

Perchance she died in youth it may be, bowed  
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb  
 That weighed upon her gentle dust a cloud  
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
 Heaven gives its favourites<sup>1</sup> early death yet shed  
 A sunset charm around her, and illumed  
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,  
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red

<sup>1</sup> *Love from her duties—still a conqueress in the war —*  
 [MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> "Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος  
 Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐχ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχροῦς θανεῖν  
*Gnomici Poetæ Græci*, R F P Brunck, 1784, p 231

## CIII

Perchance she died in age—surviving all  
 Charms—kindred—children—with the silver gray  
 On her long tresses which might yet recall  
 It may be still a something of the day  
 When they were braided and her proud array  
 And lovely form were envied praised and eyed  
 By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray?<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died  
 The wealthiest Romans wife Behold his love or  
 pride!

## CIV

I know not why—but standing thus by thee  
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known  
 Thou Tomb! and other days come back on me  
 With recollected music though the tone  
 Is changed and solemn like the cloudy groan  
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind,

1 [ It is more likely to have been the pride than the love of Crassus which raised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history unless she be supposed to be that lady whose intimacy with Dolabella was so offensive to Tullia the daughter of Cicero or she who was divorced by Lentulus Spinther or she perhaps the same person from whose ear the son of Æsopus transferred a precious jewel to enrich his daughter (*vide* Hor, *Sat* ii 3-39) (*Hist Illust* p 200) The wealth of Crassus was proverbial as his *agnomen* Dives, testifies (Plut *Crassus* ii iii Lipsiæ 1813 v 156 sq)]

Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind <sup>1</sup>  
 Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind

## CV

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks,  
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
 To battle with the Ocean and the shocks  
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
 Which rushes on the solitary shore  
 Where all lies foundered that was ever dear  
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?  
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is  
 here "

## CVI

Then let the Winds howl on <sup>1</sup> their harmony  
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the Night  
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,  
 As I now hear them, in the fading light  
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
 Answering each other on the Palatine,  
 With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,  
 And sailing pinions Upon such a shine  
 What are our petty griefs? let me not number mine

<sup>1</sup> *Till I had called forth even from the mind* —[MS *M* *erased* ]  
*with heated mind* —[MS *M* ]

<sup>11</sup> *I have no home* —[MS *M* ]

## CVII

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown<sup>1</sup>

Matted and massed together—hillocks heaped

On what were chambers—arch crushed column strown

In fragments—choked up vaults and frescos steeped

In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,<sup>1</sup>

Deeming it midnight —Temples—Baths—or Halls?

Pronounce who can for all that Learning reaped

From her research hath been that these are walls—

Behold the Imperial Mount! tis thus the Mighty falls<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *wherein I have crept*  
*The Reptiles which* —  
 or *Scorpion and blindworm* — — [MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Rogers's *Italy* Rome (*Poems* 1857) 11  
 169—

Or climb the Palatine

Long while the seat of Rome hereafter found

Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood

Engendered there so Titan like) to lodge

One in his madness and inscribe my name—

My name and date on some broad aloe leaf

That shoots and spreads within those very walls

Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine

When his voice faltered and a mother wept

Tears of delight<sup>1</sup>

And compare Shelley's *Poetical Works* 1895 iii 76—

Rome has fallen ye see it lying

Heaped in undistinguished ruin

Nature is alone undying ]

<sup>2</sup> The Palatine is one mass of ruins particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told—nothing can be told—to satisfy the belief of any but the Roman

[At the words *Tu Marcellus eris etc* (vid Tib Cl Dona tus *Life of Virgil* (Virg, *Opera*) Leeuwarden 16 7 vol 1)]



## CVIII

There is the moral of all human tales,<sup>1</sup>

'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,

antiquary [The Palatine was the site of the successive "Domus" of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and of the *Domus Transitoria* of Nero, which perished when Rome was burnt. Later emperors—Vespasian, Domitian, Septimius Severus—added to the splendour of the name-giving Palatine. "The troops of Genseric," says Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 206), "occupied the Palatine, and despoiled it of all its riches and when it again rises, it rises in ruins." Systematic excavations during the last fifty years have laid bare much that was hidden, and "learning and research" have in parts revealed the "obliterated plan," but, in 1817, the "shapeless mass of ruins" defied the guesses of antiquarians. "Your walks in the Palatine ruins will be undisturbed, unless you startle a fox in breaking through the brambles in the corridors, or burst unawares through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half-buried chambers, which the peasants have blocked up to serve as stalls for their jackasses, or as huts for those who watch the gardens" (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 212).]

1 The author of the *Life of Cicero*, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage—"From their raileries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms, how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture, while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life, yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism" (See *Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, by Conyers Middleton, D D, 1823, sect vi vol 1 pp 399, 400)

First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails  
 Wealth—Vice—Corruption—Barbarism at last  
 And History, with all her volumes vast  
 Hath but *one* page — tis better written here  
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed  
 All treasures all delights that Eye or Ear  
 Heart Soul could seek—Tongue ask—Away with words !  
 draw near

## CIX

Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep—for here  
 There is such matter for all feeling —Man!<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
 Ages and Realms are crowded in this span  
 This mountain whose obliterated plan  
 The pyramid of Empires pinnacled  
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
 Till the Sun's rays with added flame were filled<sup>1</sup>  
 Where are its golden roofs?<sup>1</sup> where those who dared to  
 build?

<sup>1</sup> *Oh ho ho ho—th u creature of a Man —[MS M erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *A id show of Glory's gewgaws in the van*

*A id th Sun's rays wit flames more dazzling filled —[MS M]*

<sup>1</sup> [The golden roofs were those of Nero's *Domus Aurea* which extended from the north west corner of the Palatine to the Gardens of Mæcenas on the Esquiline spreading over the sites of the Temple of Vesta and Rome on the platform of the Velia the Colosseum and the Thermæ of Titus as far as the Sette Sale. In the fore court was the colossal statue of Nero. The pillars of the colonnade which measured a thousand feet in length stood three deep. All that was not lake or wood or vineyard or pasture was overlaid with plates of gold picked out with gems and mother of pearl (Suetonius vi 31 Tacitus *Ann* xv 4)]

## CX

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
 Thou nameless column<sup>1</sup> with the buried base<sup>1</sup>  
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?  
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.  
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
 Titus or Trajan's? No 'tis that of Time  
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace<sup>1</sup>  
 Scoffing, and apostolic statues<sup>2</sup> climb  
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

1 all he doth deface. —[MS M]

Substructions of the *Domus Aurea* have been discovered on the site of the Baths of Titus and elsewhere, but not on the Palatine itself. Martial, *Epig* 695 (*Lib Spect*, 11), celebrates Vespasian's restitution of the *Domus Aurea* and its "policies" to the people of Rome

"Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra colossus  
 Et crescunt media pugnata celsa via,  
 Invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis  
 Unaque jam tota stabat in urbe domus "

"Here where the Sun-god greets the Morning Star,  
 And tow'ring scaffolds block the public way,  
 Fell Nero's loathed pavilion flashed afar,  
 Erect and splendid 'mid the town's decay "

1 [By the "nameless" column Byron means the column of Phocas, in the Forum. But, as he may have known, it had ceased to be nameless when he visited Rome in 1817. During some excavations which were carried out under the auspices of the Duchess of Devonshire, in 1813, the soil which concealed the base was removed, and an inscription, which attributes the erection of the column to the Exarch Smaragdus, in honour of the Emperor Phocas, A.D. 608, was brought to light. The column was originally surmounted by a gilded statue, but it is probable that both column and statue were stolen from earlier structures and rededicated to Phocas. Hobhouse (*Hist Illust*, pp 240-242) records the discovery, and prints the inscription *in extenso*]

2 The column of Trajan is surmounted by St Peter, that of Aurelius by St Paul. (See *Hist Illust*, p 214)

## CXI

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome  
 And looking to the stars they had contained  
 A Spirit which with these would find a home  
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned  
 The Roman Globe—for, after, none sustained,  
 But yielded back his conquests—he was more  
 Than a mere Alexander, and unstained  
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore  
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's<sup>1</sup> name adore

[The column was excavated by Paul III in the sixteenth century. In 1588 Sixtus V replaced the bronze statue of Trajan holding a gilded globe which had originally surmounted the column by a statue of St Peter, in gilt bronze. The legend was that Trajan's ashes were contained in the globe. They are said to have been deposited by Hadrian in a golden urn in a vault under the column. It is certain that when Sixtus V opened the chamber he found it empty. A medal was cast in honour of the erection of the new statue inscribed with the words of the Magnificat *Exaltavit humiles*.]

1 Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. When he mounted the throne says the historian Dion he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind age had impaired none of his faculties he was altogether free from envy and from detraction he honoured all the good and he advanced them and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear or of his hate he never listened to informers he gave not way to his anger he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign he was affable with his people respectful to the senate and universally beloved by both he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country (See Eutrop *Hist Rom Brev* lib viii cap v Dion *Hist Rom* lib lxi caps vi vii)

[M Ulpius Trajanus (A D 5 -117) celebrated a triumph

## CXXII

Where is the rock of Triumph,<sup>1</sup> the high place

Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep

over the Dacians in 103 and 106. It is supposed that the column which stands at the north end of the Forum Trajanum commemorated the Dacian victories. In 115-16 he conquered the Parthians, and added the province of Armenia Minor to the empire. It was not, however, an absolute or a final victory. The little desert stronghold of Atræ, or Hatra, in Mesopotamia, remained uncaptured, and, instead of incorporating the Parthians in the empire, he thought it wiser to leave them to be governed by a native prince under the suzerainty of Rome. His conquests were surrendered by Hadrian, and henceforth the tide of victory began to ebb. He died on his way back to Rome, at Selinus, in Cilicia, in August, 117.

Trajan's "moderation was known unto all men." Pliny, in his *Panegyricus* (xlii), describes his first entry into Rome. He might have assumed the state of a monarch or popular hero, but he walked afoot, conspicuous, pre-eminent, a head and shoulders above the crowd—a triumphal entry, but it was imperial arrogance, not civil liberty, over which he triumphed. "You were our king," he says, "and we your subjects, but we obeyed you as the embodiment of our laws." Martial (*Épig.*, v. 72) hails him not as a tyrant, but an emperor—yea, more than an emperor—as the most righteous of lawgivers and senators, who had brought back plain Truth to the light of day, and Claudian (viii. 318) maintains that his glory will live, not because the Parthians had been annexed, but because he was "mitis patriæ." The divine honours which he caused to be paid to his adopted father, Nerva, he refused for himself. "For just reasons," says Pliny, "did the Senate and people of Rome assign thee the name and title of Optimus." Another honour awaited him. "Il est seul Empereur," writes M. De La Berge, "dont les restes aient reposé dans l'enceinte de la ville Éternelle" (See Pliny's *Panegyricus*, *passim*, and *Essai sur le règne de Trajan*, Bibliothèque de L'École des Hautes Études, Paris, 1877.)

1 [The archæologists of Byron's day were unable to fix the exact site of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline. "On which side," asks Hobhouse (*Hist. Illust.*, p. 224), "stood the citadel, on what the great temple of the

Tarpeian?—fittest goal of Treason's race  
 The Promontory whence the Traitor's Leap<sup>1</sup>  
 Cured all ambition?<sup>2</sup> Did the conquerors heap  
 Their spoils here? Yes and in yon field below  
 A thousand years of silenced fictions sleep—  
 The Forum where the immortal accents glow,  
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero<sup>11 2</sup>

## CANTO

The field of Freedom—Faction—Fame—and Blood  
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,

- 1 *The State Leucadia* — —[MS *W* erased]  
 11. *There first did Tully's burning accents glow!*  
*Yes—eloquently still—the echoes tell me so —[D]*

Capitol and did the temple stand in the citadel? Excavations which were carried on in 1876-7 by Professors Jordan and Lanciani enabled them to identify with tolerable certainty "the site of the central temple and its adjacent wings with the site of the Palazzo Caffarelli and its dependencies which occupy the south east section of the Mons Capitolinus. There are still however rival Tarpeian Rocks—one (in the Vicolo della Rupa Tarpea) on the western edge of the hill facing the Tiber and the other (near the Casa Tarpea) on the south east towards the Palatine. But if Dionysius who describes the Traitor's Leap as being in sight of the Forum is to be credited the actual precipice from which traitors (and other criminals *eg* bearers of false witness) were thrown must have been somewhere on the southern and now less precipitous escarpment of the mount.]

1 [M Manlius who saved the Capitol from the Gauls in B.C. 390, was afterwards (B.C. 384) arraigned on a charge of high treason by the patricians condemned and by order of the tribunes thrown down the Tarpeian Rock. Livy (vi. 6) credits him with a *scæda cupiditas regni*—a depraved ambition for assuming the kingly power.]

2 [Compare Gray's *Odes* The Progress of Poesy iii. 5 line 4—

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.]

From the first hour of Empire in the bud  
 To that when further worlds to conquer failed,  
 But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,  
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes,  
 Till every lawless soldier who assailed  
 Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,  
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,  
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame  
 The friend of Petrarch hope of Italy  
 Rienzi ! last of Romans !<sup>1</sup> While the tree  
 Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,

1 [Nicolas Gabrino di' Rienzo, or Rienzi, commonly called Cola di' Rienzi, was born in 1313. The son of a Roman inn-keeper, he owed his name and fame to his own talents and natural gifts. His mission, or, perhaps, ambition, was to free Rome from the tyranny and oppression of the great nobles, and to establish once more "the good estate," that is, a republic. This for a brief period Rienzi accomplished. On May 20, 1347, he was proclaimed tribune and liberator of the Holy Roman Republic "by the authority of the most merciful Lord Jesus Christ." Of great parts, and inspired by lofty aims, he was a poor creature at heart—a "bastard" Napoleon—and success seems to have turned his head. After eight months of royal splendour, purchased by more than royal exactions, the tide of popular feeling turned against him, and he was forced to take refuge in the Castle of St Angelo (December 15, 1347). Years of wandering and captivity followed his first tribunate, but at length, in 1354, he was permitted to return to Rome, and, once again, after a rapid and successful reduction of the neighbouring states, he became the chief power in the state. But an act of violence, accompanied by treachery, and, above all, the necessity of

Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—

The Forum's champion and the people's chief—

Her new born Numa thou—with reign, alas ! too brief

## CXX

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart<sup>1</sup>—

Which found no mortal resting place so fair

As thine ideal breast whate'er thou art

Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air

The nympholepsy<sup>1</sup> of some fond despair—<sup>1</sup>

Or—it might be—a Beauty of the earth

<sup>1</sup> *The lovely madness of some fond despair* —[MS M]

imposing heavier taxes than the city could bear popular discontent and during a revolt (October 8 1354) after a dastardly attempt to escape and conceal himself, he was recognized by the crowd and stabbed to death

Petrarch first made his acquaintance in 1340 when he was summoned to Rome to be crowned as poet laureate After wards when Rienzi was imprisoned at Avignon, Petrarch interceded on his behalf with the pope but for a time in vain He believed in and shared his enthusiasms and it is probable that the famous Canzone "Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi" was addressed to the Last of the Tribunes

Rienzi's story forms the subject of a tragedy by Gustave Drouineau which was played at the Odéon January 8 186 of Bulwer Lytton's novel *The Last of the Tribunes* which was published in 1835 and of an opera (184 ) by Richard Wagner

(See *Encyc Met* art Rome by Professor Villari La Rousse *G Dict Univ* art Rienzi and a curious pamphlet by G W Meadley London 181 entitled *Two Pairs of Historical Portraits*, in which an attempt is made to trace a minute resemblance between the characters and careers of Rienzi and the First Napoleon )

<sup>1</sup> [The word nympholepsy may be paraphrased as ecstatic vision The Greeks feigned that one who had seen a nymph was henceforth possessed by her image, and



Who found a more than common Votary there  
 Too much adoring—whatsoe'er thy birth,  
 Thou wert a beautiful Thought, and softly bodied forth

## CXVI

The mosses of thy Fountain<sup>1</sup> still are sprinkled

With thine Elysian water-drops, the face

beside himself with longing for an impossible ideal    Compare stanza cxvii line 7—

“The unreach'd Paradise of our despair”

Compare, too, *Kubla Khan*, lines 52, 53—

“For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise”

1 [Byron is describing the so-called Grotto of Egeria, which is situated a little to the left of the Via Appia, about two miles to the south-east of the Porta di Sebastiano “Here, beside the Almo rivulet [now the Maranna d Caffarella], is a ruined nymphæum which was called the ‘Grotto of Egeria,’ till the discovery of the true site of the Porta Capena fixed that of the grotto within the walls It is now known that this nymphæum belonged to the suburban villa called Triopio of Herodes Atticus” The actual site of Egeria’s fountain is in the grounds of the Villa Mattei, to the south-east of the Cælian, and near the Porta Metronia “It was buried, in 1867, by the military engineers, while building their new hospital near S Stefano Rotondo” (Prof Lanciani)]

In lines 5–9 Byron is recalling Juvenal’s description of the valley of Egeria, under the mistaken impression that here, and not by “dripping Capena,” was the trysting-place of Numa and the goddess Juvenal has accompanied the seer Umbritius, who was leaving Rome for Capua, as far as the Porta Capena, and while the one waggon, with its slender store of goods, is being loaded, the friends take a stroll—

“In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas  
 Dissimiles veris    Quanto præstantius esset  
 Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas  
 Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?”

*Sat I* iii 17–20

The grove and shrine of the sacred fountain, which had

Of thy cave guarded Spring with years unwrinkled  
 Reflects the meek-eyed Genius of the place  
 Whose green wild margin now no more erase  
 Art's works nor must the delicate waters sleep  
 Prisoned in marble—bubbling from the base  
 Of the cleft statue with a gentle leap  
 The rill runs o'er—and round fern flowers and ivy  
 creep

## CXVII

Fantastically tangled the green hills  
 Are clothed with early blossoms—through the grass  
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles—and the bills  
 Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass  
 Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class  
 Implore the pausing step and with their dyes  
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fury mass,  
 The sweetness of the Violet's deep blue eyes  
 Kissed by the breath of heaven seems coloured by its  
 skies<sup>1</sup>

been let to the Jews (lines 13-16) are not to be confounded with the 'artificial caverns' near Herod's Nymphaeum, which Juvenal thought were in bad taste and Byron rejoiced to find reclaimed and reclothed by Nature.]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, act iv (*Poetical Works* 1893 ii 97)—

As a violet's gentle eye  
 Gazes on the azure sky  
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds.]

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,<sup>1</sup>  
 Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ,  
 The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting  
 With her most starry canopy<sup>2</sup> and seating  
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?  
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting  
 Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell  
 Haunted by holy Love the earliest Oracle !

## CXIX

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,  
 Blend a celestial with a human heart ,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,  
 Share with immortal transports ? could thine art  
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
 The purity of Heaven to earthly joys,  
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart  
 The dull satiety which all destroys  
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

<sup>1</sup> *Feel the quick throbbing of a human heart  
 And the sweet sorrows of its deathless dying* —[MS *M* erased]  
 or, *And the sweet sorrow which exults in dying* —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Kubla Khan*, lines 12, 13—

“But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !”]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Hamlet*, act II sc 2, line 292—

“This most excellent canopy the Air”]

## CXX

Alas ! our young affections run to waste  
 Or water but the desert ! whence arise  
 But weeds of dark luxuriance tares of haste  
 Rank at the core though tempting to the eyes  
 Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies  
 And trees whose gums are poison , such the plants  
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies  
 O'er the World's wilderness and vainly pants  
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants

## CXXI

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—  
 An unseen Seraph we believe in thee —  
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart —  
 But never yet hath seen nor e'er shall see  
 The naked eye thy form as it should be <sup>1</sup>  
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled Heaven  
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
 And to a thought such shape and image given  
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—  
 wrung—and riven

1 *Oh Love! thou art no habitant of Earth  
 An unseen Seraph we believe in thee  
 And can point out thy time and place of birth —[D erased]*

1 [M. Darmesteter traces the sentiment to a maxim (No 76) of La Rochefoucauld Il est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits tout le monde en parle mais peu de gens en ont vu ]

## CXXII

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
 And fevers into false creation    where,  
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?  
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare  
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
 The unreached Paradise of our despair,  
 Which o'er-informs<sup>1</sup> the pencil and the pen,  
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

## CXXIII

Who loves, raves<sup>2</sup> 'tis youth's frenzy but the cure  
 Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds  
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
 Nor Worth nor Beauty dwells from out the mind's  
 Ideal shape of such, yet still it binds  
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds,  
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
 Seems ever near the prize wealthiest when most undone

1 [Compare Dryden on Shaftesbury (*Absalom and Achitophel*, pt 1 lines 156-158)—

“A fiery soul which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay”]

2 [The Romans had more than one proverb to this effect, *c.g.* “Amantes Amentes sunt” (*Adagia Veterum*, 1643, p 52), “Amare et sapere vii Deo conceditur” (*Sævi Sententiæ*, 1818, p 5)]

## CXXIV

We wither from our youth we gasp away—  
 Sick—sick, unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst  
 Though to the last in verge of our decay  
 Some phantom lures such as we sought at first—  
 But all too late—so are we doubly curst  
 Love Fame Ambition Avarice—tis the same  
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—  
 For all are meteors with a different name<sup>1</sup>  
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame

## CXXV

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved  
 Though accident blind contact and the strong  
 Necessity of loving have removed  
 Antipathies—but to recur ere long  
 Envenomed with irrevocable wrong  
 And Circumstance that unspiritual God  
 And Miscreator makes and helps along  
 Our coming evils with a crutch like rod<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust—the dust we all have  
 trod

1 *For all are visions with a separate name*—[*Deras d*]

1 [Circumstance is personified as halting Nemesis—

*Pede poenæ claudo*

*Hor. Odes III. ii. 3*

Perhaps too there is the underlying thought of his own lameness of Mary Chaworth and of all that might have been if the unspiritual God had willed otherwise]

## CXXVI

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in  
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree.  
 This uneradicable taint of Sin,  
 This boundless Upas, this all-blasting tree,  
 Whose root is Earth —whose leaves and branches be  
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—  
 Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,  
 And worse, the woes we see not which throb through  
 The immedicable soul,<sup>1</sup> with heart-aches ever new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
 Abandonment of reason<sup>2</sup> to resign

1 [Compare Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, lines 617-621—

“My griefs not only pain me  
 As a lingering disease,  
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle”]

2 “At all events,” says the author of the *Academical Questions* [Sir William Drummond], “I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel, but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect

Our right of thought—our last and only place  
 Of refuge, this at least shall still be mine  
 Though from our birth the Faculty divine  
 Is chained and tortured—cabined, cribbed confined  
 And bred in darkness,<sup>1</sup> lest the Truth should shine  
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind  
 The beam pours in—for Time and Skill will couch the  
 blind

## CXXVIII

Arches on arches<sup>1</sup> as it were that Rome  
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line

a standard for herself Philosophy wisdom and liberty  
 support each other be who will not reason is a bigot he  
 who cannot is a fool and he who dares not is a slave —  
 Vol 1 pp xiv xv

[For Sir William Drummond (1770-188) see *Letters*  
 1898 ii 79 note 3 Byron advised Lady Blessington to  
 read *Academical Questions* (1805) and instanced the last  
 sentence of this passage as one of the best in our language  
 (*Conversations* pp 238-239)]

1 [Compare *Macbeth* act iii sc 4 lines 24-25—

But now I am cabind cribbd confin'd bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears ]

2 [Compare *The Deformed Transformed*, act 1 sc 2 lines  
 49-50—

‘Those scarce mortal arches  
 Pile above pile of everlasting wall

The first second and third stories of the Flavian amphitheatre or Colosseum were built upon arches Between the arches eighty to each story or tier stood three quarter columns Each tier is of a different order of architecture the lowest being a plain Roman Doric or perhaps rather Tuscan the next Ionic and the third Corinthian The fourth story which was built by the Emperor Gordianus III A.D. 244 to take the place of the original wooden gallery (*maenianum summum in lignis*) which was destroyed by lightning, A.D. 217 was a solid wall faced with Corinthian



Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
 Her Coliseum stands, <sup>1</sup> the moonbeams shine  
 As 'twere its natural torches for divine  
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine  
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
 Of Contemplation, and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

pilasters, and pierced by forty square windows or openings. It has been conjectured that the alternate spaces between the pilasters were decorated with ornamental metal shields. The openings of the outer arches of the second and third stories were probably decorated with statues. The reverse of an *auricus* of the reign of Titus represents the Colosseum with these statues and a quadriga in the centre. About one-third of the original structure remains *in situ*. The prime agent of destruction was probably the earthquake ("Petrarch's earthquake") of September, 1349, when the whole of the western side fell towards the Cælian, and gave rise to a hill or rather to a chain of hills of loose blocks of travertine and tufa, which supplied Rome with building materials for subsequent centuries. As an instance of wholesale spoliation or appropriation, Professor Lanciani refers to "a document published by Muntz, in the *Revue Arch*, September, 1876," which "certifies that one contractor alone, in the space of only nine months, in 1452, could carry off 2522 cartloads" of travertine (Smith's *Dict of Gr and Rom Ant*, art "Amphitheatrum," *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p. 375).

1 [For a description of the Colosseum by moonlight, see Goethe's letter from Rome, February 2, 1787 (*Travels in Italy*, 1883, p. 159). "Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight, it is impossible to form a conception. Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum." See, too, *Comme, ou L'Italie*, xv. 4, 1819, iii. 32—

"Ce n'est pas connaître l'impression du Colisée que de ne l'avoir vu que de jour. La lune est l'astre des ruines. Quelque fois, à travers les ouvertures de l'amphithéâtre, qui semble s'élever jusqu'aux nues, une partie de la voûte du ciel paraît comme un rideau d'un bleu sombre placé derrière l'édifice."

For a fine description of the Colosseum by starlight, see *Manfred*, act iii. sc. 4, lines 8-13.]

## CXXIX

Hues which have words and speak to ye of Heaven  
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
 And shadows forth its glory There is given  
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent  
 A Spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
 His hand but broke his scythe, there is a power  
 And magic in the ruined battlement  
 For which the Palace of the present hour  
 Must yield its pomp and wait till Ages are its  
 dower

## CXXV

Oh, Time! the Beautifier of the dead  
 Adorner of the ruin<sup>1</sup>—Comforter  
 And only Healer when the heart hath bled  
 Time! the Corrector where our judgments err  
 The test of Truth Love—sole philosopher,  
 For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,

1 [When Byron visited Rome and for long afterwards the ruins of the Colosseum were clad with a multitude of shrubs and wild flowers Books were written on the "Flora of the Coliseum" which were said to number 40 species But says Professor Lanciani "These materials for a *hortus siccus* so dear to the visitors of our ruins were destroyed by Rosa in 1871, and the ruins scraped and shaven clean, it being feared by him that the action of roots would accelerate the disintegration of the great structure" If Byron had lived to witness these activities he might have devoted a stanza to the tender mercies of this zealous archæologist]

Which never loses though it doth defer  
 Time, the Avenger ! unto thee I lift  
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a  
 gift .

## CXXVI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine  
 And temple more divinely desolate—  
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate  
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
 Hear me not, but if calmly I have borne  
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate  
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn  
 This iron in my soul in vain shall *they* not mourn ?

## CXXXII.

And Thou, who never yet of human wrong  
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !<sup>1 23 11</sup>

1 [The whole of this appeal to Nemesis (stanzas cxxv - cxxxviii) must be compared with the "Domestic Poems" of 1816, the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* (especially stanzas lxi - lxxv, and cx - cxviii), and with the "Invocation" in the first act of *Manfred*. It has been argued that Byron inserted these stanzas with the deliberate purpose of diverting sympathy from his wife to himself. The appeal, no doubt, is deliberate, and the plea is followed by an indictment, but the sincerity of the appeal is attested by its inconsistency. Unlike Orestes, who slew his mother to avenge his father, he will not so deal with the "moral Clytemnestra of her lord," requiting murder by murder, but is resolved to leave the balancing of the scale to the omnipotent Time-spirit who rights every wrong and will redress his injuries. But in making answer to his accusers

Here where the ancient paid thee homage long—  
 Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss  
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss  
 For that unnatural retribution—just,  
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this  
 Thy former realm I call thee from the dust !  
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake ! thou shalt, and  
       must

## CXXVIII

It is not that I may not have incurred,  
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound<sup>1</sup>  
 I bleed withal, and had it been conferred  
 With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound,  
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground—  
 To thee I do devote it—*Thou* shalt take  
 The vengeance which shall yet be sought and found —  
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake  
 But let that pass—I sleep—but *Thou* shalt yet awake

1 *Or for my fathers faults — — [MS M]*

he outruns Nemesis and himself enacts the part of a moral Orestes. It was true that his hopes were sapped and 'his name blighted' and it was natural if not heroic first to persuade himself that his suffering exceeded his fault that he was more sinned against than sinning and so persuaded to take care that he should not suffer alone. The general purport of plea and indictment is plain enough but the exact interpretation of his phrases the appropriation of his dark sayings belong rather to the biography of the poet than to a commentary on his poems. (For Lady Byron's comment on the allusions to herself in *Childe Harold* *vide ante* p. 288 note 1.)]



## CXXV

That curse shall be Forgiveness — Have I not—  
 Hear me my mother Earth ! behold it Heaven !—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?  
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven ?  
 Have I not had my brain scared my heart riven  
 Hopes sapped name blighted Life's life hid away ?  
 And only not to desperation driven  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey

## CXXVI

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
 Have I not seen what human things could do ?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the aspaltry few—  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew  
 The Janus glance<sup>1</sup> of whose significant eye

- <sup>1</sup> *If to forgive be heaping coals f Fire  
 As G'd hath spoken—on the heads f foes  
 Mine should be a Vlcans—and rise higher  
 Than o'er the Titans crushed Olympus rose  
 Than Athos soars or Uting Alina gl'rus  
 True—they who stung a're petty things—but what  
 Than serpent's sting produce more deadly thro's  
 The Lion may be tortured by the Gnat—  
 Who sucks the slumberer's blood—the Eagle? no the Bat —*

[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill lines 53-55]

<sup>2</sup> [The Bat was 'a sobriquet by which Lady Caroline Lamb was well known in London society. An Italian translation of her novel *Gl'iazion* was at this time in the press at Venice (see letter to Murray August 7, 1817) and

Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true  
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy

## CXXXVII

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain,  
 But there is that within me which shall tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire,  
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,  
 Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,  
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move  
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of Love.

## CXXXVIII

The seal is set. Now welcome, thou dread Power !  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear,  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
 That we become a part of what has been,  
 And grow upon the spot—all-seeing but unseen

it is probable that Byron, who declined to interdict its publication, took his revenge in a petulant stanza, which, on second thoughts, he decided to omit (See note by Mr Richard Edgcumbe, *Notes and Queries*, eighth series, 1895, viii 101 )]

## CXXXIX

And here the buzz of eager nations ran  
 In murmured pity, or loud roared applause  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow man  
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure—Wherefore not?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?  
 Both are but theatres—where the chief actors rot

## CXL

I see before me the Gladiator<sup>1</sup> he  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow

<sup>1</sup> *Leaning upon his hand his muscled brow*  
*Yielding to death but conquering agony*—[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator which in spite of Winckelmann's criticism has been stoutly maintained or whether it be a Greek herald as that great antiquary positively asserted \* or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield bearer according to the opinion of his Italian editor it must assuredly seem a copy of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus which represented a wounded man dying who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him Montfaucon and Maffei thought it the identical statue but that statue

Either Polyphontes herald of Laus killed by Œdipus or Loproas herald of Eurystheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heracldæ from the altar of mercy and in whose honour they instituted annual games continued to the time of Hadrian or Anthemocritus the Athenian herald killed by the Megarenses who never recovered the impiety [See *Hist of Ancient Art* translated by G H Lodge 1881, ii 07]



Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,<sup>i</sup>  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower, and now "  
 The arena swims around him he is gone,"<sup>ii</sup>  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch  
 who won

## CXLI

He heard it, but he heeded not his eyes  
 Were with his heart and that was far away,

- <sup>i</sup> *From the red gash fall bigly* —[MS M]  
<sup>ii</sup> *Like the last of a thunder-shower* —[MS M]  
<sup>iii</sup> *The earth swims round him* —[MS M erased]

was of bronze The Gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovisi, and was bought by Clement XII The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo

[There is no doubt that the statue of the "Dying Gladiator" represents a dying Gaul It is to be compared with the once-named "Arria and Pætus" of the Villa Ludovisi, and with other sculptures in the museums of Venice, Naples, and Rome, representing "Gauls and Amazons lying fatally wounded, or still in the attitude of defending life to the last," which belong to the Pergamene school of the second century B.C. M. Collignon hazards a suggestion that the "Dying Gaul" is the trumpet-sounder of Epigonos, in which, says Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, lxxiv 88), the sculptor surpassed all his previous works ("omnia fere prædicta imitatus præcessit in tubicine"), while Dr H. S. Ulrichs (see *The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art*, translated by K. Jex-Blake, with Commentary and Historical Illustrations, by E. Sellers, 1896, p. 74, *note*) falls back on Winckelmann's theory that the "statue may have been simply the motive-portrait of the winner in the contest of heralds, such as that of Archias of Hybla in Delphi" (See, too, Helbig's *Guide to the Collection of Public Antiquities in Rome*, Engl. transl., 1895, i. 399, *History of Greek Sculpture*, by A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., 1890, ii. 381-383)]





He recked not of the life he lost nor prize  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he their sire  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday—<sup>i</sup>  
 All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire  
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths and glut your ire!

## CXLII

But here where Murder breathed her bloody steam—  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways  
 And roared or murmured like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays,  
 Here where the Roman millions blame or praise  
 Was Death or Life—the playthings of a crowd—<sup>ii</sup>  
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars faint rays!<sup>iii</sup>  
 On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—  
 And galleries where my steps seem echoes strangely  
 loud

## CXLIII

A Ruin—yet what Ruin! from its mass  
 Walls—palaces—half-cities have been reared  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass!<sup>iv</sup>  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared

i Slaughtered to make a Roman holiday —[MS *He expired*]

ii Was death a id life — —[MS *is*]

iii My voice is much — —[MS *He expired*]

iv Yet the colossal skeleton ye pass —[MS *He expired*]

Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?

Alas! developed, opens the decay.

When the colossal fabric's form is neared

It will not bear the brightness of the day,

Which streams too much on all years—man—have rest  
away

## CXLIV

But when the rising moon begins to climb

Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there

When the stars twinkle through the loops of Time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the air

The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,<sup>1</sup>

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head<sup>1</sup>

When the light shines serene but doth not glare—

Then in this magic circle raise the dead,

Heroes have trod this spot 'tis on their dust ye tread "

## CXLV

" While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand "

" When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,

<sup>1</sup> *The ivy-forest, which its walls doth wear* —[MS M erased]

<sup>11</sup> *The Hero race who trod—the imperial dust ye tread —*

[MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> Suetonius [Lib 1 cap xlv] informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

<sup>2</sup> This is quoted in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman*

" And when Rome falls—the World      From our own  
land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall

In Saxon times, which we are wont to call

Ancient and these three mortal things are still

On their foundations and unaltered all—

Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill—

The World—the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye  
will

#### CALVI

Simple erect severe, austere sublime—<sup>1</sup>

Shrine of all saints and temple of all Gods

*Empire* as a proof that the Coliseum was entire when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the *Historical Illustrations* p. 63.

[ 'Quamdiu stabit Colyseus stabit et Roma quando cadet Colyseus cadet Roma quando cadet Roma cadet et mundus (Beda in Excerptis seu Collectaneis apud Ducange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores Med. et Infimæ Latinitatis*, tom. ii. p. 407 edit. Basil) This saying must be ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who visited Rome before the year 735 the era of Bede's death for I do not believe that our venerable monk ever passed the sea.—Gibbons *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* 1855 vol. viii. 81 note ]

I 'Though plundered of all its brass except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above though exposed to repeated fires though sometimes flooded by the river and always open to the rain no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo ever studious of ancient beauty introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church.—Forsyth's *Italy* 1816 p. 137

[The Pantheon consists of two parts a porch or *pronaos* supported by sixteen Corinthian columns and behind it, but

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by Time  
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
 Arch—empire—each thing round thee—and Man plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious Dome !  
 Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and 'Tyrants' rods  
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
 Of Art and Piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !<sup>1</sup>

## CXLVII

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !  
 Despoiled yet perfect ! with thy circle spreads  
 A holiness appealing to all hearts ,  
 To Art a model—and to him who treads

1 *the pride of proudest Rome* —[MS *M* erased]

" obviously disjointed from it," a rotunda or round temple, 143 feet high, and 142 feet in diameter. The inscription on the portico (M AGRIPPA, L F Cos tertium Fecit) affirms that the temple was built by Agrippa (M Vipsanius), B C 27.

It has long been suspected that with regard to the existing building the inscription was "historically and artistically misleading," but it is only since 1892 that it has been known for certain (from the stamp on the bricks in various parts of the building) that the rotunda was built by Hadrian. Difficulties with regard to the relations between the two parts of the Pantheon remain unsolved, but on the following points Professor Lanciani claims to speak with certainty—

(1) "The present Pantheon, portico included, is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and dates from A D 120-124.

(2) "The columns, capital, and entablature of the portico, inscribed with Agrippa's name, may be original, and may date from 27-25 B C, but they were first removed and then put together by Hadrian.

(3) "The original structure of Agrippa was rectangular instead of round, and faced the south instead of the north"—*Ruins and Excavations, etc.*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p 483.]

Rome for the sake of ages Glory sheds  
 Her light through thy sole aperture, to those  
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads—  
 And they who feel for Genius may repose  
 Their eyes on honoured forms whose busts around them  
 close <sup>1</sup>

## CXLVIII

There is a dungeon, in whose dim dear light <sup>2</sup>  
 What do I gaze on? Nothing—Look again <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great or at least distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen.

[The busts of Raphael Hannibal Caracci Pierin del Vaga Zuccari and others are all assorted with the many modern contemporary heads of ancient worthies which now glare in all the niches of the Rotunda —*Historical Illustrations* p. 93]

<sup>2</sup> This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter which is recalled to the traveller by the site or pretended site of that adventure now shown at the Church of St Nicholas in *Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in *Historical Illustrations* p. 95.

[The traditional scene of the *Civitas Romana* is a cell forming part of the substructions of the Church of S. Nicolò in Carcere near the Piazza Montanara. Festus (*De Verb. Signif.* lib. xiv. A. J. Valpy 1861 ii. 594) by way of illustrating *Pietas* tells the story in a few words. It is said that Ælius dedicated a temple to *Pietas* on the very spot where a woman dwelt of yore. Her father was shut up in prison and she kept him alive by giving him the breast by stealth and as a reward for her deed obtained his forgiveness and freedom. In Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* vii. 36) and in Valerius Maximus (i. 4) it is not a father but a mother whose life is saved by a daughter's piety.]



Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain <sup>1</sup>  
 It is not so I see them full and plain  
 An old man, and a female young and fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
 The blood is nectar but what doth she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare ? <sup>2</sup>

## CXLIX

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture when the wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook <sup>3</sup>  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives <sup>4</sup>  
 Man knows not when from out its cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves  
 What may the fruit be yet?—I know not Cain was Eve's

## CL

But here Youth offers to Old Age the food,  
 The milk of his own gift it is her Sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
 Born with her birth No—he shall not expire

<sup>1</sup> *Two isolated phantoms* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *With her unkerchiefed neck* —[MS M erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Or even the shrill impatient [cries that brook]*

or, *Or even the shrill small cry* —[MS M erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *No waiting silence or suspense* —[MS M erased]

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile whose deep stream rises higher  
 Than Egypt's river — from that gentle tide<sup>1</sup>  
 Drink—drink, and live—Old Man! Heavens' realm  
 holds no such tide

## CLL

The starry fable of the Milky Way<sup>2</sup>  
 Has not thy story's purity — it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds — Oh, holiest Nurse  
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy Sire's heart, replenishing its source<sup>3</sup>  
 With life as our freed souls rejoin the Universe

## CLII

I turn to the Mole<sup>2</sup> which Hadrian reared on high  
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles

<sup>1</sup> *To its ori-nal sun un-bet-ter'd*  
*Thy sire's breast — — [US 'U' raised]*

<sup>2</sup> [It was fabled of the Milky Way that when Mercury held up the infant Hercules to Juno's breast that he might drink in divinity the goddess pushed him away and that drops of milk fell into the void and became a multitude of tiny stars. The story is told by Eratosthenes of Cyrene (n.c. 276) in his *Catasterismi* (Treatise on Star Legends), No. 44. *Opusc. Mythol.* Amsterdam 1688, p. 136.]

<sup>3</sup> The castle of St Angelo (See *Historical Illustrations*)  
 [Hadrian's mole or mausoleum, now the Castle of St

Colossal copyist of deformity  
 Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's  
 Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils  
 To build for Giants, and for his vain earth,  
 His shrunken ashes, raise this Dome How smiles  
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,<sup>1</sup>  
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth<sup>2</sup>

CLIII<sup>1</sup>

But lo! the Dome—the vast and wondrous Dome,"<sup>2</sup>  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell

<sup>1</sup> *The now spectator with a sanctioned mirth  
 To view the vast design* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *Look to the dome* —[MS M]

Angelo, is situated on the banks of the Tiber, on the site of the "Horti Neronis" "It is composed of a square basement, each side of which measures 247 feet A grand circular mole, nearly 1000 feet in circumference, stands on the square basement," and, originally, "supported in its turn a cone of earth covered with evergreens, like the mausoleum of Augustus" A spiral way led to a central chamber in the interior of the mole, which contained, presumably, the porphyry sarcophagus in which Antoninus Pius deposited the ashes of Hadrian, and the tomb of the Antonines Honorius (A.D. 428) was probably the first to convert the mausoleum into a fortress The bronze statue of the Destroying Angel, which is placed on the summit, dates from 1740, and is the successor to five earlier statues, of which the first was erected in 1453 The conception and execution of the Moles Hadriana are entirely Roman, and, except in size and solidity, it is in no sense a mimic pyramid—*Ruins and Excavations, etc.*, by R. Lanciani, 1897, p. 554, sq.]

<sup>1</sup> This and the next six stanzas have a reference to the Church of St Peter's (For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St Peter's, and the *Classical Tour through Italy*, ii. 125, et seq., chap. iv.)

Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb !<sup>1</sup>  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—<sup>2</sup>  
 Its columns strew the wilderness and dwell  
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade <sup>4</sup>

1 *Lo Christ's great dome* — —[ *MS M* ]

2 [Compare *The Prophecy of Dante*, ii 49-53—

While still stands  
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall so rise  
 A dome its image while the base expands  
 Into a fane surpassing all before  
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in—”

Compare too Browning's *Christmas Eve* sect x—

‘Is it really on the earth  
 This miraculous dome of God?  
 Has the angel's measuring rod  
 Which numbered cubits gem from gem  
 Twixt the gates of the new Jerusalem  
 Meted it out—and what he meted  
 Have the sons of men completed?  
 —Binding ever as he bade  
 Columns in the colonnade  
 With arms wide open to embrace  
 The entry of the human race? ]

3 [The ruins which Byron and Hobhouse explored March 5, 1810 (*Travels in Albania* ii 68-71) were not the ruins of the second Temple of Artemis the sixth wonder of the world (*vide* Philo Byzantius *De Septem Orbis Miraculis*) but probably, those of the great gymnasium near the port of the city. In 1810 and for long afterwards the remains of the temple were buried under twenty feet of earth and it was not till 1870 that the late Mr J T Wood the agent of the Trustees of the British Museum had so far completed his excavations as to discover the foundations of the building on the exact spot which had been pointed out by Guhl in 1843. Fragments of the famous sculptured columns thirty six in number says Pliny (*Hist Nat* xxxvi 95) were also brought to light and are now in the British Museum. (See *Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus* by J T Wood, 1890 *Hist of Greek Sculpture* by A S Murray ii 304)]

4 [Compare *Don Juan* Canto IX stanza xxvii line —

I have heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl ]

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell '<sup>1</sup>  
 'Their glittering mass i' the Sun, and have surveyed "<sup>2</sup>  
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed ,<sup>1</sup>

## CLIV

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone with nothing like to thee  
 Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True '<sup>1</sup>  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty  
 Power Glory Strength and Beauty all are aisled  
 In this eternal Ark of worship undefiled

## CLV

Enter its grandeur overwhelms thee not,  
 And why? it is not lessened but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the Genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit<sup>2</sup> abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of Immortality and thou

<sup>1</sup> round roofs swell —[MS M, D]

<sup>11</sup> Their glittering breastplate in the sun —[MS M erased]

1. [Compare Canto II stanza lxxix lines 2, 3—

“Oh Stamboul! once the Empress of their reign,  
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine”]

<sup>2</sup> [The emphasis is on the word “fit” The measure of “fitness” is the entirety of the enshrinement or embodiment of the mortal aspiration to put on immortality The vastness

Shalt one day if found worthy, so defined  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies—nor be blasted by his brow<sup>1</sup>

## CLVI

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance<sup>1</sup>  
 Like climbing some great Alp which still doth rise  
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance—  
 Vastness which grows but grows to harmonize—<sup>2</sup>  
 All musical in its immensities  
 Rich marbles richer painting—shrines where flame<sup>3</sup>  
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies  
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
 Sits on the firm set ground—and thus the clouds must  
 claim

<sup>1</sup> *His earthly palace — — [MS M erased]*

<sup>2</sup> *And fair proportions which beguile the eyes — [MS M erased]*

<sup>3</sup> *Painting and marble of so many dyes—*

*And glorious high altar where for ever burn — [MS M erased]*

and the sacredness of St Peter's make for and effect this embodiment. So too the living temple so defined great with the greatness of holiness may become the enshrinement and the embodiment of the Spirit of God.]

I [This stanza may be paraphrased but not construed. Apparently the meaning is that as the eye becomes accustomed to the details and proportions of the building the sense of its vastness increases. Your first impression was at fault you had not begun to realize the almost inconceivable vastness of the structure. You had begun to climb the mountain and the dazzling peak seemed to be close at your head but as you ascend, it recedes. Thou movest but the building expands thou climbest but the Alp increases in height. In both cases the eye has been deceived by gigantic elegance by the proportion of parts to the whole.]

## CLVII

'Thou seest not all but piecemeal thou must break,  
 To separate contemplation, the great whole,  
 And as the Ocean many bays will make  
 That ask the eye so here condense thy soul  
 To more immediate objects, and controul  
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll'  
 In mighty graduations, part by part,  
 The Glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

## CLVIII

Not by its fault but thine Our outward sense<sup>1</sup>  
 Is but of gradual grasp and as it is  
 That what we have of feeling most intense  
 Outstrips our faint expression, even so this  
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
 'Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
 Our Spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

## CLIX

Then pause, and be enlightened, there is more  
 In such a survey than the sating gaze

<sup>1</sup> *Its Giant's limbs and by degrees*

or, *The Giant eloquence and thus unroll* —[MS M erased]

<sup>11</sup> *our narrow sense*

*Cannot keep pace with mind* —[MS M erased]

Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
 Of Art and its great Masters who could raise  
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan<sup>i</sup>  
 The fountain of Sublimity displays  
 Its depth and thence may draw the mind of Man<sup>ii</sup>  
 Its golden sands, and learn what great Conceptions can<sup>iii</sup>

## CLX

Or, turning to the Vatican go see  
 Laocoon's<sup>i</sup> torture dignifying pain—

<sup>i</sup> *What Earth nor Time—nor former Thought could frame —*

[MS *W* erased]

<sup>ii</sup> *Before your eye—and ye return not as ye came —* [MS *W* erased]

<sup>iii</sup> *In that which Genius did what great Conceptions can —*

[MS *W* erased]

<sup>i</sup> [Pliny tells us (*Hist Nat* xxxvi 5) that the Laocoon which stood in the palace of Titus was the work of three sculptors natives of Rhodes and it is now universally admitted that the statue which was found (January 14 1516) in the vineyard of Felice de Freddi, not far from the ruins of the palace, and is now in the Vatican, is the statue which Pliny describes. M. Collignon in his *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque*, gives reasons for assigning the date of the Laocoon to the first years of the first century B.C. It follows that the work is a century later than the frieze of the great altar of Pergamos which contains the figure of a young giant caught in the coils of Athena's serpent—a theme which served as a model for later sculptors of the same school. In 1817 the Laocoon was in the heyday of its fame and was regarded as the supreme achievement of ancient art. Since then it has been decried and dethroned. M. Collignon protests against this excessive depreciation and makes himself the mouthpiece of a second and more temperate reaction. 'On peut goûter médiocrement le mélodrame, sans méconnaître pour cela les réelles qualités du groupe. La composition est d'une structure irréprochable d'une harmonie de lignes qui défie toute critique. Le torse du Laocoon trahit une science du nu peu commune' (*Hist de la Sculpt Grecque* 1897 ii 550 551).]



A Father's love and Mortal's agony  
 With an Immortal's patience blending    Vain  
 The struggle vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The Old Man's clench, the long envenomed chain'  
 Rivets the living links, the enormous Asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp "

## CLXI

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,<sup>1</sup>  
 The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light

<sup>1</sup>        *the writhing boys* —[*MS M erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *Shackles its living rings, and*        —[*MS M erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [In his description of the Apollo Belvidere, Byron follows the traditional theory of Montorsoli, the pupil of Michael Angelo, who restored the left hand and right forearm of the statue. The god, after his struggle with the python, stands forth proud and disdainful, the left hand holding a bow, and the right hand falling as of one who had just shot an arrow. The discovery, in 1860, of a bronze statuette in the Stroganoff Collection at St Petersburg, which holds something like an ægis and a mantle in the left hand, suggested to Stephani a second theory, that the Belvidere Apollo was a copy of a statue of Apollo Boedromios, an *ex-voto* offering on the rout of the Gauls when they attacked Delphi (B C 278). To this theory Furtwaengler at one time assented, but subsequently came to the conclusion that the Stroganoff bronze was a forgery. His present contention is that the left hand held a bow, as Montorsoli imagined, whilst the right grasped "a branch of laurel, of which the leaves are still visible on the trunk which the copyist added to the bronze original." The Apollo Belvidere is, he concludes, a copy of the Apollo Alexicacos of Leochares (fourth century B C), which stood in the Cerameicos at Athens. M. Maxime Collignon, who utters a word of warning as to the undue depreciation of the statue by modern critics, adopts Furtwaengler's later theory (*Masterpieces of Ancient Greek Sculpture*, by A. Furtwaengler, 1895, 11 405, sq.)]

The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight,  
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright  
 With an Immortal's vengeance—in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful Disdain and Might  
 And Majesty, flash their full lightnings by  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity

## CLXII

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shaped by some solitary Nymph whose breast  
 Longed for a deathless lover from above  
 And maddened in that vision —are exprest

1 [The 'delicate' beauty of the statue recalled the features of a lady whom he had once thought of making his wife. The Apollo Belvidere he wrote to Moore (May 17 1817) "is the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes. I think I never saw such a likeness"]

2 [It is probable that lines 1-4 of this stanza contain an allusion to a fact related by M. Pinel in his work *Sur l'Insanité* which Milman turned to recount in his *Belvidere Apollo*, a Newdigate Prize Poem of 1812—

Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep  
 Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove  
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love  
 Yet on that form in wild delirious trance  
 With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France  
 Day after day the love sick dreamer stood  
 With him alone nor thought it solitude  
 To cherish grief her last, her dearest care  
 Her one fond hope—to perish of despair

Milman's *Poetical Works* Paris 1899 p 180

Compare, too Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, lines 14-16—

'A savage place as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a wailing moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon lover"

*Poetical Works*, 1893 p 94]

All that ideal Beauty ever blessed  
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,  
 When each Conception was a heavenly Guest  
 A ray of Immortality and stood,  
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a God!<sup>1</sup>      ain

## CLXIII

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven  
 The fire which we endure<sup>1</sup> it was repaid  
 By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath arrayed  
 With an eternal Glory which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human thought  
 And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas  
 wrought

## CLXIV

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my Song,  
 The Being who upheld it through the past?  
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long  
 He is no more these breathings are his last

<sup>1</sup> *Before its eyes unveiled to image forth a God!*—[MS *It erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [The fire which Prometheus stole from heaven was the living soul, "the source of all our woe" (Compare Horace *Odes*, 1 3 29-31—

"Post ignem ætheriâ domo  
 Subductum, Macies et nova Februum  
 Terris incubuit cohors")]

His wanderings done—his visions ebbing fast  
And he himself as nothing —if he was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could be classed  
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—  
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass<sup>1</sup>

## CLXV

Which gathers shadow—substance—life, and all  
That we inherit in its mortal shroud—  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phantoms and the  
cloud  
Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,  
Till Glory's self is twilight and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allowed  
To hover on the verge of darkness—rays  
Sadder than saddest night for they distract the gaze

## CLXVI

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the frame  
Shall be resolved to something less than this—  
Its wretched essence, and to dream of fame  
And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
We never more shall hear,—but never more

<sup>1</sup> *The phantom fades a way into the general mass —*  
[MS *M* erase?]

Oh, happier thought <sup>1</sup> can we be made the same  
 It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
 These fardels <sup>1</sup> of the heart the heart whose sweat was  
 gone.

## CLXVII.

Haik <sup>1</sup> forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,<sup>2</sup>  
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
 With some deep and immedicable wound,  
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending  
 ground  
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the Chief  
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,  
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Hamlet*, act iii sc 1, line 76—

“Who would these fardels bear?”]

<sup>2</sup> [Charlotte Augusta (b January 7, 1796), only daughter of the Prince Regent, was married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, May 2, 1816, and died in childbirth, November 6, 1817

Other poets produced their dirges, but it was left to Byron to deal finely, and as a poet should, with a present grief, which was felt to be a national calamity

Southey's "Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales" was only surpassed in feebleness by Coleridge's "Israel's Lament" Campbell composed a laboured elegy, which was "spoken by Mr \_\_\_\_\_ at Drury Lane Theatre, on the First Opening of the House after the Death of the Princess Charlotte, 1817," and Montgomery wrote a hymn on "The Royal Infant, Still-born, November 5, 1817"

Not a line of these lamentable effusions has survived, but the poor, pitiful story of common misfortune, with its tragic irony, uncommon circumstance, and far-reaching consequence, found its *vates sacer* in the author of *Childe Harold*]

## CLXVIII

Scion of Chiefs and Monarchs where art thou?  
 Fond Hope of many nations, art thou dead?  
 Could not the Grave forget thee, and lay low  
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?  
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled  
 The mother of a moment o'er thy boy  
 Death hushed that pang for ever with thee fled  
 The present happiness and promised joy  
 Which filled the Imperial Isles so full it seemed to  
 cloy

## CLXIX

Peasants bring forth in safety — Can it be  
 Oh thou that wert so happy so adored!  
 Those who weep not for Kings shall weep for thee  
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy cease to hoard  
 Her many griefs for ONE, for she had poured  
 Her orisons for thee and o'er thy head!  
 Beheld her Iris — Thou, too, lonely Lord  
 And desolate Consort — vainly wert thou wed!  
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

<sup>1</sup> *Her prayers for thee and in thy coming power  
 Beheld her Iris — Thou too lonely Lord  
 And desolate Consort! fatal is thy dower  
 The Husband of a year — the Father of an — [1 hour] —  
 [Deceased]*

## CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ,  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes .<sup>1</sup> in the dust  
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
 The love of millions ! How we did entrust  
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed  
 Our children should obey her child, and blessed  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed  
 Like stars to shepherd's eyes 'twas but a meteor  
 beamed <sup>2</sup>

## CLXXI

Woe unto us not her for she sleeps well <sup>3</sup>  
 The fickle reek of popular breath,<sup>4</sup> the tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of Monarchy hath rung

1 [Compare Canto III stanza xxxiv lines 6, 7—

“Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,  
 All ashes to the taste”]

2 [Mr. Tozer traces the star simile to Homer (*Iliad*, v 111  
 559)—

Πάντα δέ τ' εἶδεται ἄστρον, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν ]

3 [Compare *Macbeth*, act iii sc. 2, lines 22, 23—

“Duncan is in his grave ,  
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well”]

4 [Compare *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 3, lines 121, 122—

“You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate  
 As reek o' the rotten fens”]

Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung  
 Nations have armed in madness—the strange fate  
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns,<sup>1</sup> and hath flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
 Within the opposing scale which crushes soon or  
 late,—<sup>1</sup>

## CLXXII

These might have been her destiny—but no—  
 Our hearts deny it and so young, so fair  
 Good without effort, great without a foe,  
 But now a Bride and Mother—and now *there!*  
 How many ties did that stern moment tear!  
 From thy Sires to his humblest subject's breast  
 Is linked the electric chain of that despair  
 Whose shock was as an Earthquake's<sup>2</sup> and oppress  
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee  
 best

1 *Which sinks* — — [MS M]

1 Mary died on the scaffold Elizabeth, of a broken heart  
 Charles V a hermit Louis XIV, a bankrupt in means and  
 glory Cromwell, of anxiety and 'the greatest is behind'  
 Napoleon lives a prisoner To these sovereigns a long but  
 superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious  
 and unhappy

2 [The simile of the 'earthquake' was repeated in a  
 letter to Murray dated December 3 1817 'The death of  
 the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here and must  
 have been an earthquake at home The death of this  
 poor Girl is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or  
 so in childbed—of a *boy* too, a present princess and future  
 queen and just as she began to be happy and to enjoy  
 herself and the hopes which she inspired ]



## CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi <sup>1</sup> navelled in the woody hills  
 So far, that the uprooting Wind which tears  
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills  
 The Ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake,  
 And calm as cherished hate, its surface wears<sup>2</sup>  
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
 All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake

## CLXXIV.

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves  
 Shine from a sister valley, and afar <sup>3</sup>  
 The Tiber winds, and the broad Ocean laves  
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
 "Aims and the Man," whose re-ascending stair  
 Rose o'er an empire but beneath thy right<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And calm as speechless hate* —[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

[The basin of the Lago di Nemi is the crater of an extinct volcano. Hence the comparison to a coiled snake. Its steel-blue waters are unruffled by the wind which lashes the neighbouring ocean into fury. Hence its likeness to "cherished hate," as contrasted with "generous and active wrath"]

<sup>2</sup> [The spectator is supposed to be looking towards the Mediterranean from the summit of Monte Cavo. Tusculum,

Tully reposed from Rome,—and where yon bar  
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight<sup>1</sup>  
 The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary Bard's delight

## CLXXX

But I forget—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
 And he and I must part—so let it be—  
 His task and mine alike are nearly done,  
 Yet once more let us look upon the Sea,  
 The Midland Ocean breaks on him and me  
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold  
 Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we  
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock<sup>1</sup> unfold  
 Those waves we followed on till the dark Euxine rolled

<sup>1</sup> *Of girdling mountains circle on the sight  
 The Sabine farm is tilled the weary Bard's delight—*

[MS. W.]

where "Tully reposed" lies to the north of the Alban Hills on the right—but, as Byron points to a spot beneath thy right—he probably refers to the traditional site of the Villa Ciceronis at Grotta Ferrata and not to an alternative site at the Villa Ruffinella between Frascati and the ruins of Tusculum. Horace's Sabine farm on the bank of Digentia's "ice cold rivulet" is more than twenty miles to the north-east of the Alban Hills. The mountains to the south and east of Tusculum intercept the view of the valley of the Licenza (Digentia) where the 'farm was tilled'. Childe Harold had bidden farewell to Horace, once for all—upon Soraces ridge, but recalls him to keep company with Virgil and Cicero.]

<sup>1</sup> [Calpe's rock is Gibraltar (compare *Child Harold* Canto II stanza xxii line 1). 'Last' may be the last time that Byron and Childe Harold saw the Mediterranean together. Byron had last seen it—the Midland Ocean—by Calpe's rock on his return journey to England in 1811. Or by 'last' he may mean the last time that it burst upon

## CLXXXI

Upon the blue Symplegades 300 long years—  
 Long, though not very many—since have done  
 Their work on both, some suffering and some tears<sup>1</sup>  
 Have left us nearly where we had begun  
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run  
 We have had our reward—and it is here,  
 That we can yet feel gladdened by the Sun,  
 And reap from Earth—Sea joy almost as dear  
 As if there were no Man to trouble what is clear.<sup>1</sup>

## CLXXXII

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,<sup>2</sup>  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,

1 *much suffering and sea-tears* —[MS. B] ]

his view He had not seen the Mediterranean on his way from Geneva to Venice, in October—November, 1816, or from Venice to Rome, April—May, 1817, but now from the Alban Mount the “ocean” was full in view ]

1 [“After the stanza (near the conclusion of Canto 14th) which ends with the line—

“‘As if there was no man to trouble what is clear,’ insert the two following stanzas (CLXXXII, CLXXXIII) Then go on to the stanza beginning, ‘Roll on thou,’ etc., etc. You will find the place of insertion near the conclusion—just before the address to the Ocean

“These *two stanzas* will just make up the number of 500 stanzas to the whole poem

“Answer when you receive this I sent back the packets yesterday, and hope they will arrive in safety”—D ]

2 [His desire is towards no light o’ love, but for the support and fellowship of his sister Compare the opening lines of the *Epistle to Augusta*—

“My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,

That I might all forget the human race,  
 And hating no one, love but only her !  
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
 Accord me such a Being? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot

## CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore  
 There is society where none intrudes  
 By the deep Sea, and Music in its roar  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe,<sup>1</sup> and feel  
 What I can ne'er express—yet can not all conceal

## CLXXIX

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ,

Mountains and seas divide us but I claim  
 No tears but tenderness to answer mine  
 Go where I will to me thou art the same—  
 A loved regret which I would not resign  
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—  
 A world to roam through and a home with thee

‘ The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
 It were the haven of my happiness ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto III stanza lxxvii lines  
 8 9 and *Epistle to Augusta* stanza vi ]

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore,—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—  
 Without a grave—unknelled, unconfined, and unknown.<sup>1</sup>

## CXXX

His steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee, the vile strength he wields  
 For Earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies.<sup>1</sup>  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to Earth—there let him lay!<sup>2</sup>

1. *unearthed, unconfined, and unknown*—[MS *M*]

2. *And dashest him to earth again there let him lay!*—[*D*]

1 [Compare *Ps* cxxv 26, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths"]

2 ["Lay" is followed by a plainly marked period in both the MSS (*M* and *D*) of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*. For instances of the same error, compare "The Adieu," stanza 10, line 4, and ["Pignus Amoris"], stanza 3, line 3 (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i 232, *note*, and p 241). It is to be remarked that Hobhouse, who pencilled a few corrections on the margin of his own MS copy, makes no comment on this famous solecism. The fact is that Byron wrote as he spoke, with the "careless and negligent ease of a man of quality," and either did not know that "lay" was not an intransitive verb or regarded himself as "super grammaticam."]

## CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock built cities bidding nations quake  
 And Monarchs tremble in their Capitals,  
 The oak Leviathans <sup>1</sup> whose huge ribs make <sup>4</sup>  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of Lord of thee, and Arbiter of War—  
 These are thy toys and as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar

<sup>1</sup> *These oaken citadels which made and make* —[MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Camphell's *Battle of the Baltic* (stanza 11 lines 1, 2)—

‘Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their hulwarks on the brine’]

<sup>2</sup> The Gale of wind which succeeded the battle of Trafalgar destroyed the greater part (if not all) of the prizes—nineteen sail of the line—taken on that memorable day I should be ashamed to specify particulars which should be known to all—did we not know that in France the people were kept in ignorance of the event of this most glorious victory in modern times and that in England it is the present fashion to talk of Waterloo as though it were entirely an English triumph—and a thing to be named with Blenheim and Agincourt—Trafalgar and Aboukir. Posterity will decide but if it be remembered as a skilful or as a wonderful action it will be like the battle of Zama where we think of Hannibal more than of Scipio. For assuredly we dwell on this action not because it was gained by Blucher or Wellington but because it was lost by Buonaparte—a man who with all his vices and his faults never yet found an adversary with a tithe of his talents (as far as the expression can apply to a conqueror) or his good intentions, his clemency or his fortitude.

Look at his successors throughout Europe whose imitation of the worst parts of his policy is only limited by their comparative impotence and their positive imbecility —[MS M]